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THE CELTIC REVIEW

THE
CELTIC REVIEW

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THE CELTIC REVIEW

JULY 16, 1906

THE COMBATANTS ON THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH

Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair

In 1833 the late W. F. Skene discovered a genealogical manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and published it in the *Collectanea De Rebus Albanicis*. Whoever the writer of it may have been, it is an exceedingly valuable work, and has been of great service in promoting an interest in the genealogy and history of the Highland clans. It is not free from small errors, which may have arisen from misreadings or pen-slips. Neither is it free from mistakes in the names of some of the ancestors given in it. As a general rule, however, it is substantially correct to the year 1080. Back of that date, it is utterly untrustworthy. It contains almost nothing except the lively fancies of some interested persons who had been licking the blarney stone as a means of preparing themselves for relating and writing tales of family ostentation in a pleasing manner.

The Skene MS. begins the genealogy of the Macleans with Lachlan Lùbanach of Duart; the genealogy of the Campbells with Cailein Iongantach or Wonderful Colin; the genealogy of the Mackenzies with Murdoch Dubh; and the genealogy of the Mackinnons with Neil, son of Gillebride. Lachlan Lùbanach of Duart was born about 1330 and died

about 1404. Hector Roy, his son, was born about 1370, and was killed at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. Colin Campbell of Lochow succeeded his father, Gillespie, in 1372, and died in 1413. Murdoch Dubh of Kintail died in 1375, and was succeeded by his son, Murdoch of the Bridge. We do not know in what year Neil Mackinnon died, but we know that Lachlan, his son, was chief of the Clan Fingon in 1409. The genealogies of the Macdonalds and the Macdougalls were copied from the Book of Ballimote, which was compiled in 1383.

The foregoing facts render it fairly certain that the genealogies in the Skene MS. were originally written at least as early as the year 1385. It is no doubt true that there were a few names—but they are very few indeed—inserted in it at a later date. We should therefore call it either the Skene MS. or the MS. of 1385. But surely the discoverer and publisher of it deserves the name, especially as we do not know who the writer of it was, or by whom or where it was preserved.

Some persons tell us that the Skene MS. was written by Irish scribes, and that, as a consequence, its genealogies cannot be correct. It is possible, but not at all probable, that it was originally written by Irish scribes. But the Irish scribes were neither fools nor knaves. They would never dream of writing the genealogies of the Highland clans, except from information collected by or from trustworthy men in Scotland.

The accuracy of the genealogies in the Skene MS. is mainly due to the fact that there were Highlanders in all ages until very lately who could trace themselves back in regular order for nine or ten generations. John Maclean, the poet, was born in Tiree in 1787, and came to Nova Scotia in 1819. Shortly before 1848 he gave to Dugald MacEachern, who was also a poet and a native of Tiree, the names of all his ancestors back to Lachlann Fionn, son of Maclean of Treshnish. He was the ninth in descent from Lachlan Fionn, of whom I was not able to find any trace until the

late Maclean of Ardgour kindly sent me a copy of the Ardgour MS. I wrote down John Maclean's genealogy in my note-book in Dugald MacEachern's house, Pictou, Nova Scotia, in April 1863, and found it useful to me when writing the history of the Macleans in 1899. The late Alexander Macdonald, Ridge, was born in Cape Breton in 1823, and died in 1904. He could trace himself back, name after name, to John Dubh of Bohuntin, and could also give a very full account of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. It is true that John Maclean and Alexander Macdonald were born genealogists, and that men of their class were somewhat scarce in this country. It does not follow, however, that trustworthy genealogists were scarce in Scotland in 1385; it is certain that they must have been quite numerous.

At the present day, those who take a genuine and sympathetic interest in their ancestors are few and far between, unless we count the men who jump over Adam's head and land among apes or tadpoles. But we are not to judge the past by the present; our forefathers, with scarcely an exception, were anxious to know who they were and whence they came.

In studying clan genealogies we must bear in mind that genealogies and histories are two different things. Genealogies deal with ancestors, and are generally, except when manufactured to order, fairly accurate for about three hundred years back from the time at which they were compiled. Histories deal with chiefs and events, and would, if written from traditions for even one hundred years, be full of errors and absurdities. The following facts will help to bring clearly before us the ideas which I wish to convey. The genealogy and history of the Maçleans of Ardgour was written about 1760. The first six lairds and chieftains are given in the following order:—Donald, Ewen, Allan, ——, Allan, and Ewen. The second Allan is represented as succeeding his grandfather, the first Allan, but his father's name had been forgotten and could not be given, except by inventing a name. The correct order of descent is this:—Donald, Ewen, Allan, third son of Ewen, John, Allan, and

Ewen. John was the missing link. The lairds and chieftains were :—Donald, Ewen, Lachlan, eldest son of Ewen, John, only son of Terlach, second son of Ewen, Allan, son of John, son of Allan, third son of Ewen, and Ewen, son of Allan. It will be seen that whilst the genealogy is correct, though not full, the history is very far astray. It makes chieftains of Allan, third son of Ewen, and of John, his son. Then, it omits two very prominent chieftains, Lachlan and John MacTerlach.

The facts that I have now given regarding the genealogy and history of the Ardgour MS. teach us two things ; first, that we are not to assume that the men whose names are given in a genealogy were all chieftains; and, secondly, that there were chieftains whose names are not in the genealogy, and could not be in it.

The term clan is employed in two distinct senses. It means, first, the children or descendants of the man whose name they use as their surname ; and, secondly, a confederacy of clans of different origins, as in the case of the Clan Chattan and the Clan Cameron. In the latter sense each clan had its own chief, whilst the chief of one of the clans was captain or leader of the whole. The captain might call himself chief of all the clans under him, but he could not possibly be chief in the Highland sense of the term Ken-Kinnie of any persons except those who had the same origin as himself and bore his surname. Certainly, he would be land chief, or chief in the feudal sense of the term, of all the men who lived on his estates, no matter what their origin might have been.

The original Clan Chattan, or the Clan Chattan by blood, included at least the Macphersons and the Davidsons. The Clan Chattan Confederacy embraced the Macphersons, the Davidsons, the Mackintoshes, the Shaws, and other clans. The Clan Millony consisted of the Macgillonies and the Camerons. To the Clan Millony or Clan Cameron Confederacy belonged the Macgillonies, the Camerons, the Macmartins, and the Macsorlies. The Macgillonies, the Camerons, and the Macmartins had a common origin.

Among the genealogies in the Skene MS. are the following :—

1	William and Donald	Lachlan	Ewen	1350
2	William	Suibhne	Donald Dubh	1320
3	Ferchar	Seth	Allan	1290
4	William	Leod	Millony	1260
5	Gillemichael	Seth	Paul	1230
6	Ferchar	Ferchar	Gillepatrick	1200
7	Seth	Gilchrist	Gillemartan	1170
8	Aigcol	Malcolm	Paul	1140
9	——	Donald	Millony	1110
10	——	Muireach	Gilleroth	1080
11	Neil	Suibhne	Gillemartan Og.	1050
12	——	Seth	Gillemorgan	1020
13	——	Nechtan	Gillemartan Mor.	990
14	——	Gillecattan	Gille-ewen	960

The dates given are the dates of birth. Of course, they are only approximations. At the same time they can scarcely be over five or ten years astray in any case.

The first genealogy is the genealogy of the Mackintoshes. It is clearly an old and genuine genealogy. If it were a manufactured article, there would be no blanks between Aigcol and Neil. It will be noticed that the Mackintoshes are not derived from Gillecattan. There is thus, then, no historic ground for concluding that they were of Clan Chattan origin. It is impossible to trace them back farther than Neil, of whose origin we know nothing. Ferchar, son of Seth, appears as a witness in 1234. He was steward or tòiseach of Badenoch, and would be known among the people as Fearchar Tòiseach or *an Tòiseach*. It is possible, then, that some Mackintoshes have derived their name from him. Malcolm Mackintosh, Callum Beg, must have been born about 1380, and could not appear in a genealogy written in 1385, if his father were living. He was a son of William, son of William,

son of Ferchar. Duncan, his son, was captain of the Clan Chattan in 1467, and died in 1496.

Lachlan, the chief who stands at the head of the second genealogy, was chief by blood of the whole of the descendants of Gillecattan. He was succeeded apparently by Kenneth, father of Duncan the Parson. In the trouble between King James I. and the third Lord of the Isles, Malcolm Beg and the Mackintoshes supported the King, whilst Duncan and his followers stood loyally by the Lord of the Isles. We are told in the genealogy that Donald, son of Muireach, was called an Caimgilla. It is pretty certain that there must have been some special reason for giving this apparently insignificant item of information regarding Donald. It is probable then that, like Dugall Cambel and Gilla-Camsroin, he had a clan named after him. Leod is probably a misreading for Ferchar.

Gilleroth had two sons, Maelanfaid or Maolonfhaidh and Gillacamsroin or Gillecamshroin. Ewen — Eoghan Mac-Dhōnaill Duibh—was succeeded by his son Donald, who, in order to distinguish him from his grandfather, was invariably called Dōnall Dubh MacEōghain. The second Donald Dubh was born probably about 1380. He fought under Donald of the Isles at Harlaw in 1411. He fought against Alexander of the Isles in Lochaber in 1429, and against Donald Balloch at Inverlochy in 1431. He was succeeded by his son Allan, who appears as captain of the Clan Cameron in 1472. Allan slew John, second Maclean of Coll, at Corpach, Lochaber, in or about 1472, and burnt the Coll Charters. The Gilleroth who appears as a witness in 1222 was a brother of Gillepatrick, son of Gillemartan. He was chief of the clan, but died without issue, and consequently could not appear in the genealogy.

In March 1390 King Robert III. directed the sheriff and bailiffs of Aberdeen to put the following persons to the horn as outlaws for the slaughter of Walter de Ogilvy, Walter de Lichton, and others: Duncan and Robert Stewart, Patrick and Thomas Duncanson, Robert de Athole, Andrew Macnayr, Duncan Bryceson, Angus Macnayr, and John Ayson, junior, and all their adherents; and also as taking part with them in the slaughter, Slurach and his brothers with the whole Clan-

qwhevil, William Mowat, John and Donald de Cowts, with their adherents; David de Rose, Alexander and John Macintalyur, Adam and John Robson, with their adherents; Duncan Neteraulde, John Mathyson, with their adherents; and Morgownde Ruryson, and Michael Mathowson, with their adherents. The Stewarts and the Duncansons belonged to Athole. Robert de Athole was the chief of the Duncansons or Robertsons of Struan. The Macnairs held the lands of Foss in Strathtummel, and the Aysons the lands of Tullimet in Strathtay. The Mowatts and Cowts belonged to Buchan. David de Rose, or as the name would be written to-day David Rose, was chief of the Roses of Strathnairn. Slurach may possibly be an English form of Sgor-fhiaclach, the man with the buckteeth.

In 1396 two clans that had been at variance for some time agreed to settle the points in dispute by a combat between thirty men on each side. The fight took place on the North Inch of Perth, September 28, 1396, before King Robert III. and his nobles. The men on the one side were evidently as strong, ferocious, and determined as the men on the other side. The result of their fierce contest was that forty-eight of them were killed and ten or eleven severely wounded.

Traditional history renders it certain that the combat must have taken place between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Cameron, between two branches of the Clan Chattan, or between two branches of the Clan Cameron. There are no other clans that claim a connection with it. According to Skene and A. M. Mackintosh, it was between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Cameron, whilst according to Charles Fraser-Mackintosh it was between the Davidsons and the Macphersons. In an Act of the Parliament of Scotland in 1594, we find the Clandonnachie, Clanchattan, Clanchevill, Clanchamron, and other clans mentioned. We find no further reference to the Clanchevill. They must then have adopted another surname. I suspect that if a diligent search were made for them a large number of them would be found hidden in the midst of the Clan Vuirich tent.

When we take into consideration all the circumstances connected with the combat of 1396, it becomes extremely

difficult to believe that the clans that took part in it were two small clans, or two branches of a large clan. They seem to have been large and powerful clans, which could not be easily brought into a state of proper subjection to the laws of the country. It is tolerably certain that the king would never have taken the heroic measures employed by him in dealing with two comparatively small clans. He would have squelched two small clans without any parade or noise.

Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, which was written about 1420, gives an account of the combat of 1396. It will be sufficient to quote the following lines:—

> 'Tha three score were clannys twa,
> Clahynnhe Qwhewyl and Clachinyha.'

Clannys stands for clan-nis. The second *n* is simply the first *n* repeated before *is*. The old plural termination was *as*, *es*, or *is*, now *s*. In the singular number Wyntoun would write *clan*, not *clann*. For gods he writes goddis, but he always writes the word God or god in the singular number just as we do. *Clah* is clearly an error for *clan*. *Y* before *n* stands for *i*, and *qwh* for *ch*. In 1396 we find *ewil* written *evil*. *Ynn* evidently stands for *in*, now *an* or *a'*, 'the.' Thus then the name we have to deal with is Clan anh-chevil. Clachinyha is an error for Clan Lunyha or Clan Hinyha.

In the name *In Caimgilla*, *in* is simply the old form of the article *an* or *a'*. *Caim* may be for *cam*, originally *camm*, one-eyed, crooked, or twisty. But it may also stand for *coim* or *caem*, now *caomh*, gentle, kind, noble, handsome; or for *camh*, strong, stout, mighty. Probably the idea intended to be conveyed by the epithet applied to Donald, son of Muireach—Dōnall MacMhuirich—was that he was a handsome and noble man. He was undoubtedly a *caomhan*, or beloved person, among his people. A clan named after Donald the Caemhghille would be first *Clann a' Chaimhghille* and afterwards Clann a' Chaemhill or simply Clann Chaemhill. As *mh* is just *v* in Gaelic, Clann Chaemhill would become in English Clan Kevill. The *e* in Kevill is long in Gaelic, but would become short in the English form of the word.

Maelanfaid, now Maol-ŏn-ai, means servant of the blast,

storm, or raging sea. Clann Maelanfaid would, in the course of time, become Clann Vulonai or Clann 'Lon-ai.

The meaning of Wyntoun's lines seems to be this:—

'The three score were of clan-nis twa,
Clan-in-chēvil and Clan-in-ha.'

The fact that *ha* is a short syllable in Gaelic does not prove that Wyntoun would not have put the accent on it. We find him elsewhere making *dreaming* rhyme with *the king* and *collation* with *this question*. These rhymes are perfect when we make *ing* and *on* long or accented syllables.

Wyntoun states that the chieftains of the men who had fought on the North Inch of Perth were Shaw, the son of Ferchar, and Christy, the son of John. We have no ground for believing, or even supposing, that these men were the Kenkinnies or hereditary chiefs of their respective clans. It may, indeed, be regarded as absolutely certain that they were not. They were simply the chieftains or commanders of the men that took part in the combat. Shaw is the personal name which I have given in the genealogies as Seth. Christy is a shortened form of Gilchrist. Seth, son of Ferchar, was the captain of the Clan Kevill champions, whilst Gilchrist, son of John, was the captain of the Clan Millony champions. Of course, it is probable in the highest degree that the two clan chiefs, Lachlan Mackevill and Ewen Macmillony were present as spectators.

Tradition affirms that Seth, the son of Ferchar, was known as Seagh Sgor-fhiaclach, or Shaw of the buckteeth. Who he was we do not know as a matter beyond doubt. It is possible, however, that he was a son of the Ferchar Mac Toschy who was disturbing the mental repose of the Bishop of Aberdeen in 1382.

I can see no valid reason for thinking that the Clan Chattan and the Clan Millony had a common origin. They seem to have been all along two distinct tribes. So far as fighting qualities were concerned, both could fight like Highlanders, and like the Kelts that crossed the Alps long before the days of Napoleon, and helped themselves to the best things they could find in the City of Rome.

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

GAELIC TEXT

Imtusa Fergusa imorro. Do gab fein agus Dubthach agus Aongus ac túargain a sciath ar Oilill. Agus o d' connairc Gamain na Sidgaile sin do indsaigh iad. Agus tucc forgamh co forníata ar Fergus, agus tug Fergus forgamh go h-ainíarmartach fairsim. Tainicc Gold Oilech agus Gold Acla chuca, agus tugadar forgam gach ain fhir ar Fergus, agus tug Fergus guin digla ar gach n-aein fer dib sin. Is ann sin tanaicc Aod mac Echtaich agus Aongus mac Echtaich chuca, ocus tucadar forgamh gacha fir a sceith Fergusa, agus tucasdar Fergus[1] forgomh ar gach áoin h-fer[2] dib sin. Is and sin tanaic Duban mac an Gamna d' á saighidh; agus o ráinic tucastar guin digla ar Fergus, agus tug Fergus a cumain fochetóir dósum. Is ann sin tangatar na secht m-Breislenna a Breifni fochetóir d'á rochtain; agus tucatar forgom gacha fir ar Fergus, agus tuc Fergus cumain a gona da gach deig fer dibsim.

Cid tra acht tangatar an Gamanradh uile fó'n innus sin d' á saigidh, no co[3] tanic Fraoch mac Fidaigh fadeoigh. Agus o ránic si(d) éin d'a n-innsaige nir léigestar guin na forgom do tabairt do na feraib ar Fergus. Agus do fhúagair do'n Gamanraid a ghabail. Agus do h-iadadh in a tímchell iar sin, agus tugadh slabraid agus glais agus géibinn acu fair. Do crapladh agus do cuibhrigedh an rig-milidh co ro chalma fo'n n-innus sin; agus do gabadh aca Aóngus agus Dubhthach. O tairnic imorro Fergus agus Aóngus agus Dubthach do gabail doib, do fuagair *cath* do'n Gamanraid Cormac agus (an) Dubloinges do leanmain.

O d' conairc Bricne Fergus do gabail, agus Dubthach agus Aongus, agus a muinntir do marbadh, do chuaid a aigned as a inadh. Agus do critnaigetar a chosa fái; agus do meirbligetar a meóir; agus do lúath*aig* a craoidhi; agus do cláon*adh* a cetfadha; agus do saob*adh* a radarc. Agus do *tógaib* a edach *co h-ur-édtrom* uime agus do gluáis co

(*Continued from vol. ii. pp.* 312, 313.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

But as to Fergus. He and Dubthach and Angus were ever attacking Oilill with their shields. When Gaman of Sidgal observed this he approached them, and made a very valiant thrust at Fergus, who made a furious thrust at him. Goll Oilech and Goll Acla sought them, and each made a thrust at Fergus who gave an avenging blow to each of them. Then came Aodh son of Echtach and Angus son of Echtach, and each of them made a thrust at Fergus's shield, and he made a thrust at each of them. Duban son of the Gaman then made for him. He gave a stinging stroke to Fergus which the latter instantly returned with interest. Thereupon the seven Breislenns of Brefne sought him all at once; and each made a thrust at him, but Fergus gave as good as he got to each stout man of them.

And now all the Gamhanraidh went to attack him in this wise, and last of all went Fraoch son of Fidach. When he arrived he did not allow the men to attack Fergus further, but ordered the Gamhanraidh to seize him. They instantly surrounded him, and secured him with chain and lock and shackle. They fettered and bound the royal soldier very firmly with these. They also seized Angus and Dubthach. Moreover when Fergus and Angus and Dubthach were thus captured, he ordered a battalion of the Gamhanraidh to pursue Cormac and the Dubloinges.

When Bricne saw Fergus and Dubthach and Angus made prisoners and their people slain, his mind forsook its seat. His feet trembled under him; his fingers were benumbed; his heart beat furiously; his senses became paralysed, and his vision distorted. He instantly kilted his clothes about him, and

[1] MS. indistinct.

[2] Evidently a phonetic script for the literary form *aoin fher*.

[3] Lit., 'until.' But here, and frequently elsewhere, the meaning is as I have rendered it.

leidmec(h) do lathar. Agus do imid roime co h-etrom etar-
búa*sach* do'*n* r*aen* (?) ós fhid agus ós fhér agus os us*ciu*. Agus
nír sguir do'n ruathar sin co ranic co Cruachain Ratha Aíe.
Agus is amlaid ro buí Meadb ocus Oilill ar a cinn in a thig
oir-egarthi óla. Agus ó ranic ro léicestar marb gan anmain
ar fíar-thárrsna an urláir é. Ro fiafraig Meadb agus Oilill
Column 54. sgéla de. Agus do innis co h-uathbásach an Dubloinges do
marbadh, agus Fergus agus Dubthach agus Aongus do gabail.
'Agus ni mairenn mac mná na fir da n-decha ar in toisg ud
d' Ulltaib acht mise a m' aonar,' ar Bricne. 'Cía dho lemad
na gnimartha sin do génam,' bar Meadb, 'agus cia dá ticfa
a marbadh-san re méd a menman, agus re h-imad a cath agus
a curad?' 'Ní fhacu-sa ann ám,' bar eisium, 'acht mad
teglach an righ, agus ni fhaca riam teglach righ budh beódana
(no) budh línmare in aid. Agus muna treictea-sa sinn, a
Meadb,' ar Bricne, 'ni cuimgeochdais fir Domnann na in
Gamanrad ní duinn.' Agus is cuma ro batar 'g a rad(h),
agus adubratar an laid :—

'Amlaid sin, a Bricne búain,
Ga leth rugais do ceim cruaidh?[1]
Suaill nach ar bán*adh* do beoil
Do-s-fáinic mana moir-sgél.'

'Do-m-fáinic sgéla gáb*aid*;
Tuc sinni co h-ansadhail;
Do faothsat Ulaid uile
Fá h*ui* Rosa Rugraide.'

'Cia do lémadh, cia do lam,
Cia do righni an t-imbualadh?
Ar imat bur cath combloid,
Ciá da ticfa bur traothad?'

'Ní fhaca-sa ann co fír,
Amáin acht teglach an righ;
Noc(h)a[2] fhaca ríam co se
Teglach righ bud linmare.

'Thusa do déo*naigh* an feall,
Aderait sin rit, a Meadb,
Mana bethea-sa 'g ár m-brath,
Ni lemdaís drong Domnannach.'

[1] Cf. S. G. cia as a thug thu a' choiseachd?

[2] MS. ꝺoca.

hastily left the place. He fared forward lightly and speedily from the field over brushwood, grass, and water; and halted not in his race until he reached the Rath of Cruachan Ai. And he found Meave and Oilill before him in their well-ordered banqueting-house. When he arrived he threw himself down dead lifeless across the floor. Meave and Oilill asked his news. He told them wildly that the Dubloinges were slain, and that Fergus and Dubthach and Angus were prisoners; 'and I alone am the only living son of woman or man among all the Ultonians who went on that expedition,' said Bricne. 'Who would dare to do such deeds,' said Meave, 'and who could compass the slaughter of such high-spirited men with their numerous battalions and champions?' 'I saw no one there, of a truth,' replied he, 'save the people of the king, and I have never seen a king's household higher in courage or greater in number than they. And if you had not forsaken us, Meave,' added Bricne, 'neither the men of Domnann nor the Gamhanraidh could harm us ought.' And as they spoke thus, they said the lay:—

'In this guise, O enduring Bricne,
Whence your toilsome journey?
Your white lips seem almost
An omen of grave tidings.'

'I have terrible tidings;
We were taken at disadvantage;
All the Ultonians have fallen
With the descendant of Ros of Rugraide.'

'Who would dare, who did dare,
Who did the mighty smiting?
Considering your brave battalions,
Who could compass your slaughter?'

'I saw none there of a truth,
Save only the king's household,
I never saw up till now
A royal household more powerful.

'You who devised this ambuscade,'
I say it to your face, Meave,
'If you had not betrayed us
A troop of Domnanns would not dare to attack us.'

'Do berim-si briathar fir,
A fiadnaise na *cuig* righ,
Nar furailes an gléo grinn,
Agus nar furáil Oilill.'

'Mana tú do rinne in feall,
Cur na catha cenn a ceann;
Tógaib do brigh is do bl*adh*
Is fobair an *go* imaml*aid*.'

Dó.

Cid tra acht bá h-aithméla mór le h-Oilill agus le Meadb in sgél sin do chloisdin. Agus ro tinoiletar maithi ceitri n-oll-coiged n-Érenn cu(c)a, úair do batar sen a Cruachain fá'n ám sin, ar n-á tochradh d' Oilill agus do Meidb chuca do dul ar cenn Tána bo Cuailgni an Ulltaib. Agus fa h-íat so na h-ard-maithi do batar ann sin .i. Lugaid mac Conráoi, agus Eochaid mac Fínngin mic Luchta, agus Eochaid Gusmar mac Tigernaigh Thédbannaigh mic Degaidh, agus Eochaid Faob*ar* a brathair, agus Lugaid mac Nóis, agus Loch mac na Feibis, agus Aongus mac Mesgeadra mic righ Laigen, agus Mac Nía mac Finn mic Rosa, agus Aongus mac Echach Aíncinn, agus Illann Finn[1] mac Fergusa, agus Conodar mac Cecht, agus maithi Dál(d)ruithne, Eochaid Rond agus fir Craoibe,[2] Mac
Column 55. Magach agus fir Muide Máoin, agus fir Remhaind, agus fir Caille Anchosnamai mic Umhóir, agus fir Erna, na Mainedha, agus Tuatha Taeiden.

Tucadh na maithe sin uili go h-Oilill agus go Meidbh, agus do indeis Meadb doib an Gamannrad do sharugadh, agus Ferchus con a muinntir do marbadh ar a h-eniuch fein. Agus do cuindigh sí ar maithib Erenn techt maraen ria do dighail a h-einich ar an Gamanraid. Agus ro gabsud-sum do laim do ticfadís ar in turas sin. Agus ba maith leo techt ann; uair bá deimin lé curadaib agus le cath-mil*ed*uib go fasf*a* bl*adh* agus all*ud* agus oirrdercus doib do dul ann. Uair bá derbh

[1] It will be remembered that in the early chapters of the tale, Illann Finn accompanied his father to Scotland in quest of the sons of Usnech and Deirdre, and on his return to Emain Macha was slain by Conall Cernach. Subsequently Fergus bewails the slaughter of three Illanns, sons of his. But while of old, as now, brothers had, not infrequently, the same name, the epithets by which they were known were

'I can give my oath truly,
In the presence of the five kings,
That I did not sanction the fair fight,
And neither did Oilill.'

'If you are not the cause of the disaster,
Muster your battalions;
Assert your strength and courage
And avenge the treachery to the full.'

In this guise.

Now Oilill and Meave were greatly grieved at hearing these tidings. And they summoned the chiefs of the four great provinces of Ireland to their presence, for these were in Cruachan at the time, having been brought thither by Oilill and Meave to go on the Raid of the cows of Cuailgne in Ulster. And these are the high chiefs who were there, to wit, Lugaid son of Curoi, and Eochaid son of Fingen son of Luchta, and Eochaid Gusmar (strong) son of Tigernach Tetbannach son of Degad, and Eochaid Faobar (edge, weapon) his brother, and Lugaid son of Nos, and Loch son of the Feibis, and Angus son of Mesgedra son of the King of Leinster, and MacNia son of Finn son of Ros, and Angus son of Eochu Aincenn, and Illann the Fair son of Fergus, and Conodar son of Cecht, and the chiefs of Dal(d)ruithne, Eochaid Rond and the men of Craobh, MacMagach and the men of Mag Maon, and the men of Remhand, and the men of Coill Anchosnama son of Umhor, and the men of Erna, the Maines, and the tribes of Taidiu.

These chiefs were all brought to Oilill and Meave. And Meave told them of the outrage by the Gamhanraidh, and of Fergus and his people being slain while under her own safeguard. And she besought the chiefs of Ireland to go along with her to avenge her honour upon the Gamhanraidh. They undertook to go upon that expedition. And they were indeed glad to do so; for their champions and warriors were certain that they would win renown and fame and distinction

different. There might have been several Illanns, sons of Fergus, but surely only one Illann *Finn*. Cf. vol. i. pp. 104, 130, 225.

[1] For this tribe, v. vol. i. p. 296, note 1.

leu nach gebadh aen tuath becc is an domhan riu féin ar a n-immat, agus ar feabhus a laech agus a lath n-gaile. Agus do aiccill Medb Lugaid mac Conráei ar sin, agus ro sir cungnam agus comairli fair, agus do raid in laid :—

'A Lugaid ![1]
Comairli damh go cub*aid* ;
Do mill*ed* Fergus, farír !
Is gnimh do-m-ber fa pudhar.'

'A Meadb muadh ![1]
Nocha maith nech gan a luadh ;
Nocho mo is maith nech gan n*ert*,
Ór as soich *gach recht* go duadh.'

'Tóccaib do dail go deimin,
Mar as cóir mar as cubaid ;
Tair-si romhainn da dígail,
Tógaibh do gnima, a Lugaid.'

A *Lugaid.*

Is ann sein ro eiric(h) Meadb, agus ro gairmestar co marc[2] for tuathaib Táeiden. Agus ro ergetar na sluaigh in a córaightib 'n a diaidh. Agus ba h-amlaid so do córaighid na catha sin .i. Lugaid mac Conraei agus Eochaid Gusmar mac Tigernaigh Tedbandaigh re clandaib Decc*adh* ann ;[3] Lugaid mac Nóis agus Loch mac na Feibis agus Eog*an* Finn mac Fíng*in* re cúigedh Each*ach* mic Luchta ann ; Mac N(i)ádh mac Finn mic Rossa agus Eochaid Faebar agus Eachaid Ainchend mac Each*ach* re cuiged n-Gailian[4] ann ; Aengas mac Misgedra re feraib Laigen ann fos.

Ar cinnedh a comarli, agus ar n-ordugadh a n-uidegha agus a n-imthechta doib, do gluaisiutar rompa. Agus is h-i so slighe do dech*aid* Meadb con a maithib agus con a marc-sluagaib .i. tar mín muighei Aéi, agus tar oirter Sleibhi

[1] The lines are defective, as the first lines of a quatrain in this metre not infrequently are. Written in full they would read :—

'A Lugaid ! ón a Lugaid !'
'A Meadb muadh ! ón a Meadb muadh !'

[2] The reading is clear. The phrase is singularly like the English 'to horse.' *Marc* is now obsolete ; but the word survives in the compounds *marc-shluagh*, 'cavalry,' *marc-lann*, 'stable,' 'horse-pound' ; and in the derivatives *marcaiche*, 'rider,' *marcachd*, 'riding,' *marcachd-shìn*, 'spindrift,' *marcachd-shìth*, 'fairy riding.' For the last of these, cf. *Carmina Gadelica*, vol. ii. pp. 303, 327.

by going. For they were convinced that no small tribe in the world were a match for them because of their number, and the excellence of their heroes and men of valour. And Meave held parley with Lugaid son of Curoi, and asked help and counsel of him, and (they) said the lay :—

'O Lugaid!
Give suitable counsel to me,
Fergus has been destroyed, alas!
A deed of great loss to me.'

'Noble Meave!
A man unpraised is feeble,
So also is one without power,
For every law brings evil in its train.'

'Undertake the task with courage,
As is right as is fitting;
March in front of us to avenge him,
Assert your valour, O Lugaid.'

O Lugaid.

Thereupon Meave rose and ordered the tribes of Taidiu to horse. And the hosts followed her in their cohorts. And thus were these battalions marshalled: Lugaid son of Curoi, and Eochaid Gusmar son of Tigernach Tetbannach, in command of the clans of Degad; Lugaid son of Nos, and Loch son of Feibis, and Eogan the Fair son of Fingen, in command of the (men of the) province of Eochu son of Luchta; Mac-Nia son of Finn son of Ros, and Eochaid Faobar, and Eochaid Ainchend son of Eochu, in command of (the men of) the province of Gailian; and, finally, Angus son of Mesgedra in command of the men of Leinster.

When their plans were made, and their stations and routes fixed, they marched forward. And this is the road which Meave with her chiefs and cavalry followed, viz., across the smooth plain of Ai, and over the east of Sliabh

[3] With this idiomatic use of *ann*, cf. *Cha d' thubhairt mise sin ann*, 'I did not say that *at all*.'

[4] Gailian frequently equates with Leinster. Here the territories of the two tribes are distinguished.

Treblainde, agus tar mullach Cruad-luac(h)rai, agus tar Dub-abuind m-Breaa, agus tar iartar cineoil Forcaill, agus tar Moin
Column 56. Coindedha agus tar Sein-slighte Sencháin, agus a n-descert Forannáin, agus tar Ath n-Dub-glaise ris i n-abar Ath-amhnas, agus tar cend Crúad-droma, gur gabadar sosad agus longport a cinn Lacha hí Artair, ris a n-abartar Loch na n-Airnedh a n-íu. Agus ro gabadar a coiseda agus a rútadha[1] 'n a coinde agus 'n a comdail tar coilltib Ciarraige, agus tar athgairdib criche airthir Uchtlethain co rancadar cus an maighin a raibe Meadb agus Oilill agus na cuigedha ar chena. Agus ro ghabadar long-port an dúnadh Airne mic Fhir Dochla an oidche sin. Agus as amlaid do bí an bruiden sin agus a sluagh fein ar n-a fágbail. Agus nir folmaiged in á fuiregaib itir í, oir do úaradar-san biadh agus deoch go dingmhala innte. Agus do t-shuidedar na sloigh ar sin do c(h)um na trom-fledhi sin d'á trom-caitheamh. Agus ní rucadar a buidhe ris in m-brugaid. Agus ro badar co sesgar sódhamail as sin go h-oidci.

Et mar táinic an adaig sin d'á n-indsaige, ro thinóiledar a mic agus a muinntir a timcell Airne. Agus ro badar selad ó na slúaghaib; agus ro comairligedh aca dol fá eirr do na h-ard-shluagaib, agus a n-egoir agus a n-indarbadh do diguil orra. Agus rangadar co h-imell an long-puirt, agus ro marbsat tri caogait curad cath-armach do muinntir Medba. Agus do chuadar fein co h-imlán as a h-aithle. Agus do éirich gádh mór agús gúasacht sa long-port de sin; agus do h-innised d' Oilill agus do Meidb na sgela sin. Agus adbert Meadb co n-díghéla co deimin iad; agus adubairt fos gur maith do dhíguil Airne a aeigidhecht orra; agus atbert an laid and:—

'Is se an biad con ainfeile,
Tug damsa Dub na n-Airne;
A reidhe-san aimreidhe,
Ro-s-alt oraind a ghairbe.

'Tri caogait d' ar sluagaib-ne,
Do marbsat, mor an pudar;
Leosan ge do rocradar,
Is limsa is cian bus cumhan.

[1] Cf. O'R. *rúta:* 'herd, rout, tribe.'

Trebland, and across the top of Cruad-Luachra, and across the Black-river of Brea, and across the western part of the race of Forcall's land, and across the Moor of Coindeadh, and over the Old-roads of Senchan, and southward of Forannan, and across the Ford of Black-river called the wild Ford, and across the end of Hard-ridge, when they halted and encamped at the end of the Loch of the descendant of Arthur, now called the Loch of the Airnes. And their foot (soldiers) and followers advanced to meet them across the woods of Ciarraig, and by the short cuts of the eastern territory of Broad-upland until they reached the spot where Meave and Oilill and the (men of the) other provinces were. They encamped in the Fort of Airne son of Fer(man) Dochla that night. They found that hostel deserted by its people. But it was by no means emptied of its provisions, for they found an ample supply of food and drink there. The hosts (of Meave) sat down to fully enjoy the rich banquet, without tendering thanks to the hospitaller. And they were there quietly and comfortably the whole evening.

When night came his sons and people gathered around Airne. They were a short space apart from (Meave's) people, and they resolved to attack the great hosts secretly, and to avenge their wrongs and their eviction upon them. They came to the skirts of the camp and killed thrice fifty battle-armed champions of Meave's people. They themselves all escaped (safely) thereafter. The camp was greatly terrified and alarmed because of this, and the tidings were reported to Oilill and Meave. Meave said that she would assuredly avenge this outrage, and added that Airne had well avenged his hospitality upon them, and recited the lay :—

'That is the food with inhospitality,
Which the Black of the Airnes has given to me;
His peace is dispeace,
He has inflicted his cruelty upon us.

'Three fifties of our hosts
They have slain, great the calamity;
Though by them these have fallen,
By me they shall long be remembered.

'Báidim-si is raidim-si,
Toingim fa m'arm budhdeisin,[1]
Uáth*aib* sen ní rachaim-ni,
Co m-beram geall gach seiser.'

Is.

As a h-aitle sin do cuir Medb na Maineda con a muinntir agus a teglach fein re h-agaid Airne, agus d' fhaire agus d'feitheam na sluag. Ro ghreis agus ro thegcoiscc na Maineda co maith ar sin. Agus ro fhagaibset an baile, agus do chuadar
Column 57. d' imfhairgsi ar Airne; uair do bi séin con a muinnter ac deab*aid* agus ac forbaisi ar na flait(h)*ibh*. Do cumruic doib agus do na Mainedib, agus do cuiredh ár mor etorra. Agus atorchrutar deich cet curad cath-armach do muintir na Mainedh ann; agus atorchair Airni mac Duib (D)ochlaich con a muinntir uili ann ar maid*in*,[2] acht madh dá mac an brugaid .i. Brec agus Nainnesc, neoch do ch*uaid* a maidm agus a teichedh o na tren-feruib. Tanic Meadb agus Oilill agus na maithe ar (ch)ena os a cinn, agus ro-s-gabh Medbh og a moladh go mor, agus ag buidechus go na Mainib, agus do raid an laeidh :—

'Fuil sunn comartha cur*ad*,
Ar baigh re h-ogaib Ulad;
Airne mac Duib dil . . h roin*n*,
Fuil sunn a cend dá comhroinn.

'In cluin Oilill amra an ghein,
Coscar mhór ag na Mainibh?
Cumrac re laech, linibh gal,
Nir bhord na éid*edh* an t*o*radh.

'Do toit linn Airne d' ar n-ágh;
Do marbsam deich cet comlan;
Ferrdha *gach* comlan ro ch*uir*,
Ge toirr*sech* an fod a fuil.'

F*uil*.

Ro clui(d)ed[3] a fert agus a lia agus a lidhe acu ar sin, agus fert a braitriuch. Agus do cuiredh a cinn agus a cossa is in loch, gorub Loch nan Airnedh a ainm ó sin ille.[4] Agus ro batar-sum ag fech*ain* an Locha agus na bruidni; agus ro

[1] Cf. the practice among the Scottish Gael of swearing on the dirk.
[2] *Or*, 'on the spot'; *maidin* may stand for *maigin*.

'I vow it and declare it,
I swear it upon mine own weapons,
That from this we shall not move
Until we avenge the deed sixfold.'

That is.

Thereafter Meave sent the Maines with her own people and household to oppose Airne, and to watch and observe the hosts. She urged and exhorted the Maines vigorously. They left the place, and proceeded to watch the movements of Airne; for he and his people were threatening and challenging the chiefs. They and the Maines fought, and there was great slaughter on both sides. One thousand battle-armed warriors of the Maines' people fell; and Airne son of Dub Dochla with all his people fell there on that morning, save only the two sons of the hospitaller, Breac and Nainnesg, who fled in terror before the mighty men. Meave and Oilill and all the chiefs went to view the slaughter, and Meave praised her men greatly, and expressed her gratitude to the Maines, and said the lay:—

'Here are the proofs of heroism,
Our thanks to the warriors of Ulster
Airne son of the Black . . .
His head is here, cleft in twain.

'Does the renowned Oilill hear
Of the great victory of the Maines?
A fight with heroes of great valour,
The fruit thereof is neither food nor clothing.

'Airne to our joy has fallen,
We have slain full ten hundred;
He fought his combats manfully,
Though sad his plight now.'

Here are.

His tomb was dug by them there, his tombstone was set up and his grave made, together with the tomb of his brothers. Their heads and feet were thrown into the lake, whence its name, Loch of the Airnes, ever since. And they

[3] MS. *cluied* with letter scraped out.
[4] Cf. *supra*, vol. ii. p. 203, note 1.

bui Meadb ag indisin sc*ela* an rig-brugaid ro bái ann, agus ac tabairt a tesmolta os aird. Agus as cuma do baei 'g a rád(h), ogus atbert an laid ann :—

'Tech Airne![1]
Gidh adile lucht a airmhe;
As úath*ad* do fhider sin,
Acht mana b-fuil a aithn*e* (?).

'Caoga coire and f*or* tein;
Caoga dabhach ann fri fl*eid*;
Neoch ro soiched ann fri froigh,
Cetrar ar ceit(h)re cetaib.

'Da mac an rígh dildáis cesd,
Brec maraon agus Nainnesg;
Comlan caogad cechtarde,
An uair ba h-am irg*aile*.

'Is í mo theisd ar an m-bruigin,
Ar tech Airni an mór muirir,
Nach dech*a* re m' linn a stech
Duine inn nac(h) bíadh buidhech.'

Tech.

Ro gluaisedar rompa ar sin can anad can airiseam co rancadar co h-oirter Mothra, agus tar iartar Muige Sanais, agus laim re Lo*ch*-na-Cerdcha, gur gabsad sosad agus long-port ac dunadh Nochta, ingine Deirg mic Dolair. Agus ro fhógair Nochta comlonn ar feraib Eirenn. Agus as e comlonn ro
Column 58. fhógair orra .i. coimrith co mullach Cnuic na Faircsina ris a raiter Nemthainn h-*ua* n-Amalg*aidh* a n-íu. Do rithetar ría ar sin. Agus gach fer as a t*éiged* a rith acu do impodh ris, agus do beir*ed* béim cloidme do co teilc*ed* a cenn d' á colainn. Agus ro marb náei nonbar dib amlaid sin .i. Eogan Gar mac Oilella con a maithib. Agus do cuinnigh Meadb ar Lugaid mac Conráoi Nochta do dingbail dibh. Agus ro reth Lugaid ría co rangadar co h-eter-medon an chnuic, agus do ch*uaid* as Nochta and sin. Agus o do chuaid, ro impo Lugaid ría, agus tuc beim di co tobhacht a cenn[2] d' a colainn. Agus ruc leis ar amus Medba h-e. Agus bá maith le Meidb an gním

[1] Add *ón tech Airne*, and cf. *supra*, p. 16, *note* 1.

[2] MS. *a cenn a cend.*

were viewing the loch and the hostel, while Meave related the story of the royal hostel, and described it clearly. And while doing so, she said the lay :—

'The house of Airne!
Hostile though its people have been;
Few have found it so
Save only those here present (?).

'Fifty caldrons there a-boiling;
Fifty vats there for feasting;
There could be accommodated within its walls
Four and four hundred guests

'The two sons of the king . . .
Both Breac and Nainnesg;
Each was a match for fifty,
When contention was rife.

'My testimony regarding the hostel is,
The house of Airne of the numerous household,
That no one during my time
Entered it without being satisfied.'

The house.

Thereafter they marched forward without halt or rest until they arrived at the eastern border of Mothar, and past the west of the plain of Sanas, and by the Loch of the Smithy, when they halted and encamped at the fort of Nochta, daughter of Dearg (the Red) son of Dolar. And Nochta challenged the men of Ireland to conflict. The conflict to which she challenged them was a race to the top of Prospect Hill, now called Nemthainn O'Awlay. They then raced against her. And to each as he broke down in the race she would turn, and give him a stroke of her sword and sweep his head off. In this fashion she slew nine times nine men, to wit, Eogan Gar son of Oilill with his leading men. Meave entreated Lugaid son of Curoi to save them from Nochta. Lugaid raced against her until they reached the middle of the ascent, when Nochta broke down. When she did so, Lugaid turned round, and with a blow swept her head from off her body. He brought it to Meave. Meave was pleased

sin; agus ro gab ag molad Luigdech, agus do rinde an laeidh :—

'Búaidh n-gnímha sin, a Lugaid!
Mo cen láoch imarul*am*;
Cidh esb*aid* dunn díth ar fer,
Ro sella trí naí nonbar.

'Tri noí nónbar fer feine
Ruc uáinn an ard n or shleibe;
Ní thor*acht* nech dib ar cul,
O ingin Deirg co n-dub-run.

'Fuilet san carn o'n cnuc siar,
Coll*na* na fer fedh nach cían;
Fuil nónbar laoch 'n a buide,
Os a cinn 'n a comn*uide*.

'An ben ro marbh Eogan Gar,
Mac Oilella, nai nonbair,
A Lugaid, co leth an t-shluaig,
Mar do thuit let as lan-b*uaidh*.'

B*uaidh*.

Do ba maith le Lugaid na tesmolta sin tucc Medb fair. Agus ro imdighset as sin ar na marach ar amus dún*aidh* Oilella Finn go h-Ath Fén.

thereat, and took to praising Lugaid, and composed the lay :—

'A glorious deed that of yours, O Lugaid!
My darling, the hero under whom we march;
The death of our men is loss indeed,
Thrice nine nine have been cut down.

'Thrice nine nine of our champions
Made for the top of the hill (?);
None of them escaped from
The daughter of Dearg of evil purpose.

'There are in the cairn west of the knoll,
The bodies of the men not far distant;
Nine champions, her victims, are
Above her head near her dwelling.

'The woman who slew Eogan Gar,
The son of Oilill, (with) nine nine (others),
O Lugaid, with (?) the half of the host,
Her death by thine hand is great victory.'
A glorious deed.

Lugaid was pleased with this eulogy by Meave. And they departed thence on the morrow for the stronghold of Oilill the Fair at Ath Fen.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT CELTIC GODDESSES

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The extant remains of the Celtic forms of religion afford abundant testimony to the great variety of divine names which were associated therewith. No student of Celtic religion can fail to be impressed with the number of Celtic deities, who appear to have been local or tribal in character. Even where a certain deity appears to have become non-local, it will generally be found on investigation that the sphere of the extended worship has fairly well-defined areas and centres. We cannot take as our first guide for the classification and grouping of Celtic gods a Pantheon like that of Homer, behind which there is a long history of religious development, and upon which there is the impress of a literary tradition. Patient archæological investigation has thrown light on the local character and history of many of the deities of the Hellenic world, and in the Celtic world likewise we find the more rudimentary local divinities, which, had the fates so willed, might, under a civilisation like that of Greece and in the hands of Homer and his forerunners, have developed into as elaborate a Pantheon as that of Greece. As it is, however, we can only observe the scattered elements out of which, under other circumstances, a Pantheon might have been constructed. This is not altogether a misfortune, since it enables us to see in Celtic lands actual parallels to the hypothetical stages of development, which lie behind the more advanced religious systems of more highly civilised and literary countries, such as Greece and Rome. Religious development always stands in some correlation with the social development generally, and the civilisation of the Celtic world, in its various forms and in its several localities—a civilisation that at best was but rudimentary compared with that of the Græco-Roman world—had as the religious concomitants of its culture, conceptions and divinities of a corresponding character. Some of the

names of Celtic deities, too, fortunately bear in their very forms unmistakable evidence as to their original character, so that we have an insight not only into the religious conceptions of the later and more developed stages of civilisation, but also into the earlier ideas from which they sprang. It is possible, also, to see in this way how variation in the degree of civilisation both locally and temporally is reflected in the forms of religion. In dealing with the religion of the Celtic world, it is of prime importance to bear in mind at the outset that Celtic civilisation was very far from being homogeneous in character, and that we must expect to see this absence of homogeneity reflected also in the religious evolution.

Unfortunately, the inscriptional evidence that has come down to us is associated almost entirely with districts that were highly Romanised. This, however, is not such a serious drawback as might at first have appeared, since we are thus enabled to see what districts during the Empire were those in which the conceptions of certain deities had been so developed as to make it possible to identify them with the gods of Rome. These, too, were the chief districts of trade and commerce among the Celts, and, though the earlier and the later trade-routes through Gaul, for example, were not the same, yet the routes which were important in Roman times had already risen into some prominence in the earlier period. Archæology cannot render greater service to the study of Celtic religion than by mapping out the distribution of Celtic civilisation. The religion of the rich is never quite the same as that of the poor: that of the farmer is never absolutely identical with that of the sailor: that of the townsman always differs in some degree from that of the countryman: the merchant and the craftsman do not usually worship quite the same gods as the soldier. The gods of fashionable health-resorts vary no less than their worshippers, and the study of the forms and degrees which civilisation assumed in Celtic lands may help to bring these variations more and more home to us.

In the present paper the larger problem of the Celtic

deities, both male and female, will not be discussed. Attention will be directed only to the Celtic goddesses in the various districts from which evidence concerning them has come down to us. It may here be stated at the outset that there are great gaps in the available evidence concerning the goddesses in question; for example, our information from the western part of Gaul is extremely slight, while from the district of the Pyrenees, though the names of gods abound, practically no names of individual goddesses have survived. These facts will become clearer, when we take the various inscriptional zones in order, as follows: (1) The Pyrenees, (2) Gaul south of Lyons, (3) Gaul between Lyons and the lower Rhine, (4) other districts of Transalpine Gaul, (5) Cisalpine Gaul, (6) Britain, (7) Noricum and the Celtic zone of the Danube.

1. *The Pyrenees district.*—The only goddesses with a distinctive name known from inscriptions in this district are the Niskai of the Amélie-les-Bains tablets in the Pyrénées Orientales in the ancient territory of the Sordones. These tablets are eight in number, and were found by Col. A. Puiggari in 1845. They were unfortunately lost in 1849, but a copy of them had been made by their discoverer. The curious reader will see an account of them in Nicholson's *Keltic Researches* (p. 154), together with a very ingenious attempt at their interpretation. Some of the words, such as kantamus, rogamus, sanate, omnes, non, amiki, illius, quidquid, si, are clearly Latin, but there are other words which are apparently in some form of Celtic speech. One of these words, peisqi, raises problems similar to those raised by the Coligny Calendar and the Rom tablets. Mr. Nicholson's identification of Niskas with the root contained in the English 'nixies'= water-sprites, following as it does the word kantamus, is not at all improbable. The river-name Vernodubrum from this district is undoubtedly Celtic, but the names Iliberris and Caucoliberris seem to be of a non-Celtic form. It may be noted further that, in the territory of the Sordones, we are not far from the district of Southern France, where grouped goddesses are frequent, the nearest to the Sordones being the

Menmandutæ or Menmandutiæ of the neighbourhood of Narbo. From the Pyrenæan district west of the Sordones no distinctive names of grouped goddesses have come down to us.[1] The Menmandutæ are commemorated on an inscription at Béziers, Hérault (CIL XII 4223), where their name occurs in the dative on a votive tablet. A somewhat similar but unexplained name, 'Minmantiis,' has been found on an inscription at Périgueux (CIL XIII, 940).

2. *Gaul, south of Lugdunum (Lyons).*—In this district, in which the territory of the Sordones ought, strictly speaking, to be included, the names of goddesses are frequent. They fall naturally into two main types, those of grouped goddesses and those of individuals. The former are often termed Matres or Matræ. With this name may be compared one of the Welsh names for the fairies, 'Y Mamau' (the mothers), a name which survives in the expression 'Bendith y Mamau,' the blessing of the mothers, used of fairy benefactions, and in that of 'Y Foel Famau,' the hill of the mothers, the highest point of the Clwydian range in Denbighshire. In the zone in question we find the Eburnicæ matræ at Yvours, on the Rhone, near Lyons (Orelli, 5935), on the inscription restored as Matr[i]s, au[g(ustis)] Eburnici[s], etc. These appear to have been the local tutelary deities of Yvours. The nearest grouped goddesses to the north of these that are recorded on inscriptions are the Mairæ of the neighbourhood of Dijon (Dibio), but to the north of these, again, no other grouped goddesses called Matræ or Matres are mentioned, until we reach the neighbourhood of the Rhine, where several groups are recorded. The nearest specifically designated groups to the south of the Eburnicæ Matræ are the Obelenses Matres at Crossillac, between Ville-Dieu and Villeneuve-de-Berg, dép. Ardèche, arrond. Privas and the Nemetiales at Grenoble, Isère. The 'Obelenses Matræ' appear to derive their name from a place, 'Obelum' or 'Obela,' and seem to have been local tutelary goddesses; they are called on the inscription in

[1] At Luchon, however, there are eleven votive tablets to the nymphs, at Bagnères de Bigorre there are two, and at Auch one.

the dative Matris Aug(ustis) Obelesibus (CIL XII 2672). The Nemetiales are also called Matres, and were doubtless the protecting goddesses of the 'nemeta' or sacred enclosures. Their name occurs on an inscription in the dative as Matris Nemetiali[b(us)] (CIL XII 2221). The inscription Icotiis may represent 'Icotiæ' or 'Icotii.' It occurs at Cruviers, dép. Gard, arrond. Alais, cant. Vézenobres (CIL XII 2902). The Tangonæ [Matres] are mentioned on an inscription at Vénasque, dép. Vaucluse, canton Pernes, in the dative [Matribus] Tangonis. The name 'olatonæ' occurs on an imperfect inscription at Nîmes (CIL XII 3110) in the dative .... olatonis. On an inscription of Le Plan d' Au(l)ps, arrond. de Brignolles, canton of Saint-Maximin, dép. of Var (CIL XII 330), which reads Matribu[s] Almahabu[s], etc., we have an adjective applied to Matres which contains an intervocalic 'h,' such as is characteristic of the inscriptions found in the neighbourhood of German territory. In Nîmes itself, a great centre of the Matres worship, we have the Matres Namausicæ of the Ματρεβο Ναμαυσικαβο inscription (CIL XII p. 383 *n* 1). The only other specifically designated group of Matres in Southern Gaul is that of the Matres Gerudatiæ (CIL XII 805), found in the dative 'Matribus Gerudatiabus,' on a votive tablet at Saint-Estève, dép. Var, arrond. Brignolles, canton Barjols. On the inscriptions the Matres in this district have no local designation. For example, at Aix one inscription has the words Matrib[us] conservatricibus, while another has Matrib[us] simply. At Saint-Remy de Ventabren we have Ma[t]ris (in the dative), at Arles the '[Mat]ribus' are associated on an inscription with Fortuna Arelatensis. At Apt we have the form 'Matribus,' and similarly at Montbrun. At Vaison we have Matrabus on three inscriptions, Matribus on three, and Matris (dative) on one. At Sahune, dép. Drôme, cant. Rémusat, Dieule-fit, Pont-de-Barret, dép. Drôme, we have Matris, at Saint Romain-en-Gal, three inscriptions of Vienne, Lyons (2), and Grenoble, we have Matris augustis. At Allondaz, near Albertville, in Savoy, we have the dedication Matris Mithres. At Saint-Innocent we have Matris au[gustis],

while at Geneva the dedication bears the form Matr(ibus) aug(ustis). At Brienne, near Brignon, we have Mat(ribus), while at Nîmes the dedication is Matris. At Narbonne an inscription has been restored as [M]a[t]ribus, while at Lyons, the reading is M. a. t. r on one inscription and on another MatrIs. Lyons supplies three inscriptions that may read either as Matris or Matribus. Near Moirans there is an inscription that has been restored as Matrabus, while at Saint-Vit, near Besançon, this form occurs, as well as at Besançon itself, and on the road from Besançon to Grand-Fontaine. These latter inscriptions are mentioned here, though they are outside the zone of Lyons and the district to the south of it, because they help to form connecting links between the southern district and that of the Rhine valley, where we find numerous indications of the Matres worship. Along with these examples may be given that of Le Bourget, where we have a dedication 'Mercurio et Matr[is],' and that of Allmendigen, near Thun, where we have Iovi, Matribus, Matronis, Mercurio, Minervæ, Neptuni, and once more Matribus and Minervæ. It is clear from this that Lyons and the districts around it were prominent centres of the Matres worship. The three inscriptions of Spain at Porcuna (CIL II 2128), where M alone represents Matribus, which is qualified by Veteribus, that of Duraton (Matribus) and that of Muro de Agreda, prov. Soria, where we have Matrubos, are isolated and stand on a somewhat different footing from the others. The grouped goddesses of the south of Gaul are not, however, Matres only. We have here also in great prominence, especially in Nîmes, the Proxumæ or Proximæ. Near Saliers, Bouches-du-Rhône (CIL XX 661), at Vaison (1330) and Clansayes (1737), we have Proxsumis suIs. This formula also occurs at Nîmes (3115, 3116, 3119, 3121, and 3127). At Avignon we have Proxsumis, at Lourmarin P(roxumis), at Orange Proxs(umis), at Vaison Proxsumis and Proxumis, at Beaucaire, Nîmes Proxum(is), at Barron, Proximis Ledæ, while at Nîmes itself, in addition to the instances already given, we have [Pr]oxxumis (1), Proxsumis (4), in various degrees of completeness,

and Proxumis (7), more or less completely. With the Matres, as with the Matronæ of Cisalpine Gaul, may be associated the grouped goddesses called Junones, who are mentioned on a votive inscription at Nîmes (CIL XII 3067), as Junonib(us) Montan(is), and at Aigues-Mortes, Gard (4101), as Junonibus Aug(ustis). These Junones appear to have been also worshipped in the zone of the central health resorts; for example, an inscription at Néris-les-bains, dép. Allier, of the Antonine period, reads 'Numinibus Augustorum et Iunonibus Neriomagienses.' On an inscription also between Langres and Toul we have Deabus Iunonibus, while at Bordeaux (CIL XIII 567) there is an inscription Iunonibus Iuliæ et Sextiliæ. In Southern Gaul, as in Spain, we also find the worship of the nymphs prominent under their Latin name. At Saint Saturnin-d'Apt there are two inscriptions (CIL XII 1090, 1091), near Goult one (1092), at Apt one (1093), one each at Carpentras, Rasteau and Vercoiran. There are two at Vaison, one being dedicated 'Nymphis Augustis,' and also an inscription with the same words at Bourguin. At Les Fumades, near Allègre, dép. Gard, there are six inscriptions, one of which has the words Nymphis Augustis. At Uzès there is a record of the dedication of a temple to the nymphs in the first century A.D. At Nîmes five votive tablets to nymphs occur. At Puech, in Provence, there are three votive tablets to nymphs. At Castéra-Veveril we find one, at Lez (?) two, and at Castillon one. At Alzey one, at Mombach one, at Castel two. In the zone of the south of France, too, we find another name of a group of goddesses like those already described, in the case of the Baginae, the companions of Baginus, the local deities of Mt. Vanige and the village of Bésignan: the names 'Bagino et Baginahabus' occur on an inscription at Bellecombe, canton du Buis, dép. de la Drôme. There is a goddess Perta commemorated in dép. Gard, arrond. Nîmes, canton Vauvert: the name occurs in the dative Pertæ. The name Bormāna, the companion of the god Bormānus, occurs also on an inscription 'Bormano et Bormanæ' at the village of Aix-en-Diois, Drôme, and in the phrase Bormanæ Augustæ on an inscription of Saint Vulbaz

(earlier Saint Bourbaz), canton Lagnieu, Ain. At Saint Saturnin d'Apt we find an inscription to another goddess, Albiorīca, whose name is given in the dative Albiorice. She was doubtless regarded as the companion of Albiorix, to whom (Marti Albiorigi) there is an inscription at Sablet, cant. Baumes, near Vaison, Vaucluse. At Viens, dép. Vaucluse, arrond. and cant. of Apt, there is an inscription to Bergonia, a name doubtless cognate with Brigindu and Brigantia. The goddess Dexsiva may either be the eponymous goddess of the Dexivates, or a goddess of fortune. We find inscriptions to her at Pertuis, dép. Vaucluse, arrond. Apt (Dexsivæ), and at Cadenet in the same district, on the hill of Castelar, three times. Another local goddess is Trittia, the local goddess of Trets, an old town in the arr. of Aix, dép. Bouches-du-Rhône: there is one inscription at Carnoules, dép. Var (Trittiæ), and another at Pierrefeu, dép. Var (Trittæ). The name Ritonā is the name of a river-goddess, that of the modern river Rieu, to whom inscriptions occur at Montaren near Alais, dép. Gard, arr. and canton Uzès, and another [R]iton[a]e at Saint Honoré-les-bains, dép. Nièvre. In view of the fact that this inscription is so far north, it may be doubted whether its interpretation is at all correct. At Béziers is an inscription in honour of a goddess, who may be either Ricoria or Tricoria; while an inscription to a goddess Diiona (cf. Dibona, Divona) occurs at Bagnol-sur-Cèze, dép. Gard, arrond. Uzès. This was probably the eponymous nymph of the brook la Vionne or l'Andiole, which flows into the Cèze. The name occurs in the nominative, DiIona. The form of the name suggests that in this dialect of Celtic there was a tendency to drop intervocalic 'v.' The remaining name of an individual goddess from this district is Thucolis, which occurs on an inscription from Le Prugnon near Antibes, in the department of the Alpes-Maritimes. She appears to have had a priestess or priestesses.

It will be readily seen from the evidence of these inscriptions that, in the south of Gaul, group-goddesses were far more widely worshipped than individual goddesses. The latter appear to be in this district highly localised in character,

and perhaps were often regarded only as members of groups. On the other hand, individual *gods* are numerous, while grouped gods are rare. Here, too, we do not find traces of the worship of one deity at the expense of others, but the ancient type of worship of groups seems to hold its own. Prof. Rhŷs has noted the absence of Ματρεβο along with Ἀνδοουναβο near Avignon. It is noticeable that here there are no traces of the worship of Quadriviae.

3. *The district between Lugdunum and the Lower Rhine.* —This is a large district, which may be roughly regarded as extending from Lugdunum to Trèves (Augusta Treverorum) and thence to Cologne and to the mouth of the Rhine. From this large and important district many inscriptions containing names of Celtic deities have come down to us, and in this respect it stands in very marked contrast to the districts in the west of Gaul. Except in the neighbourhood of Cologne, grouped goddesses are here conspicuous by their absence. In their stead we find several individual goddesses, often associated with some god, and some of these goddesses appear to have attained to more than a strictly local worship. In accordance with the plan already adopted of dealing with the group-goddesses first, the worship of Matres may be first considered. At Langres there are three inscriptions with the words Matra[b(us)] and Matra, [Ma]tris, and [Ma]trab[us], respectively. These, together with the Mairæ of Dijon, may be regarded as forming the northerly representatives of the group-goddesses of the Rhone valley and its neighbourhood, which were discussed in the previous section. If we now cross into the Rhine valley, we reach another zone of Matres or Matræ. In this zone the Matres are generally qualified by some local or descriptive adjective. At Bonn we have an inscription dedicated 'Matiribus domesticis,' and probably another also of the same type. At Andernach we have the formula 'Matribus suis.' On the road from Zahlbach to Mainz there is an inscription 'Iovi optimo maximo et Matribus.' At Frankfort on the Main, we have Matribus, and similarly at Heddernheim. At Ell, in Alsace, we have Matrabus, and at

Berkum, Matribus suis. The Matres that are qualified by local or other adjectives are distributed as follows: In the neighbourhood of Colonia Trajana (Xanthen) we have the Brittæ Matres, the Maxacæ matres, and the Arsacæ matres. One inscription is found on the Beeck, near Xanthen, and is dedicated Matribus Brittis; another found at Xanthen reads M(atribus) Brittis Max.-acis. Beyond this inscription there is no mention of Maxacæ matres. The Arsacæ matres are mentioned on an inscription at Xanthen in the words 'Matribus Arsacis paternis sive maternis.' In and near Cologne we have the Malvisæ, a group of goddesses commemorated in the terms 'diabus Malvisis et Silvano' at Cologne. The name as 'Malvisis' occurs also at Nieukerk in the Gelderland. The Matres Mediotautehæ are commemorated on an inscription at Cologne. The Ollogabiæ, like the Malvisæ, are nowhere called Matres. Their name occurs on two inscriptions, one at Castel, near Mainz. The other inscription on which the name occurs is now at Mainz. The name Ollogabiæ apparently means 'All-seizing,' from Ollos = Welsh Oll, and gab- = Welsh gaf- (in gaf-ael), and Old Irish gabim.

Another important name of group-goddesses in the Rhine district is that of Matronæ, a name widely used among certain German tribes, who are thought to have adopted the religion of the Gauls. This name was also a favourite one in Cisalpine Gaul. At Tetz, near Iülich, there is an inscription to the Matronæ Cantrusteihiæ, and there is also a similar inscription from Hoeylaert, near Brussels. The Gesahenæ Matronæ are mentioned on an inscription at Altenberg, near Cologne; at Rödingen, near Iülich; and also on two inscriptions in conjunction with the Etrahenæ Matronæ at Rödingen and Bettenhofen. The Ascricinehæ Matronæ are mentioned on an inscription at Odenhausen, near Berkum, and, without Matronæ, on an inscription at Odendorf, near Euskirchen. On an inscription at Bürgel, near Sollingen, there is also an inscription to the Matronæ Rumanehæ et Maviaitinehæ. Near Cologne, too, we find an inscription to the Axsinginehæ Matronæ, and another at

Sinzenich in the same neighbourhood, 'Matronis Tummaestis.' The prominence of the worship of group-goddesses in this district is very remarkable. Of the other types of group-goddesses the Mairæ of the neighbourhood of Dijon are of interest. One inscription at Dijon is dedicated Dis Mairis; another from Til-Châtel, dép. Côte d'Or, arrond. Dijon, of A.D. 250 or 251, is dedicated Deæ Eponæ et dis Mairabus, genio loci. Another inscription of the same locality has the words deabus Mairis. In this zone there is no reference to the Proximæ, but between Langres and Toul there is an inscription 'Deabus Iunonibus.' Coming now to the Rhine valley, we have on an inscription at Cologne the words Iunonibus [G]abiabus. At Bonn there is an inscription which has been interpreted as [Matribus or Iunonibus do]mesticis [Lugo]vibus com[edonibus]. At Zülpich, at any rate, the expression 'Iunonibus domesticis' occurs. There is also an inscription bearing the word Iunonibus at Pützdorf, near Altenhoven in the neighbourhood of Aachen. It is not improbable that the Iunones were the Matres or Matronæ of the district. On the other hand, inscriptions to nymphs are conspicuous by their absence from the Rhine valley though they are frequent elsewhere.

When we come to the individual goddesses of the zone now under consideration, we find several names which are attested by inscriptions. For example, there is Dămŏna the companion of Borvo, 'the Boiler,' the god of certain hot springs. The form of the name Dămŏna suggests that it is a parallel to Epona, the former being a goddess of cattle, the latter of horses. It is possible that originally both were deities of corresponding animal form. Dam-ona appears to be associated with the root dam-, which we find in the Irish *dam* (an ox), and in the Welsh *dafad* (a sheep), for an older damat-. The inscriptions on which Dămŏna's name occurs are chiefly from Bourbonne-les-Bains, dép. Haute-Marne, arrond. Langres. The expressions, in which it occurs are, 'Borvoni et Damonæ,' 'Deo Apollini Borvoni et Damonæ,' 'Borvoni et Damonæ,' 'Deo Borvoni et Damone,' 'Borvoni et Damonæ,'

'Damonæ Augustæ,' 'Deo Borvoni et Damonæ,' 'Borvoni et Damonæ.' The other district in which inscriptions to her are found is Bourbon-Lancy, dép. Saône-et-Loire, arrond. Charolles, where, in addition to two inscriptions 'Borvoni et Damonæ,' we have 'Bor*m*oni et Damonæ.' The form Bormoni shows the influence of Bormānus. Aquæ Bormonis appears to have been the old name of Bourbon-Lancy. In Dămŏna we not improbably have an old tribal animal goddess, who came to be associated with Borvo, a god of hot springs, as his name implies. Another individual goddess, whose name appears to be associated with the zone now under consideration, is Litavis. This name occurs in conjunction with that of the god Cicolluis, identified with Mars. Some of the inscriptions on which the name is thought to occur are very imperfect, and are chiefly found at Mâtain, dioc. Langres, dép. Côte-d'Or, arrond. Dijon, cant. Sombernon. There are five inscriptions with the formula 'Marti Cicollui et Litavi,' in whole or in part. At Aignay-le-Duc in dép. Côte-d'Or, arr. Chatillon-sur-Seine, there is a formula 'Deo Marti Cicollui et Litavi,' and at Mâtain a formula 'Marti Cicollui et Bellonæ,' which shows that Litavis was regarded as a goddess of war. The name 'Litavis' would appear to be identical with that of Llydaw, which exists in Welsh, not only as the name of Armorica but also as that of a lake called Llyn Llydaw in the Snowdon district. It appears, too, to be the basis of the name of the Aeduan Litavicus or Litaviccus (Cæs. *B. G.* VII. xxxvii. 1) and also of Convictolitavis, who is mentioned in the same passage. The name Litaviccus occurs also in the genitive Litavicc(i) on an inscription in the first century from Monthureux-sur-Saône, dép. Vosges, arrond. Mirecourt, now in the museum at Épinal. It occurs also in the dative on an inscription at Langres, as well as on silver coins of the Aeduans. A place-name of the same basis, too, Litavicrarus, occurs on an inscription at Langres in the will of a member of the tribe of the Lingones of the first century A.D. The inscription reads 'Ante ce[l]lam memoria que est Litavicrari.' The name Litavis is also probably contained in that of Cobledulitavus, found on

an altar in the museum of Périgueux, Dordogne, set up by a priest of the altar of Lyons. The inscription reads [Tutelæ Vesonnæ] et deo Apollini Cobledulitavo . . . v. s. l. m. The name of Litavis may be safely regarded as that of one of the most prominent deities of the Lingones, and, as derivatives of this name are found among the Aeduans, her worship probably extended to the latter tribe as well.

In the zone now under consideration there are two other names of goddesses that are found mainly along with the Latin names Mercurius and Apollo. There are Rosmerta, named along with Mercury, and Sirona, named along with Apollo. On an inscription at Aix (CIL XII 308) Vssiae Ros[mertae?] Mercuri[o] v.s.l.m., the name may perhaps appear, but the reading is here doubtful and Hirschfeld reads: . . . us S[yn]eros? The name, however, certainly exists on an inscription at Gissey-le-Vieil, dép. Côte-d'Or, arrond. Semur, canton Vitteaux, dioc. Autun (CIL XII 2831), Aug(usto) sa[c(rum)] Deæ Rosm[er]tae. On an inscription at Alise-Sainte-Reine it is doubtful whether the inscription should read [Ro]sme[rtae] or Sme[rtullo]. On an inscription at Langres (5677) we have Deo Mercurio et Rosmerte, and at Grand (5939) [Merc]urio et [Ros]mertae. At Worms (6222) we have Deo Mercuri(o) et Rosmerte, and at Alzey (6263) a similar reading has been conjectured as [Deo Merc]urio et R[osmerte]. A similar conjecture has been made with respect to an inscription of Spechbach, near Lobenfeld, on the right bank of the Rhine (gemarkung Neurott) (6388) [Mercu]rio [et Ros]mert(a)e. At Cologne these two deities are certainly named together (CIR 402). Mercu[rio et Ros]merte; also at Andernach, where there are two inscriptions, 681, Merc[urio et] Rosmertae, and 682, Me[rcurio et R]o[smertae]. Similarly at Hüttigweiler (750), [Mercu]rio [et Ro]sm[e]r[tae]. Near Nider-Emmel, Zumeth, Bernkastel, we have D[eo] Me[rc]urio [et] Ro[s]me[rtae], also CIR 862, Mer[curio e]t Rosm[ertae], and 863, Deo Mercurio et d(e)æ [R]osmertae. There is a similar inscription at Reinsport on the Moselle, between Trêves and Bernkastel, Deo Mer[c]urio et Rosme[r]te.

On an inscription of Soulosse, now in Épinal, we have D(eo) M(ercurio) et Rosmerte, and also Mercurio (et) Rosmert(ae) sacr. vicani Solimariac(enses). At Mt. Sion, dép. Meurthe-et-Moselle, arrond. Nancy, canton Vézelize, we read on an inscription 'Deo Mercurio et Rosmertae,' and similarly at Metz. At Wasserbillig, in Luxembourg, an inscription (Orelli, 5909) is thought to read Deo Mercurio et deæ Rosmertae, and there is a similar inscription at Chatenoy, dép. Vosges, now in the museum of Épinal, 'Mercurio et Rosmertæ sacrum.' From this we may gather that Rosmerta was worshipped largely in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, and in the neighbourhood of Langres. The origin of the name is doubtful. The root may be smer(t)-, brilliant, so that Ro-smerta would mean the exceedingly brilliant one. The same root appears to occur in other proper names, such as Smertus, Smertullos, Smerto-mārā, Smerto-rix, Smertu-ccus, Smertu-litanos, and the old British tribe of the Smertæ, as well as Ate-smerius. We have also Smerius, Smertalus, Smerto-rix, Smertu, and Cante-smerta. These names appear to be distributed on inscriptions as follows: Smerius at Tresques, Gaujac, Nîmes, Tarendol (dép. Drome, arr. Nyons, canton Buis). Smertæ occurs in Ptol. II. iii. 8, in the words Ὑπὲρ τοὺς Λούγους Σμέρται, and in Rav. v. xxxi. p. 433, 17, as Smetri. Smertalus occurs at Moresby; Smertatius is an attributive name of Mars on an inscription at Möhn in the neighbourhood of Trêves. Smerto-mara is a woman's name in the Palatine Anthology (Σμερτομάρᾳ στυγερὸν ματρὶ λέλοιπε γόον). Smerto-rix occurs on a coin, and possibly on an inscription at Les Beaux, near Arles. Smertu occurs as a man's name at Rheims, and Smertu-ccus at Vechten. In another form, Smertucus, it occurs at Rheims. Smertu-litanos is found at Worms and Smertullos on an inscription, apparently as the name of a god, at Paris. As a man's name it is found at Le Veyer in Queyras (dép. Hautes-Alpes, near the village of Aiguilles, arr. Briançon); at Cadenet, dép. Vaucluse, arr. Apt, on the hill Castelar, and possibly on inscriptions at Alise-Sainte-Reine and Dijon, Aux Poussots. Atesmerius occurs at

Meaux (Dassy collection) as the name of a god, and as a man's name at St. Peter im Holz in Carinthia. In the form Adsmerius it occurs at Poitiers as the name of a god identified with Mercury (Deo Me(r)curio Adsmerio). The name Cantismerta occurs in the dative Cantismerte as that of a goddess at Lens in the canton of Wallis, before the chapel of St. Clement. From this it will be seen that the root in question was extensively distributed in personal names. The next goddess, Sīrona, is widely associated in the area in question with Apollo, her name being also written as Dirona or Đirona. The distribution of her inscriptions is as follows:—(1) Baumburg, Apollini Granno [et Si]ronae. (2) Rome, Apollini Granno et sanctae Sironae sacrum. (3) Bordeaux, Sironae. (4) Luxeuil, Apollini et Sironae. (5) Bitburg, Apollin[i Granno] et Siro[nae]. (6) Nierstein, Deo Apollini et Sironae. (7) Mainz [Deae] Sirona . . . (8) Grossbottwar am Marbach, A.D. 201, Apo[lli]ni et Sironae; (9) Maximiliansau, Deae Sironae. (10) Wiesbaden, Sironae. (11) Andernach Dir[onae]. (12) Graux, dép. Vosges, Apollini et Sironae. (13) Sept-Fontaines, near Saint-Avold, in Lorraine, Deæ Đironae. (14) Corseul, dép. Côtes-du-Nord, arrond. Dinan, cant. Plancoet, Sirona. From these inscriptions Sirona may be regarded as the companion of Grannus, whose name we have in Aquae Granni (Aix-la-Chapelle) and in Granheim. The name Sirona was not improbably that of the Earth, regarded as a goddess, and it probably meant the 'long-lived one.' Another name for Apollo besides Grannos in this district is Mogounos, (whence Moguntiâcum). A name of a goddess Mogontia occurs (Deae Mogontiæ) at Le Sablon, near Metz.

Of the other names of goddesses in the zone now under consideration one occurs near Divodurum (Metz), while the other is one of the most widely distributed of the names of Celtic goddesses. The former is Icovellauna, the latter Epona. Icovellauna occurs like Mogontia at Le Sablon, near Metz, and may have meant the 'protectress of health.' The goddess Epŏna is commemorated on numerous inscriptions:

—(1) At Guidizzolo between Mantua and Verona. (2) At Siguenza. (3) At Alsó-Ilosva in Dacia. (4) At Waitzen in Pannonia. (5) In Carinthia. (6) In Zollfeld. (7) At Mariasaal, Herculi et Eponae aug(ustae). (8) At Cilli, Eponae aug(ustae) sacrum: Iovi o(ptimo) m(aximo) Eponæ et Celeiæ sanctæ. (9) At Windenau near Marburg in Steiermark, Eponae aug(ustae) sacrum. (10) At Pföring near Ingolstadt in Rhaetia, Campestribus et Eponae. (11) At Mount Rudrik in Moesia, Epone. (12) At Karlsburg in Dacia, Epone regin(ae) sanc(tae). (13) At Varhély in Dacia, not long after A.D. 107, Eponabus et Campestribus. (14) At Salona, [Iovi optim]o maxsi[mo . . . Epo]ne [. . . Marti] Cam[ulo]. (15) At Rome, associated on various inscriptions with the Matres Sulevae. (16) At Carvoran. (17) At Auchindavy, near Kirkintulloch in Scotland. (18) At Lyons. (19) At Naix in the department of Meuse. (20) At Metz. (21) At Solothurn. (22) At Til-Châtel in the diocese of Langres, Deae Eponae et dis Mairabus. (23) At Andernach, Eponae sacr(um). (24) At Heinzerath, Kreis Bernkastel, on two inscriptions. There is a place called Epona, now Epône, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, arrond. and canton Mantes, and there are also two places called Eponiācum:—(1) Eppenich, near Aachen. (2) The modern Appoigny, dép. Yonne, arrond. and canton Auxerre. Eponicus occurs as a man's name on an inscription at Rome (CIL VI 3281). The zone of distribution of the Epona inscriptions will give a fair conception of the districts where her worship was most prominent. As her name shows, she was pre-eminently a goddess of horses.

Among the other names of goddesses which occur in this zone or its neighbouring districts, may be instanced that of Clutoissa or Clutoiđđa, which occurs on an inscription not far from Noviodūnum in Gaul. Her name occurs on two inscriptions, one from the village of Mesves-sur-Loire in the department of Nièvre, arrond. Cosne, canton Pouilly-sur-Loire, near a spring with a reputation for healing fevers. The inscription reads, Aug(usto) sacrum, deæ Cluto[i]dae, etc. It occurs,

too, on a patera from Etang-sur-Arroux, dép. Saône-et-Loire, arr. Autun, canton Saint-Léger-sous-Beuvray. There is no evidence that Clutoiđa was more than a purely local goddess of a healing spring. At Bourges there is an inscription to Solimāra, a word which probably means 'the large-eyed' (CIL XIII, 1195), Solimarae sacrum. Solimāros occurs over a wide area, for example at Cilli, Sziszek, Scherschell, Martigues, Orange, Brignon, dép. Gard, near Ledignan, Nîmes, Bordeaux, Paris, Breitenbach, Gustavsburg (Mainz), Heddernheim, and on the gold coins of the Bituriges Cubi (before B.C. 58), which were found at Amboise, Vendeuil Caply, dép. Oise, as well as in Vivonne (dép. Vienne), and in Vernon. A Gallo-Roman name Solimārius occurs at Apt, Bordeaux, and at Niersbach in the Prussian Rhine-province. A name of the form Solimario occurs on an inscription at Nîmes. There was a place called Solimāriāca on the Roman road from Metz to Langres between Neufchâteau (Vosges), and Toul (Meurthe-et-Moselle). This word, too, appears to underlie the names Sommé́, dep. Saône-et-Loire, arr. and canton Mâcon; Saumeray, dép. Eure-et-Loire; Saumery (Solimariaca), dép. Loiret, arr. Orléans; Le Saulmery, dép. Loiret; Saumery, dép. Loir-et-Cher, arr. Blois, canton Bracieux; as well as the Italian Sumirago in the province of Milan in the district of Gallarate. On the Celtic inscriptions of Volnay we have the name of a goddess Brigindu in the dative Brigindoni. It is her name that probably underlies that of Brigendonis, now Brognon, in Côte d'Or, arrond. and canton Dijon, as well as the Ager Briendonensis in the Mâcon country. It is possible, too, that Gregory of Tours meant this goddess, when he said that the Gauls worshipped Berecynthia. He says that there was an image of this goddess which was carried on a vehicle to ensure the success of the fields and vineyards (pro salvatione agrorum et vinearum). Before this image the people danced and sang. Other names of isolated goddesses are—Abnoba or Deana Abnoba, the presiding deity of the Black Forest on the German side of the Rhine; Brixia, of Brixia (Breuchin), near

Luxeuil; and Aventia in the territory of the Helvetii from whom Aventicum derives its name. There is also a goddess called Naria Nousantia mentioned on an inscription at Grissach, near Landeron, canton Neuenburg. The inscription is on a votive tablet set up by a certain T. Frontinus Hibernus. There is also an inscription at Saint-Marcel-lez-Chalon, dép. Saône-et-Loire to a local goddess called Temusio, and one at Saarburg in Lorraine to Nantosvelta, who is named along with a god Sucellus.

4. *The Remainder of Transalpine Gaul.*—In dealing with the west and north-west of Gaul we cannot but be struck by the great scarcity of names of goddesses from these districts. This is due, we may be sure, not to any absence of goddesses but to the slight extent to which the Gallo-Roman fashion of setting up votive tablets had penetrated to these regions. It is to be noted that in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg the goddesses of cross-roads (Quadriviæ) were objects of worship, but we have no evidence of the worship of Matres or Matronæ in these districts. There is a solitary inscription to a spring-goddess Acionna at Fleuri, near Orleans, where we have the words Aug(ustae) Acionnae sacrum. At Périgueux a goddess Stanna, perhaps a spring-goddess of the Petrucorii, is mentioned on three inscriptions in conjunction with a god Telo, the spring-god of Tolon, now Le Toulon, near Périgueux, dép. Dordogne. This name Telo may possibly underlie the name of Toulon-sur-Mer (Telo Martius), and the place-name Telonnum, a town of the Aeduans, Toulon-sur-Arroux, near Autun, dép. Saône-et-Loire, arr. Charolles, and also the present commune called Lipostey, dép. Landes, arr. de Marsan. The root of Stanna is not improbably sta-, to stand, and may have been originally given to the earth-goddess as 'the abiding one.' Another goddess of the southern area of Gaul, whose distinctive name was generally omitted, was Divona or Dēvona, a name which means simply 'the goddess.' The name occurs as that of the spring 'Fontaine des Chartreux' in Cahors, dép. Lot, and then as that of Cahors itself. Divona is

also given by Ausonius as the name of the spring of Bordeaux, and is probably to be read on an inscription at that town [Div]onae. This form, too, seems to underlie that of the modern Divonne, dép. Ain, arrond. and canton Gex, as well as that of Dewangen in Germania magna, given by Ptolemy II, xi, 14, as Δηονόνα. There is also a local goddess Dunisia, whose name occurs on an inscription at Bussy-Albieu, dép. Loire, arrond. Montbrison, canton Böen. The name probably means, 'the goddess of fortresses.' The name 'athubodvae' occurs on an inscription of Fins-de-Ley, dép. Haute-Savoie, arr. Bonneville, canton Taninges. It has been thought to stand for Cathu-bodvae, and so to be the equivalent of the Irish Bodb-Catha, a goddess of war, but this identification is very far from being certain.

5. *Cisalpine Gaul.*—In this district inscriptions to the grouped goddesses called Matronæ are numerous, for example they are mentioned along with Iunones at Verona, Iunonib(us), Matronis; at Marzana, Matrona[b(us)]; Isorella, Matronis; Calvisano, Matronabu[s]; Manerbio, Matronab(us) (2); at Nuvolento, in the province of Brescia, and on about forty-seven other inscriptions. As already mentioned, the Matronæ appear to have been worshipped, too, on German territory. In this district, also, the Iunones were widely worshipped, and we find inscriptions naming them about twenty-seven times. Another group of goddesses is called Dervones or Dervonnæ, 'the spirits of the oak': these are called on the inscription of Cavalzesio, near Brescia, Fatis Dervonibus, and, on another we read Matronis Dervonnis. With these may be compared the Silvānae, who are mentioned once on an inscription of Verona in the dative, Silvanabus. In Cisalpine Gaul inscriptions to the god Silvanus are frequent. Of individual goddesses Epona seems to have been worshipped in Cisalpine Gaul, as we see from an inscription at Guidizzolo between Mantua and Verona, as well as from an inscription at Siguenza. The goddess Epona is mentioned by Iuvenal, viii. 154-157, and, according to the scholiast on the passage, she was a patron of muleteers as

well as of horsemen. Plutarch, *Parallel.* c. xxix., p. 312 E, states that she was born of a mare. Reverting to the grouped goddesses, it may be here stated that inscriptions to nymphs occur only about four or five times in Cisalpine Gaul.

6. *Britain.*—In Britain the grouped goddesses most widely worshipped were the Matres. On an inscription at Winchester we have the words Matrib(us) Ital[i]s, Germanis, Gal[lis], Brit(annis), at London, Matr[ibus]; at Chester, the singular Deae Matri; at Doncaster, Matribus; at Ribchester, Deis Matribus. At Micklegate the deities named are Mat(ribus) Af(ricanis), Ita(licis), Ga(llicis). An inscription at Carrawburgh has been interpreted as Matribus com[munibus]. At Aldborough an inscription reads I(ovi) o(ptimo) m(aximo) Matribus M . . . An inscription of Lowther has Deabus Matribus tramarin(is), those who set it up being a vex(illatio) Germa[norum]. There is a similar formula on an inscription at Lough, near Plumpton Wall in Cumberland, Deabus Matribus tramarinis. At Old Carlisle we have [Dea]bus Ma[tribus]. At Skinburness, near Silloth, the formula is Matribus Par(cis); at Binchester, Mat(ribus) sac(rum). At Newcastle-on-Tyne there is a reading Dea[bus] Matribus tramarinis patri(i)s. At Matfen Hall we have Deabus Matribu[s], and at Chesters, Deabus Matribus communibus. At Housesteads the reading is simply Ma[tribus] on two inscriptions, the second of which was set up by a cohort of Tungri. At Carvoran there are two inscriptions, one reading Matri . . ., the other Matrib(us). At Cambeckfort in Cumberland we find the formula M[at]ribus omnium gentium. At Walton-House-Station, the formula is Matribus t[ra]ma[rinis]. At Stanwix we have Matribu[s d]omesticis, that is the guardians of the foreign soldier's home, and there is a similar inscription at Dykesfield. At Carlisle, the inscription is Matrib(us) Parc(is), while at Bowness the formula is Matribus suis, as it is on an inscription at York. Matribus tramarinis occurs on an inscription at Risingham, and at Burnfoot Hall and Castlecary we have the formula Matribus

simply. On inscriptions at Newcastle, Backworth, we have Matr(ibus) and Matrum. In Britain, too, there are inscriptions to nymphs, as at Great Boughton, Nymphis et Fontibus, at Blenkinsop Castle, Deabus Nymphis, at Risingham, Nymphis venerandis, at Nether Croyfarm, near Croyhill, Nymphis. At Greta Bridge we have the singular Deae Nympha[e], and at Newtown of Irthington, Deae Nymphae Brig(antia). Whatever doubt there may be as to the local connections of some of the other deities we have here undoubtedly a goddess of Britain. It may be noted also that an inscription at Benwell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, is set up to the three Lamiæ (Lamiis tribus).

Coming now to the individual goddesses, we have the following mentioned on inscriptions in Britain. Ancasta is mentioned in the formula Deae Ancastae on an inscription at Bittern, near Southampton. The name Belisăma does not occur in Britain as the name of a goddess, but only as that of an estuary, probably the Mersey or the Ribble, called by Ptolemy II. iii. 2: Βελισάμα εἴσχυσις. In the south of Gaul, however, the name occurs as that of a goddess, as, for example, on the Celtic inscription in Greek characters of Vaison, Vaucluse, Σεγομαρος Ουιλλονεος τοουτιους Ναμαυσατις ειωρου Βηλησαμι σοσιν νεμητον, that is, Segomarus, son of Villonus, a citizen of Nemausus, made for Belisama this temple. At Pont de Saint-Liziers in Les Couserans there is an inscription with the formula Minervae Belisamae sacrum. It is from her name that the place-name Belismius has probably arisen, a name surviving in Blismes (Nièvre), Blesmes (Marne), and Blesmes (Aisne).

The name Belisama is probably a superlative from the root bel-, which is found in the Welsh rhy-fel, *war*. The name Belismius occurs as a man's name on an inscription at Caerleon-on-Usk. Of British goddesses Brigantia is one of the most important. Her name occurs on an inscription of A.D. 205, on an inscription at Greetland in the formula D(eae) Vict(oriae) Brig(antiae) et num(inibus) A(u)g(ustorum). At Adel, near Leeds, an inscription reads Deae Brigan[tiae], and

on an inscription in Cumberland she is called a nymph in the words Deae Nymphae Brig(antiae). There is at Birrens, near Middleby, an inscription of the second century A.D., which reads Brigantiae s(acrum). It is not improbable that Brigantia was the tribal deity of the powerful tribe of the Brigantes of the north of England. Another goddess whose name occurs on inscriptions in Britain is Epona. She is mentioned on an inscription at Carvoran in the formula Deae Eponae, and at Auchindavy, near Kirkintilloch, in Scotland, in the middle of the second century, along with Mars, Minerva, the goddesses of the fields (Campestres), Hercules, Epona, and Victory. With this inscription may be compared the inscriptions of Rome, on which Epona is mentioned along with several other deities. A goddess Latā, or Latis, is mentioned on inscriptions at Kirkbampton and Birdoswald. In the former case we have Deae Lati, in the latter Dae Lati. On two inscriptions, one at Chesters and the other at Birdoswald, a goddess is mentioned, whose name is given in an abbreviated form as Rat . . . In the former case we have Dea(e) Rat . . ., in the latter Dae Rat. There is not enough evidence to associate her with Ratae, the old name of Leicester.

It may be here noted that, in the case of the names of gods found in Britain, the chief links with the continent are for the most part with the district around Cologne, Trêves, and Mayence, but there are sometimes unexpected links with other districts. Grannus (= Apollo), who was largely worshipped in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, is mentioned on an inscription found at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, but we find Ialonus, whose name occurs on an inscription at Nîmes, mentioned also on an inscription at Lancaster. Leucetios, the Mars of the neighbourhood of Mainz, is mentioned on an inscription at Bath. Maponos (= Welsh Mabon) is mentioned three times as a god in Britain, as well as in a place-name Maponi, but on the continent there are no traces of him as a god. The British references to him take the forms, Deo sancto Apollini Mapon(o) (at Ribchester, county Durham),

Deo Mapono (at Ainstable, near Armthwaite, Cumberland), Apollini Mapono (at Hexham, in Northumberland). Mogons (= Apollo) was worshipped in Britain by Vangiones in the Roman army, as may be seen from the formula Deo Mogonti, which occurs on inscriptions at Plumpton Wall (Old Penrith), Netherby, and Risingham. The god Silvanus, too, who was widely worshipped in Spain, in Cisalpine Gaul, in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, in the south of Gaul, and in central Europe, is also mentioned in Britain on about sixteen inscriptions. On one at Housesteads he is identified with Cocidius by a certain prefect of a cohort of Tungrians. This wide worship of Silvanus in the Celtic world is very suggestive of the form into which the early tree-worship of the Celts had developed.

The name Maponos, identical as it is with the Welsh Mabon, suggests that Modron, who is represented in Welsh legend as his mother, was an ancient British goddess, whose name in Roman times would be Mātrŏna, a derivative of the root matr- (mother). This very name, it may be noted, is the original of that of the river Marne. Some of the river-names of Wales appear to be formations of this type, and the suggestion naturally arises that they also were names of goddesses. For example, the name Aeron, in Cardiganshire, may stand for Agrŏna, the goddess of war. Tarannon may have meant the goddess of thunder. The river Dee, Dēva (Welsh Dyfr-dwy), means simply the goddess. The two streams, Dwyfor and Dwyfach, near Criccieth in Carnarvonshire, probably mean 'the great goddess' and 'the little goddess' respectively. The name Ieithon, a stream in Radnorshire, may mean 'the goddess of speech,' while 'Crawnon,' in Breconshire, may mean 'the goddess of storage.' The river-names of Celtic countries might on investigation yield very valuable information as to local deities.

7. *The Transrhenane and Danubian districts.*—In these wide zones the task of separating Celtic and Germanic deities is well nigh impossible, but its very difficulty suggests that to both peoples the popular substratum of religion had far

more in common than is usually supposed. For example, we have among the Germans as among some sections of the Celts a most remarkable development of the worship of Matres and Matronae, a form of worship of a very primitive character. This similarity of underlying religious belief is also confirmed by the study of folk-lore, as any reader of Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* can readily ascertain. At Varhély in Dacia, on an inscription made not long after 107 A.D., there is mentioned even a group of Eponae in the formula Eponab(us) et Campestrib(us) sacrum. In Noricum again there is a group called Alaunæ, who were worshipped along with Bedaios. It may be safely conjectured that in the countries east of the Rhine grouped goddesses abounded. Of the names of individual Celtic goddesses worshipped in these territories, especially in Pannonia and Dacia, that of Epona is by far the most prevalent. In Noricum we find the worship of Adsalluta closely associated with that of Savus, the river Save. At Saudörfel her name occurs on five inscriptions, on two of which it is associated with that of Savus. At Hrastnigg, too, her name occurs on an inscription which reads Adsal(l)ute Aug(uste).

Another goddess who deserves mention here is Noreia. Her name occurs on an inscription of the year 287 A.D. on Mount Avala, near Belgrade, in the formula D(ea)e Nor[e]ia[e] sacrum, and also at Hohenstein, near Pulst, in the phrase Noreiae Aug(ustae) sacr(um). There is a similar formula on an inscription between Pulst and Feistritz. At Hohenstein, near Pulst, she is identified with Isis in the formula Isidi Norei(ae), and similarly at Ulrichsberg, near Feistritz, in the Glan valley. At Trojana, near St. Oswald, the formula is Noreie August(ae), while at Cilli she is mentioned on one inscription, along with Jupiter and with Celeia, as 'Noreia sancta.' On another inscription she is mentioned along with Mars, Hercules, Victoria, and Noreia. At Kerschbach, near Windisch-Feistritz, her name occurs in the inscription [Marti A]ug(usto) e[t N]oreiae Re[g(ina)e et] Britania[e pr]o vic(toria) L. Sep[timii Severi p]ert(inacis) inv(icti). At

Weihmörting, in the district of Griesbach in Lower Bavaria, her name occurs in the expression Noreiae Aug(ustæ) sacrum, while at Khamisa she is mentioned along with the Di Manes on an inscription set up by a certain Artorius, whose name is the original of the Welsh Arthur. In Istria it may be noted that there is also a goddess Noriceia, who was also called Veica, as we see from the dedication Veicae Noriceiae. The name Celēia, which is mentioned along with Noreia, is that of the town Cilli in Noricum, a town which was also worshipped as a goddess, as is shown by inscriptions from the beginning of the third century A.D. On these she is called Celeia Augusta and Celeia sancta. As a goddess she is named on inscriptions along with Noreia in one case and Epona in another. That Noricum was largely Celtic in its religion may be gathered from the prominence there of the worship of the god Bĕlĕnos, a name which forms the second element in the British Cuno-belinos, the Welsh Cyn-felyn.

In the course of this investigation it has become very evident how large a part was played in Celtic as well as in at least some forms of Germanic religion by the worship of grouped goddesses. It is from these that the individual goddesses appear in some cases to have been detached, or else developed by a kind of process of unification and generalisation. In some cases, topographical connections operated towards individualisation, in others the growing conception of the earth as 'the Mother' *par excellence*, while in other cases the individual goddesses seem to have been the human representatives of previous goddesses of animal form. Of the latter type were doubtless Epona and Damona. In spite of the existence of certain individual goddesses, however, it is most remarkable that the grouped goddesses held their own, especially in certain districts. How far we may base ethnological conclusions upon this is very uncertain, since under similar conditions of civilisation similar religious ideas are apt to prevail. It is noticeable, however, that the worship of the Matres and the Proximæ held their ground even in districts which came under the full influence of Roman

civilisation. A comparative study of the grouped deities of the Celtic world with those of other districts may help to elucidate the history of religions in Europe generally, especially by bringing to light the earlier substratum from which the polytheistic systems have sprung. It is as a contribution to this wider study that the present paper has been written, and, if it stimulates others to further inquiry, its purpose will have been amply fulfilled.

THE LOCH AT THE BACK OF THE WORLD

Rev. Lauchlan MacLean Watt

The Loch at the Back of the World is the sweetest place of all my dreaming.

It was far away, in ages long forgot, that the waters under Moruisg and the great hills up the glen said, 'We must rise, and seek the sea. We have heard the song of ocean, and the beating of his sorrow on the sands afar. Come, let us go and hear what he is saying all the long nights and days.'

So they rose, and sought the sunlight, and trickled through the heather, and gurgled down the braes. And wild birds sang above them in their going, and the lithe grasses trembled as they passed, and the irises, all queenly in the marsh, woke from their dreams, and wondering, gazed abroad. And they gathered in a deep, shady hollow under a moss-grown crag, and made a pool where the dun-deer stooped to drink, and fairies peered, and saw their queer, quaint faces reflected under the stars. And then, still on they pressed; and the springs, hid under the hills, heard the chatter of their passing, and leaped from the cool deeps where they slumbered, and joined in the progress seawards. Great rocks and precipices barred the way, but the waters found a door, and washed away the shingle, and deepened the rough channels

they had made; and then, with a laugh and a song, sprang on the way of their pilgrimage. And still fresh help came up from under the heather to force a way to the sea. And the fays and elves leered from boulder and from pool as they saw the steady ripples breaking the pride of the rocks. For here and there a wall of adamant would stretch across their path, and, seek as they might, no corner of exit could be found. But ever they sought the higher level, and still the waters rose, and the stream became a pool, and deepened day by day, till it rose to the crest of the crag, and then, with a roar full of a thousand echoes, rushed in white foam like snow into the startled glen.

And at last, when the moon rode low, and swathed in mist, and the sad sea sobbed on the ridge of drenched sand, with a laugh that stirred the sea-birds from their sorrow, the child of the hills leapt into the lap of ocean. Great was the news that passed, and many the stories they told, that night and all nights for ever; but the first was the sweetest of all, for it spoke of the heather, and the cool, dewy brows of the hills at the head of the glen, to the old sad sea, bitter with brine, and weary.

And that soft, misty night, with the low moon brooding over it, grew into ages, and still the stream came on—now brawling and battling, now sighing and singing, now full of laughter and peace. And the pools grew deeper and stiller, till the big hills saw their beauty reflected in fulness, with the sky and the stars in their depths. And the fall became a torrent, the hoarse roar of the past, with its passion and battle, deep in its open throat. And the rocks crumbled and widened, till the path of the stream to the sea was a path like the track of a dream—wild with great dark corries and gaunt ravines, and fair with smooth pebbly places, and long lown tracts; and all the way, the purple of the heather, the yellow, gold, and green of the moorland whin.

And one day man came into the solitudes, borne like a wave from the bosom of the sea. And he sat by the shore, and sang strange songs of a land across the water, where

men did not die. There was none to tell him the secrets of the glens, and what sweet shadows lay far up where the corries were; nor what the eagle cried to the deer on the crest of Moruisg, but only the broadening stream, with its song of sobbing undertones.

So he listened, and still the stream sang on—not the sad song it sings to-day, with its sighings over dear dead faces, and the sorrows of the old sheilings, and the memories of the fair women and brave men and children golden-haired, among the grasses where they sleep for ever, in the glens. For sorrow in this world, the stream has learned, gathers in quiet places like the dust. To him, in the beginning, it sang only of beauty, brightness, and the solemn joy of the mountains, in the morning sunshine, or in the hour of gloaming, when the hills sit close together, like kings and queens whose glory is departing, but whose majesty remains.

So, as he sat and listened, his heart sang within him, for he knew nought of sadness.

'Here I will dwell for ever,' so he sang. 'Stream of the mountains, sweet with the dreams of fairies. Ever and ever you shall sing your song to me. Ages are nothing. Only your song is all.' But the stream sighed strangely to his singing, and the salt sea shivered along the sand.

So he came and went; and there was none to ask him of his coming or his going, and he brought no being with him to share the sunlight and the sea.

And the echoes up the glen caught his song, and flung it back to him again with laughter, as though they knew he dreamed. Ah yes, they knew, the old, old solitudes! Their wisdom was a greater thing than he! 'Come to us!' they cried. 'There are places for your tired limbs, when you weary. Deep is the heather, soft the tangled grass when you are tired; and the corries are cool for your sleeping, when the sun rests high on Moruisg, and the breezes die!' He knew not, but they knew. And they drew near each other in the shadows, and they laughed low laughter that had sobbing in it, like the moan of the water in the moss . . . till the deer

in his covert woke in fear, and shook the dew from his fell, and fled like a hunted thing through the darkness. But he knew not the meaning of these, the signs and the voices of sorrow.

'I am coming, O sweet fountains, where the stream has learned its song,' so he sang. 'And for ever through the ages I shall dream through music here.' But they sighed, the ancient solitudes, for they saw and knew what eye of man had never looked upon, nor the heart of man had known. So they made the heather deeper for his coming, and they made the grasses softer for his bed. And the winds drew down near Moruisg of the waters, stirring the stream to music, as a minstrel sweeps his strings. And the ripples bore it all down to him where he sat beside the sea—like bits of broken dreams and broken song. So, while the waves sighed sunwards, great weariness and yearning came across his soul. 'I am tired, O streamlet. I would learn your song, and sleep.' Softly the shadows sent their echoes, 'Sleep!'

So he rose, and sought the heights, seeking the beginnings of the music, yearning for the fountain where the song had birth. 'Then let me slumber. I am weary here!'

He left the sea behind him, till its cry sounded faint and far away, though he turned sometimes and listened to its calling, calling to him up the glen. And in the dark he lay down in the bracken, while the shadows and the stars kept watch. But still he found not the fountainhead of song in that far land. Till at last, full weary, in a corrie upon Moruisg of the waters, he slept. And the air grew still, and saddened into silence; and the sky grew dark, and drew near the world, as though to listen to the breathing of the glens. And no sound broke on the night; no bird stirred in its nest —no deer in the heather. No sob of wind mourned among the pines. Only Silence, like Slumber asleep, fell over all. And the waters from the heart of Moruisg stole softly, without a ripple, through the moss at the dreamer's feet.

It was only God that knew his dreamings, and the sad hills know what God knows, hence their sadness in the

gloaming, when the birds have stopped their song. But he slept on, and the night passed, and a breeze stole through the heather, and kissed his brow. And a leveret stood up, and looked upon his face, for it saw that his eyes were veiled. And a deer came to the stream, and gazed on his form, and fled not. And the day stood still, and said, 'Lo, this is death!' But a grey linnet out of the rocks came down, and perched upon his pale hand where it lay across his bosom, and it looked the sun in the face, and sang—sang till the world woke to music,—but the dead man did not wake.

And the hills said to one another, when the shadows sank again across the land, 'He has found Death and Life. For we know, and God knows, all his dreams. And in this land of ours at the Back of the World, he has found the fountain-head of song, the secret of the sea, the message of all the streams.'

So they spread it over the world—gave it to the burns to carry, and they bore it to the sea. And that is why the waves have sadness in them still to-day, in the Loch at the Back of the World.

And the heather faded, and the grasses drooped, and the leaves dropped from the trees. And the dust out of the world blew into the glens, and covered the dead man where he lay asleeping. And no man knows his grave.

And the ages passed, and brought people with them, and galleys with oars of thunder, and shields like shining gold, and men with war upon their lips. And they, too, passed, and faded; for the waves were sad and bitter, and tasted always of sorrow, and graves grew by the sea. But still the stream sang on; and some who heard it with the ear of knowledge, which the wind and the sun had spoken to, said that it sang of the dreams of him whose dust was in the heather—dreams of broken music, without a thought of dying, and lands across the waters, where death was never known. And that is the secret of the sorrow of the Loch at the Back of the World.

THE FIONN SAGA

(*Continued from vol. ii. p.* 359.)

GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., B.Litt., PH.D.

MAR A THUG LAMH-FHAD AIR FALBH MAC-A-LUIN IS MAR A CHOMHAIRLICH AN FHIOSACHD A DH' FHIONN A BHITH AIR TAOBH NA FEADHNACH A BHA LE 'ATHAIR RIAMH

'Nar a chual 'ad sin, am fear a ruigeadh air aodunn bha 'd ga phàgadh bho bharran a chas gu mullach a chinn. Cha d' rinn e ach Mac-A-Luin a thilgeil am measg nan claidhintean[1] eile 's 'ad 'n an torr air an ùrlar. 'Nar a dh' éirich an sin 's gun do dhùisg 'ad cha robh gin de na claidhintean aca gun an toirt air falbh. Dh' fhoighneac Fionn cā 'n robh na claidhintean agus thuirt fear dhe na Fiantaich gun tug Lamh-Fhad leis 'ad,—an aon duine 'bh 'aig *mac* (pl.) a pheathar fhéin. Bha triuir ghillean aig piuthar Fhinn,—Diarmad is Goll is Oscar. Sin agad clann peathar Fhinn.

Dh' fhalbh Fionn a deaghaidh Làimh-Fhad agus rug e air agus dh' iarr e 'chlaidheamh air Lamh-Fhad is thuirt Lamh-Fhad ris e fhéin a dh' fhaighinn a chlaidheamh. Thilg e 'n torr chlaidheamh air a chnoc agus fhuair Fionn a' sin Mac-A-Luin agus thuirt e ri Lamh-Fhad: 'A mhic an fhir-sa, nach d' rinn thu dà rud dhìag bu mhiosa na 'n ceann a thoirt dhiot fhéin?'

Chuir Fionn a mhiar an so fo' dheud-fios fiach co dhiubh 'gheibheadh 'bhi cuideachadh nam Fiantaichean no 'n fheadhainn a bh' aig clann a pheathar agus blàr gu bhi ann air sāilibh na seilg' a rinn 'ad an là roimhe.

MAR A DH' FHIADHAICHEADH FIONN LE CLANN A PHEATHAR GU DINNEIR

Chruinnicheadh na gaisgich a bh' aig clann peathar Fhinn 'nar a ghoideadh na claidhintean air na Fiantaichean.

[1] pl. of *claidheamh* (Eriskay).

Thòisich an sin am blàr, is 'fear nach marbhadh Fionn gheibheadh ann am falach Bran e agus bha e 'ga ghrad mharbhadh. Ann am bial na h-oidhche sguir iad do'n bhlàr.

Dh' fhiadhaich Diarmad is Goll is Oscar brathair am màthar gu dinneir. Chaidh iad a dh' ionnsuidh na dinnearach.

Mar a chaidh Goll is Lamh-Fhad am badaibh a chéile

'Coma leat-sa, a bhrathair mo mhathar,' osa Goll, 'ni sinn spòrs gu leòir an nochd.'

'Ciod e,' osa Fionn an spòrs 'ìos an sin?'

'An tà,' osa Goll, ''se Lamh-Fhad dubh a bhios a roinn na feòl*adh* a h-uile h-oidhche agus bithidh 'n greim as fhearr aige fhéin. Cha bhi agamsa 's aig Diarmad 's aig Oscar ach na cnàmhan. Ach théid mise 'roinn na feòl*adh* an nochd agus bithidh 'n creim as fhearr againn fhìn agus na cnamhan aige-san.'

Bhuail e air bòrd aca air cur as a chéile agus bha chuid as fhearr aige fhéin agus aig Fionn 's aig Oscar 's aig Diarmad. Bha na cnàmhan air bialaobh Laimh-Fhad. Leis an tàmailt 'ghabh Lamh-Fhad dh' éirich e gu Goll agus bhuail e Goll as a mhalaidh. Leag e 'mhal air an t-sùil aige agus an t-sùil air a ghruaidh agus tharruing 'sin Goll a dhorn is bhuail e Lamh-Fhad 's 'nar a bhuail e Lamh-Fhad thug e mach an cridhe 's an grùdhan as a chom is bhuail e air mu 'n aodann iad.

Mar a chaidh Fionn is Goll am badaibh a chéile

Ghabh Goll misg-chatha agus bha e coma co air a thòisicheadh e. Thug Fionn leum as agus rug e air dhà làimh air Goll air a chùl-thaobh agus bha e 'ga chumail. Thuirt Diarmad a sin 's e thall:—

'Nach ann aige tha 'gholl-shùil!'

'O ach leigeadh sibhse leis gus an ciallaich e e 'fhein, gus an stòldaich e,' osa Fionn.

'Nar a stòldaich Goll thuirt e ris na bha stigh:—

'Bithidh blàr mór agam-sa agus aig Fionn, bràthair mo mhàthar, am màireach.'

Chaidh Goll a mach as an tigh 's bha càch a foighneac dha chéile: có bu treasa Fionn na Goll-shùil?

'Goll-shùil dubh, 'se as treasa; tha e na 's cruaidh' na Fionn' theireadh fear dhiubh. Co bha 'gan éisdeachd ach Goll-shùil agus leum e stigh far a robh 'ad.

'Co air,' os esa, 'tha Goll-shùil agaibh?'

Cha tug iad feairt air. Dh' fhoighneac e trì uairean co air bha Goll-shùil ac'?

'Tha Goll-shùil ort fhéin,' osa Diarmud, 'nar a bhuail Lamh-Fhad thu fhéin 's a mhalaidh 's a leag e 'mhal air an t-sùil agad 's an t-sùil air a ghruaidh, ghabh thu misg-chatha is leum Fionn, brathair do mhathar *orra*[1] chùlthaobh agus rug e ort agus thuirt mise ris an uair sin:

'Fhinn, nach ann aige tha 'gholl-shùil?'

'Agus an ann mar sin a bhà,' osa Goll.

'O 's ann,' osa Diarmad.

''N tà, cha bhi agam-sa leis a sin am màireach 's aig Fionn ach blàr-phloc.'

Mar a lean triuir chlann a pheathar Fionn 's mar a thainig a stigh ann san Fhéinn

La-na-mhàireach 'nar a thòisich am blàr, thòisich Fionn agus Goll-shuil 's tha 'd ag ràdhtinn nach robh taoirc a bha Fionn a dùsgadh nach robh dianamh uamhannan ann an Sléibhte, 's iad gun dùnadh fhathast.

Am bial na h-oidhche 'nar a chuireadh seachad am blàr lean Diarmad agus Goll agus Oscar brathair am màthar. Dh' fhan iad riamh tuilleadh comhla ris an Fhinn is dh' fhàg iad mis' as an deaghaidh ann an Sloc Dallaig an Eirisgeidh.

Mar a dh' éirich do dh-Aodh Mac Garaidh

Mar bha na boirionnaich aig na Fianntaichean a' cumail reamhar

Matà bha na boirionnaich aig na fianntaichean, na mnathan

[1] =air do.

aca gu tuiteam as a chéile le blonaig is le saill. Bha na Fianntaichean air ion 's a bhith air thogail. Cha robh fios ciod e bha 'toirt dha na mnathan bhith aotrom 's cho reamhar 's iad féin a bhith cho lag fann 's a bha iad. Bha na Fianntaichean a' dol dha 'n tràigh o 'n chiad tràghadh gu lethach lìonaidh,—fhad 'sa gheobhadh 'ad maorach ann. 'Se *sgeuma-sa* rinn Garaidh: 'Leigidh mi orm gu bheil mi bochd an diugh 's gheibh mi mach ciod e seòl-bidhe a th' aig na boirionnaich a bhith cho reamhar 'sa tha 'ad is sinne cho caol 's a thà sinn.'

Chaidh na fiantaichean dha 'n tràigh is feadhainn dhiubh gu tìr mòr a ghleann Eilge is feadhainn dha 'n fhearann tha mu choinneamh Chaol Arcainn (*sic*). Bha Garaidh so anns an leabaidh 's e bochd. Chruinnich na boirionnaich is dh' fhalbh 'ad dha 'n tràigh. Bha maorach beag ann san tràigh ('se maoireach Moire their sinne ris) is lion 'ad an *sgùird* leis a mhaorach a bha 'nn sin. Thug 'ad leotha ultach a sin dha 'n *dubh-stamh* agus sgrìob agus ghlan 'ad carraig an dubh-staimh. Bhruich 'ad am maorach 's 'nar a bhruich 'ad am maorach thug 'ad am biadh as is phronn 'ad carraig an dubh-staimh. Bhruich 'ad carraig an dubh-staimh 's an maorach ann an measg a chéile 's rinn 'ad *miasan* air agus 'se sin a nisd am biadh a bh 'aig na mnathan a bha 'g am fàgail cho reamhar; ('s fhad o chuala sibh gun robh *smior-conaig* an fhéidh ann an carraig an dubh-staimh).

Mar a rinn na boirionnaich air Garaidh

'Nar a dh' ich 'ad sin thug Garaidh 'so smoisleachadh as, agus sios bha na boirionnaich air a mhuin 's bha 'd ag ràdh nan leigte a bheò leis gun innst' dha na Fiantaichean am biadh a bh' acasan 's 'nar a gheibheadh na Fiantaichean a mach sin cha 'n fhàgadh 'ad maorach air traigh na dubhstamh ri cloich gun a thoirt as 's a bhith 'ga bhruich. Rug 'ad a sin air Garaidh 's rinn 'ad naoi gadan figheachain air a ghruaig agus dh' fhuaigh 'ad ris an ùrlar ceann Gharaidh le naoi deilgnean daraich. Rug 'ad air a chlaidheamh aige fhéin gos an ceann a thoirt dheth. Thug e cruinn-leum as is lean

craicionn a chuim agus a ghruag ris an ùrlar agus dh' fhalbh e 's cha robh mac-bothaig a bh' aig na Fiantaichean ann an Sléibhte nach do chuir e ra theine.

Bha sneachd òg o 'n oidhche ann 's chunnaic na Fiannt-aichean na bothagan 'nan teine 's mach a ghabh Reithe 's thug e 'n caolas air 's chuir e 'n t-sleagh fo 'uchd agus le 'chudtrom fhéin ann a miadhon a chaolais bhrist an t-sleagh agus bhàthadh e agus riamh o 'n là sin lean Caol Reithe air a chaolas sinn, agus Caol Arcainn—bhrist an t-sleagh le Arcadh fo chudthrom agus am miadhon a chaolais bhàthadh e fhéin agus o 'n latha sin tha Caol Arcainn air a chaolas sin.

Thainig a so na Fiantaichean dhachaidh 's cha robh bothag riamh a bh' aca nach robh na 'n teine.

'Se so,' osa Garaidh dubh, 'a rinn so; ach fhuair 'ad stràbh na fala bha 'cheann a' sileadh air an t-sneachda agus lean 'ad stràbh na fala riamh gos na ràinig 'ad bial uamha.

Mar a thugadh Garaidh as an uaimh

Bha Garaidh air a dhol a stigh an comhair a chùil 's 'nar a chaidh e stigh greis thionndaidh e aghaidh air ceann na h-uamha agus ciod a rinn e ach gun d' rug e air calman agus choisich e stigh astar beag eile agus rug e air dà chalman eile. Chaidh e-fhéin a cheann na h-uamh*adh* a sin 's 'nar a thàinig na Fiantaichean chon na h-uamha thuirt Fionn a so ri Aodh mac Gharaidh :

'Falbh agus thoir a mach t' athair as an uaimh.'

Dh' fhalbh Aodh 's 'nar a chrom e thun na tràghad, thill e far a robh Fionn.

'Tha lorgan m' athar,' osa Aodh 'a' falbh as an uaimh.'

'O falbh thusa,' osa Fionn, 's gum bu shuarach air miarail-tean Gharaidh Dhuibh a dhol a stigh an comhar a chùil.'

Chaidh Aodh a stigh 's air dha dhol a stigh leig athair as calman is thill Aodh an so amach far a robh Fionn agus thuirt 'e ris :

'Nam biodh m' athair-sa 'san uaimh cha bhiodh calman beò innte.' 'O falbh thusa,' osa Fionn, ''s bu shuarach air miarailtean Gharaidh Dhuibh breith air calman beò innte.'

Chaidh Aodh an so a stigh 's air greis dha dhol a stigh leig athair as na dhà comhla. Thill Aodh gu Fionn is thuirt 'e ris: 'Gad a bheireadh m' athair air calaman cha bheireidh e air trì beò.'

'Falbh thusa,' osa Fionn agus thoir a mach t' athair.' Dh' fhalbh e sin 'stigh is fhuair e 'athair ann an ceann shuas na h-uamha.

Mar a mharbhadh Garaidh

'Siuthad a nise, Aoidh,' osa Fionn, 'is thoir an ceann bharr t' athair le Mac-A-Luin.'

'Bheil idir,' os Aodh, 'gin ann a bheir an ceann bharr m' athar ach mise?'

'Cha 'n eil,' osa Fionn; 'Bheir thusa dheth e is gheibh thu d' iarrtas.'

'Ma gheibh mise m' iarrtas,' os Aodh, 'cuir thusa ceann m' athar *orra* shliasaid.'

Cha do dh' fhag Mac-A-Luin fuigheal beuma riamh 'chaidh 'na choinneamh. Nan cuireadh Fionn ceann Gharaidh air a shliasaid, reachadh Mac-A-Luin tromh shliasaid Fhinn 's bha Fionn bho fheum an uair sin.

''N tà,' os na daoine, 'cladhaichidh sinne fad agus liad cas Fhinn anns an tràigh. Cuiridh sinn trì sailbhean daraich air muin cas Fhinn agus cuiridh sinn ceann Gharaidh air muin nan sailbhean.'

Rinneadh sin agus rug Aodh mac Gharaidh air Mac-A-Luin is tharruinn e e 's chuir e 'n ceann bharr athar 's chaidh e troimh na trì sailbhean gos na choinnich an tràigh barr Mhic-A-Luin. Ghabh Aodh an sin misg-chatha is dh' fhoighneac e do dh' Fhionn: 'Co air a *dhiughlas* mi mo chath?'

'Diùghlaidh,' osa Fionn, 'air an làn sin a' tighinn a stigh.' Thòisich Aodh an uair sin air an lan air ciad lìonadh gu ciad traghadh is thuit e fhein marbh a sin air ciad tràghadh.

'Se sin an rud bu duilghe le Fionn a rinn e riamh, an gaisgeach a b' fhearr a bh' aige chur mu làr.

Thill 'ad an so dhachaidh thun nam mnathan; 's cha chuala mise an corr air a so.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS OF CLASSICAL WRITERS ON THE HABITS OF THE CELTIC NATIONS, AS ILLUSTRATED FROM IRISH RECORDS

ELEANOR HULL

WHEN Agricola, standing on that portion of the British coast which was opposite Ireland, contemplated 'the beneficial connection that the conquest of that Island would have formed between the most powerful parts of the Roman Empire,' the fate of Irish literature hung for a moment in the balance. Elsewhere, wherever the Roman arms made themselves felt, wherever by colonisation or conquest Roman law, religion, and ideas extended themselves, there followed as an inevitable result the gradual extinction of the native habits, mythology, and records. In Gaul, in Britain, such native records as existed, and we cannot doubt, from a comparison of the state of things at a parallel epoch in Ireland, that they did, in some form or other, exist, were swept away; we retain at this day only the most fragmentary knowledge, and that generally derived from outside from the pages of the Roman historians, of their laws, their customs, their romance, their beliefs and ideas. Their dialects were gradually submerged beneath the onrush of new tongues, which became the means of mental exchange between the educated classes; and with the dying out of the language was involved the slow but sure destruction of the native thought and imaginative or historical records which were clothed in the national or tribal tongue. It is only to-day, when the study of ethnology, folklore, and mythology have taken their place among the scientific studies of mankind, and when their results are found to profoundly modify our conceptions in the realms of history, of anthropology and religion, that we can justly estimate the immensity of the loss we have sustained by the destruction of the records of nations so closely mixed up with, indeed a very part of, our own. The link that binds us to our own past has been irreparably broken.

Whether these literary records existed in a written form at the time of the Roman occupation,[1] we need not here discuss. The extraordinary and, to us, abnormal retentiveness of memory by a literary class specially trained for this purpose makes the committal of records to writing almost a superfluity in some stages of a people's civilisation; even to-day, or up to recent years, a story-teller or poet of the Western Highlands or of Connaught, to go no farther than our own countries, can recite tales or poems in his native Gaelic hour after hour, without the omission of a single word; though the loss of his own language, and the education of the schools, which give another line to his thoughts, and another method to their expression, speedily stamp out this remarkable faculty wherever they are brought into play. In Gaul and Britain, as we know from Roman writers, the office of bard and genealogist or historian was a very highly-esteemed one; they ranked in honour next to the king or chief, and they performed several important functions in the state. This record of the classical writers is fully borne out by Irish documents, from which we are made conversant with the whole system of the bards, with their lengthy education, extending over a period of twelve years, with the subjects that they were required to know, the various grades through which they must pass to arrive at the highest position, and the honours and exact emoluments and rank to which the attainment of each stage entitled them. The enormous mass of literary material that has come down to us from Ireland, bearing the unmistakable mark of having been composed in pre-Christian times, and at a stage of social advance on a level with the Homeric age in Greece, shows that, however it was transmitted, we have lost little by the methods of its transmission. What we have lost has been by the partial destruction of manuscripts in later ages, and particularly in times quite near our own, when the knowledge of the language in

[1] Cæsar says that in Gaul the Druids purposely abstained from committing their records to writing in order to strengthen the memory and to ensure secrecy (*Gallic War*, vi. 14).

which they were written was at a low ebb, and when their immense interest, as repositories of the most ancient native records in Western Europe, had not begun to be recognised. It can hardly yet, owing to the difficulty of the tongue in which they are written and the paucity of scholars possessed at once of the linguistic and ethnological training needed for the task of their elucidation, be said to have been recognised. Yet Ireland contains materials for the history of primitive races which can certainly not be equalled in Europe, and about which, as being so closely connected with the origins of our own race, a special curiosity should be felt. The fact that we have in Ireland alone among European nations a record of manners coeval with the Homeric age should give to the Irish records a peculiar value. As was well said by a recent writer in the *Saturday Review*, 'The extent of our information about life in pre-Christian Ireland is quite remarkable; had any such copious sources existed for the study of early Teutonic life, we should never have heard the last of them from the school of Freeman.'

But though, incidentally, the truth of this remark will be borne out by the following pages, it is not from this point of view that we specially desire to examine them here.

The point to which we wish here to give emphasis is that these records are contemporary records, and that they are the only existing contemporary records of importance, for the period from which most of the Roman criticisms of the Celt come down to us. The Roman arms never extended themselves to Ireland, in spite of the longings of Agricola, and his assurances to his son-in-law, Tacitus, that 'a single legion and a few auxiliaries would be sufficient entirely to conquer the country and bring it into subjection'; a boast often reiterated since Agricola's day, and destined from age to age to only a partial fulfilment. That Ireland was well-known at this time, and by no means removed from the general current of European affairs, is to be gathered from the Roman general's own statement, that 'the concourse of merchants gathered in its ports for the purposes

of commerce made its harbours widely known' (Tacitus, *Life of Agricola*, chap. xxiv.).

Thus, we possess no criticisms made from the personal observations of Roman writers upon the Irish Celt in his own home. But it is to this exemption from Roman conquest that we owe the preservation of the Irish records, and are able tc turn to them to-day to prove or disprove the truth of the data recorded by the Roman historians.

The classical writings contain, as is well known, a very large number of independent or partially independent recorded observations made by Greek and Roman historians and travellers upon the Celts of Britain, Gaul, and other places. Strabo, Livy, Poseidonius, and, following him, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, Cæsar, and others have left on record the details they have gathered, either by personal observation or by hearsay and reading, of the Celtic peoples with which they came in contact. A good deal of attention has been attracted to some part of these records, those parts especially which can be illustrated to some slight extent by the fragmentary early remains of Britain and Gaul, and which touch on the practices of the druids and their sacrifices, or on the bards and their beliefs. But the numerous and interesting notes that we find on national customs and habits have, from the want of matter to illustrate and confirm them, been almost entirely overlooked; and it is to a few of these notes of personal or tribal custom that we wish briefly to draw attention here, proving their accuracy by corresponding passages drawn from Irish romance literature. And here we may say, in passing, that though early legend and romance cannot safely be looked upon as furnishing material that is in the strict sense historical, and can only be accepted as containing a germ of historical fact when it can be tested and proved by more certain sources of information, yet as a treasure-house of material for the study of native customs and modes of life and thought, it is of incalculable value. The fact that these internal literary remains of Ireland support the observations made on the Celtic nations from without, tends to strengthen

both our faith in the general accuracy of Roman observation, and our impression of the value for ethnological purposes of the Irish stories themselves. The correspondence is the more important and striking, because the records of classical writers contain the impressions made upon a nation engaged in subduing the peoples whose appearance and acts they set out to record; peoples with whom they were in conflict, and whom they looked upon as barbarians. Moreover, they are the observations of a nation already entering upon that final stage of over-civilisation which precedes decay, upon races not yet emerged from that kind of life which we, perhaps arrogantly, call barbarism.

It shows us, too, and this is of importance, that while differences, not yet sufficiently recognised, seem to have existed between Ireland and Britain or Gaul with regard to religious belief and worship, the Irish being (so far as we know) in an earlier pre-sacrificial stage at a time when the Britons and Gauls were noted for their frequent and bloody sacrifices, often of human beings; those more tenacious matters of a people's social life, their ordinary ways of living and habit, which are everywhere, but especially in isolated and primitive races, so slow to change, evince a remarkable similarity with those of Gaul and Britain, showing a homogeneity between the different branches of the Celtic peoples which is very interesting.

The value of these romances is not lessened, but, from the historic standpoint, rather increased, by the fact that they come to us, as it were, in the rough, with all the wild and primitive flavour of their ancient origin upon them. With a few exceptions, and allowing for a few easily detachable passages added or improved upon by the Christian transcribers, the Northern cycle of Irish romance, from which we draw our examples, is purely pagan. Moreover, with the exception of a very few adaptations to the customs of a later age, such as the occasional substitution of horse-riding for the chariot, we seem to be actually witnessing the ways of life, in these stories, of the period to which they profess to belong. For we are not

dealing with a poem or epic written long after the event, as we are even in the Homeric tales; these are no stories written from a distance by trained interpreters, or chastened and rounded by the poet's reflections; we seem to be in the thick of the actual combat; the events these stories relate come to us piecemeal, prodigious, just as they appeared to their contemporaries; and they evidently relate to a condition of things not yet passed out of recollection, but remaining as a natural part of the daily life. The chariot-riding, the 'Creaghs' or 'Táins,' for the purpose of cattle-lifting, the combats at the ford, the great feasts, all are part of a condition of things still familiar to the recollection and traditions of the makers of these tales.

And these contemporary records, if for this purpose we may call them so, are the more valuable for the special object of our study here, because they profess to be the records of an age contemporary also with, or closely trenching on, that of the Roman writers whose observations so markedly confirm their truth. The series of semi-romantic episodes which these tales describe are supposed by the Irish shanachies themselves to have taken place in the North of Ireland (for the greatest cycle of Irish romance hails, curiously enough, from Ulster), at the beginning of the first century of our era. The birth and death of King Conor, who is the official chief of the cycle, though not its most remarkable representative, is said, evidently by later Christian synchronisers, to have occurred at the same time as that of our Lord; and though this is a later detail, added to give a Christian flavour and dignity to the story, the general character of the tales seems to fit in well with this period, or an even earlier epoch. They cannot, in any case, be much later, for from internal evidence they seem to have been formed before the creation of the province of Meath, or the rise of Tara as a monarchy. The destruction of Emain Macha, the ancient capital of Ulster, the geographical centre of these stories, is said to have occurred about the middle of the fourth century (*i.e.* before the establishment of Christianity), and this corresponds very

well with what we can learn about the conditions of Ireland early in the Christian era. The tales may certainly have been older; but such basis of historical fact as they contain can hardly have been much later than the date they themselves assign. And wild as they often are, the possibility of a certain substratum of historic fact is an easier supposition than the idea that they sprang into existence without any cause whatever.

Now it is from close about the same period that most of the accounts of the Gauls derived from Roman writers come to us. Poseidonius, a century before Christ, Diodorus, Cæsar, or Livy, half a century later, Tacitus in the first century, are giving us details of a condition of things still existing in their own day, and the close correspondence of which with the manners reflected in early Irish literature goes far to prove that in assigning the tales to this age, the Irish annalist, who endeavours to fit them somewhere into history, has not, in fact, been very far out of his reckoning. From both the classical and the Irish point of view, this correspondence is then satisfactory, as confirming alike the accuracy of Roman observations, and the substantial truth of the native records.

Let us take part of the brief account given of the Gauls by Diodorus the Sicilian, a contemporary with Cæsar, whose reflections, derived in large part from Poseidonius, are borne out by other writers of his own time. He tells us, after describing the origin and country of the Gauls, that 'they are fond of personal adornment, they wear bracelets of gold on their wrists and arms, and massy chains of pure beaten gold about their necks, and weighty rings on their fingers, and crosslets (or hooked chains ?) of gold on their breasts. In stature they are tall, of pale complexion, red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavour all they can to make it redder by art. They often wash their hair in a water boiled with lime, and turn it backward from the forehead to the crown of the head, that their faces may be more fully seen . . . by this sort of management, their hair is

as hard as a horse's mane. Some of them shave their beards; others let them grow a little. Persons of quality shave their chins close, but their mustachios they let fall low, so that they even cover their mouths. . . . At meal time they all sit, not upon seats, but upon the ground, and instead of carpets, they spread wolves or dog's skins under them (cf. Strabo, Bk. IV., ch. iv. § 3). Young boys and girls, mere children, attend them. Near at hand they have their chimneys, with the fire well furnished with pots and spits full of whole joints of flesh meat; and the best and fairest joints (by way of due honour and regard), they set before persons of high quality. . . .

'They likewise invite strangers to their feasts, and after all is over, they ask who they are, and what is their business.

'In the very midst of feasting, upon any small occasion, it is ordinary for them to rise, without any regard of their lives, to fall to with their swords. For the opinion of Pythagoras prevails much amongst them, that men's souls are immortal, and that there is a transmigration of them into other bodies, and after a certain time they live again.

'In their journeys and fights they use chariots drawn with two horses, which carry a charioteer and a soldier, and when they meet horsemen in the battle, they fall upon their enemies with their saunians (a kind of dart), then, quitting their chariots, they fall to with their swords.

'There are some of them that so despise death, that they will fight naked, with only a cloth about their loins. . . . When the army is drawn up in battle-array, it is usual for some of them to step out before the army, and to challenge the stoutest of the enemy to single combat, brandishing their arms to terrify their adversary. If any comes forth to fight with them, they sing some song in commendation of the valiant acts of their ancestors, and blazon out their own praises; on the contrary they vilify their adversary, with slighting and contemptuous words, as if he had not the least courage. When at any time they cut off their enemies' heads they hang them about the necks of their horses.

'They deliver their spoils to their servants, all besmeared with blood, to be carried before them in triumph, they themselves, in the meantime, singing a triumphant pæan. And as the chief of their spoils they fasten the heads of those they have killed over the doors of their houses, as if they were wild beasts taken in hunting. But the heads of the most important persons among the slain they carefully deposit in chests, embalming them with cedar oil, and showing them to strangers; they glory and boast that though large sums of money have been offered to themselves, their fathers or their ancestors, for the heads, yet they have refused to part with them (cf. Strabo, Bk. IV. ch. iv. § 5, quoting from Poseidonius).

'Their garments are very strange; for they wear coats of mixed colours, interwoven here and there with flowers of divers sorts; and hose which they call Bracæ. Likewise they make their bodices of plaited-work, joined together with laces on the inside, and chequered with many pieces of work like flowers; those they wear in winter are thicker, those in summer more slender.

'Their defensive arms are a shield, proportionable to the height of a man, ornamented with their own ensigns. Some of them carry the shapes of beasts in brass, artificially wrought, as well for defence as for ornament. Upon their heads they wear helmets of brass, with large pieces of raised work upon them, to be admired by beholders; for they have either horns of metal joined to them, or the shapes of birds and beasts carved upon them.

'They have trumpets after the barbarian manner, which in sounding make a horrid noise, to strike a terror fit and proper for the occasion. Some of them wear iron breastplates, hooked, but others, content with what arms nature has afforded them, fight naked. For swords, they use a long and broad weapon called Spatha, which they hang across the right thigh by iron or brazen chains. Some gird themselves over their coats with belts adorned with gold and silver. For darts they cast lances, whose iron shafts are a cubit or

more in length, and almost two hands in breadth. For their swords are as big as the saunians of other people, and the points of their saunians are larger than those of their swords; some of them are straight, others bowed and bending backwards, so that they not only cut but break the flesh; and when the dart is drawn out, it tears and rends the wound most miserably.

'These people are of most terrible aspect, and have a dreadful and loud voice. In their converse they are sparing of their words, and speak many things darkly and figuratively. They are high and hyperbolical in trumpeting out their own praises, but speak slightingly and contemptuously of others. They are apt to menace others, self-opinionated, grievously provoking, of sharp wits, and apt to learn.' Our author then speaks in praise of the poets and bards, and of the harp-playing, by means of which some are praised, and others dispraised; of the veneration paid to the druids and bards, and to soothsayers who prophesy events by augury from the entrails of sacrificial victims, and he notes that oftentimes the philosophers and poets, stepping in between two armies ready to engage in battle, have pacified them, as though wild beasts had been tamed by enchantments (Bk. v. chap. ii.).

Now there is scarcely a phrase in the above description which cannot be amply illustrated and paralleled from Irish writings. How many a scene rushes to the mind of any one at all familiar with ancient Irish romance as we read of the courteous treatment of strangers, who are always entertained before their business is inquired into, be they friends or foes; of the feasts made of whole animals seethed in great caldrons, drawn out and divided among the warriors seated round upon the ground; of the 'champion's portion,' reserved for the best or bravest; of the quick temper which often broke up a friendly banquet and turned it into a scene of rout and bloodshed; of the quieting of a fierce combat by the peaceful words of the poets or of the rousing them to fury by the same poet's recitations of their own and their ancestors'

deeds; and of their respect for the sayings of the druids and soothsayers.

All these things are the commonplace of Irish romance, and I cannot imagine a description, made by a man viewing the people from outside, that in a brief space hits off a greater number of characteristic points than this of the Roman historian. It shows a great deal of accurate observation and inquiry.

We will take a few examples proving the accuracy of each of these statements in turn. . . . The manner of their feasting, to which Diodorus refers (see also Strabo, Bk. IV. ch. iv. § 3), was probably conditioned to a certain extent by the status of the families, or the special conditions under which they found themselves. The statement that they sat on the ground while eating is the only one which does not seem entirely borne out by the Irish stories. Probably this is due to the fact that the interior of houses of which descriptions have come down to us, are usually concerned with chief duns or strongholds, and not with the dwellings of the common people. The banqueting-hall of Tara, and, it would appear, those of other large halls formed on the same pattern as that of the kingly palace, are described as having a number of compartments or divisions, with doors between, all along the walls, which were occupied by the company according to their rank. These divisions were filled with seats or couches of some kind, and, as Diodorus describes, the centre of the hall was taken up by one or more large fires, at which the flesh-meat was roasted on spits, the animal being roasted whole on special occasions.

In these large establishments there were regular servants, stewards, and distributors, who attended the guests, but it may well have been that children waited on their elders in the lower ranks of society. The usual custom was to strew the floor with rushes, on which the guests probably seated themselves (see *Táin bó Cualnge*, Windisch, l. 114, p. 17; *Mesca Ulad*, Stokes, p. 13; *Circuit of Murtough of the Leather Cloaks*, Tracts Relating to Ireland, Ir. Archæol. Soc., vol. i.

p. 53). But the use of skins was, as Diodorus observes, the most usual custom (*Ancient Laws*, iv. 326; Cormac's *Glossary*, p. 81).

The hospitality which would not inquire of a guest the cause of his visit until he had first been entertained with food and drink, is a characteristic touch of the Latin observer. In the story of the Táin Bó Fraich, or 'Cattle-raid of Fraech,' the hero arrives in state with his train of attendants to the house of the King and Queen of Connaught, Ailill and Méve. For six days the entire company remain in the fort, while Fraech is amused with chess-playing and entertainment, before he is called into the 'house of conversation,' or council-chamber, and asked on what business he had come. Even then he begs for a longer respite before telling his errand (he was in fact come to try and win the hand of Méve's daughter, and he wished first to get to know the girl), and again he is entertained for a week before they enter the special chamber set apart for formal audiences, and he has to confess his purpose. Even when Fraech declares that the dowry they demand is quite beyond his power to give, and they have fears that their guest will secretly run away with their daughter, they are embarrassed by the breach of hospitality that is involved in the necessity of following the youth, and preventing him from carrying out his purpose. The duties of hospitality, indeed, form a prominent part of the Gaelic code of honour, and it is characteristic that one of the chief names of renown in ancient Ireland was that of Guaire 'the Hospitable,' whose career was distinguished by lavish, but not always well-considered, hospitality.

Again, in the story of the Feast of Bricriu, when three heroes arrived at the king's palace at Emania in Ulster, we read:—'And they went till they arrived at Emain Macha at the end of the day, and there was none of the men of Ulster who would venture to ask news as to any of the three until the time came to eat and drink in the Mead Hall' (*Fled Bricrend*, Irish Texts Society, pp. 81 *n*, 70).

Two other remarks of this writer regarding the manner of feasting now remain to be mentioned: (1) Their custom of setting the best and fairest joint by way of respect and honour before persons whom they wished to distinguish; and (2) the ease with which, in the midst of a peaceful banquet, they would spring to arms on the slightest provocation.

The first of these two peculiarities was so well-known and commonly practised that it forms the *motif* of several of the finest heroic tales of Ireland. There was at all feasts of special importance a joint or portion set apart from all the rest, to be bestowed upon the champion who was considered by the universal vote of his fellows to be the most brave and worthy of honour. The bestowal of this 'champion's portion,' as it was called, led to much disputing and protesting of the deeds of various warriors, and frequently ended in open feud or warfare. In the time of the Ulster cycle of stories, three champions of nearly equal renown frequently contested the 'champion's bit,' and it is on their trials of strength, and contests for priority that such tales as the 'Feast of Bricriu' and the 'Hound of Mac Datho' are founded. These warriors are named Laeghaire or Laery the Triumphant, Conall the Victorious, and Cuchulain. They are all men of renown among their fellows, but, as Queen Méve puts it when she is asked to adjudge between them, 'Laery and Conall the Victorious are as different as bronze is from white metal; Conall and Cuchulain as different as white metal is from red gold' (*Fled Bricrend*, p. 74). In the Feast of Bricriu the three heroes go through a long series of tests, carried on first in Ulster, and afterwards at the palace of Méve in Connaught, and at the fort of Curoi mac Daire in Munster, in all of which Cuchulain comes out victor.

In the wild Homeric tale of Mac Datho's Hound and Boar, a similar subject forms the *motif* of the story. In the contest for priority between the warriors of Ulster and those of Connaught, Conall Cernach at length carries off the palm, and sits down to carve the hero's portion, a boar roasted whole. Like so many feasts of the heroic period, the banquet

breaks up in a hand-to-hand contest, in which 'they so buffeted each other that the dead bodies on either side of the house rose almost as high as the side-walls, and streams of blood flowed under the doors.' The contest for the 'champion's portion,' the hospitality shown before unpleasant matters were referred to, the carrying of the heads of the slain enemies in the belt, the barbarian pride which counts its dignity by the number of the foes that have been slain, the hasty springing to arms, all these points, which attracted the attention of the Roman observer, come out in this story.

Before leaving this part of the subject, we must further illustrate the observation of Diodorus that the bards exercised their authority by stepping in between combatants and quelling these frequent and bloody feuds by their authority.

In the Feast of Bricriu, where a terrible contest arose out of the apportionment of the champion's portion, it is said:—'The guests sprang upon the floor and seized their swords. They hewed at each other till the flashing of swords and spear-edges seemed to set the room aflame on one side, while on the other side the glittering of their chalked shields made a white sheet of light. Great fear fell on the palace: the valiant heroes trembled. None among the men of Ulster dared separate them till Sencha, the bard, said to the king, "Let the men be parted."

'Then Conor and Fergus went between them. "Obey my behest," said the bard. "It shall be obeyed," they said. Their arms drop instantly to their sides, and the feast is renewed with as much joviality as though it had never been broken up' (*Fled Bricrend*, p. 17).

Again, in the tale called *Mesca Ulad*, there seems to be no cause whatever for the sudden attack made upon each other by the men who go security for Fintan and Cuchulain (p. 9), and who suddenly, while arrangements are being made for a friendly banquet, 'advance savagely and with such fierceness, that nine were covered with wounds, and nine with blood, and nine others were in the agonies of death on the one side or the other.' Sencha has to rise and 'wave the

peaceful branch' before they will be subdued. In Emain Macha, the palace of the Ulster king, which stood near the present city of Armagh, there were three separate courts or halls for the warriors of the Red Branch; one of these called, from the sparkling of the sunlight upon the weapons, the Teite Brecc, or 'Speckled House, was kept exclusively for the weapons of the warriors, because, as we are told, it was not safe to have them hung in the banqueting-house, so frequently would the feasts have ended in blood had the weapons been at hand. The shaking of the bardic wand to preserve or restore peace is worthy of notice. These wands seem to have been little spikes or crescents, with gently-tinkling bells upon them, the shaking of which quieted the most turbulent assembly. Sencha, the bard alluded to above, who is called 'the pacificator of the hosts of Ulad, and the man most eloquent of the men of the world, three fair words from whom would pacify the men of the earth, from sunrise to sunset,' is described as carrying at his shoulder 'a bronze branch' (*Mesca Ulad*, p. 39). Even he, however, does not seem always to have ventured to interpose his authority (*ibid.*, p. 11).

Again, in the *Agallamh an dá Shuadh*, or the 'Dialogue of the two Sages,' the symbol is thus described: 'Neidhe (a youthful bard) made his journey with a silver branch over him. The anradhs, or poets of the second order, carried a silver branch, but the ollamhs, or chief poets, carried a branch of gold; all the other poets bore a branch of bronze.'

Only the king and the bard possessed this power of quelling strife, but we do not read that the king exercised it outside the walls of his palace, where he frequently struck what seems to have been a sort of pillar of bronze, or perhaps a gong, with his silver wand. The bards, however, interposed, as Diodorus observes, between fighting armies, and commanded them to desist, a command which they seldom seem to have dreamed of disobeying.

(*To be continued.*)

AN SITHEAN RUADH

By the late Fr. Allan MacDonald of Eriskay

I

Beadagan I. 'Bodach na croite! Bodach na croite!' (a' teicheadh).

Domhnull Crotach. 'Bodach na croite! Bodach na croite!' Port nam beadagan; port nam beadagan. Nach gòrach mi toirt feairt orra?

Beadagan II. 'Bodach na croite! Stob anns a' phoit i!' (a' teicheadh).

Domhnull. Ni thu rud math fhathasd, a laochain, ma leigear leat. Mac t' athar 's mac do mhàthar gu dearbh! Cha 'n ionnsuichear modh ann an nead feannaige!

Thug e chasan leis, 's tha chead aige. Bho mhoch gu dubh 'gam bhodhradh leis an aon duan ud, cha b'ioghnadh ged a dh' fhàsainn searbh dhith.

Och! och! Cha robh mi riamh cho anmoch a' dol dhachaidh, 's gu dearbh fhein bu cheart cho math leam an Sithean Ruadh a bhi as mo dheaghaidh 's a bhi romham. Cha 'n e gu 'm faca mise dad riamh timchioll air, ach mur a faca chunnaic daoine eile agus chuala.

O m' fheudail mhòr! Nach ann dhomh a dh' éirich! Nach seall sibhse an t-suil bheag soluis anns a' chnoc! Carson a thug mi iomradh riamh air? Ga bri (cia air bith) mar dh' eireas dhomhsa cha 'n 'eil saod agam air faighinn seachad gun a dhol a stigh. 'S buidhe dhomh codhiù a' chorrag bheag chruadhach a bhi air mo ghiùlan. Cha 'n fhaigh iad a' chomhla dhruideadh orm ma 's urrainn domhsa.

II

Domhnull (a' gabhail a stigh). Gu 'm bu slàn do 'n tigh 's do 'n chuideachd.

Bean-Shith. Gu 'm bu slàn dhuibhse, a dhuine chòir, agus làn dì-ur-beatha do 'n t-Sithean Ruadh. Teannaibh a nuas, is dianaibh suidhe a bhos goirid dhomh fhein.

Domhnull. Tapadh leibhse, a bhean-uasal, ach tha mi cho math 's a dh' iarruinn far a bheil mi.

B. S. Cha b' e cùl na comhladh aite aon duine a thigeadh a chur seachad greis de 'n oidhche comhla ruinn. Teannaibh a nuas; teannaibh a nuas.

Domhnull. B' olc a fhreagradh e dhomhsa ar diultadh, a bhean uasal; agus is mise ni sin suidhe ri 'r taobh, 's a chì mi fhein sona dheth an cead fhaighinn.

B. S. Tha cathair mhòr shocrach an so.

Domhnull. Nach i tha math?

B. S. Co dhiubh b' fhearr leibh tarruinn a thoirt air biadh, no air ceol is aighear an toiseach.

Domhnull. Bidh roghainn a' Ghàidheil agamsa; bhithinn a' cluinntinn thall nach robh na b' fhearr gu ceòl is aighear is dannsa na sibhse, agus b' fhìor-mhiannach leam, a' chuideachda bhoidheach a tha timchioll fhaicinn air an ùrlar, na 'm b' e an toil e.

B. S. Cha do dh' iarr iad riamh ciuird a roghainn, agus b' olc a thigeadh e dhuinn mur dianamaid uiread sin, gu beagan toileachaidh a thoirt dhuibh.

Domhnull. Tapadh leibhse. 'S mi tha 'n ar comain.

B. S. (Smeid i air na sithichean agus leam iad thun an ùrlair.) C'àite bheil thu, a Mhurchaidh? Co sheinneas an ceòl ma tha thusa dol a dhannsa?

Murchadh. Bha dùil leam gu 'n robh Fionnladh aig an tigh. 'S e thug orm éirigh. Ach gabhaidh mise port a chumas air an ùrlar gu maduinn iad.

B. S. Gabhaidh tu 'm port mar as fhearr a theid agad air, mu 'm bi 'n duine còir a thainig dhachaidh a' fanaid ort.

Murch. 'S mise ni sin, ach feumaidh a h-uile h-anam a th' air an ùrlar togail fo 'n fhonn.

B. S. 'Mar sin fhein e,' mar a bha Ciogain an t-saoghail ud eile 'g ràdh. Siuthadaibh ma ta. (Tha iadsan a' leum thun an ùrlair.) A Mhurchaidh, suas am port!

Murch. Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.

A' Chuideachd. Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.

(Na sithichean a' dannsa fad an t-siubhail.)

B. S. Ciamar a tha chùis a' còrdadh ribh?

Domhnull. Dannsa na bu chridheala na sin cha 'n fhaca mi bho rugadh mi. Ach, an cead duibhse, tha mi 'm beachd gu 'm biodh an danns' fhein a dhà fheobhas na 'm biodh am port air a leasachadh.

B. S. Am portair a leasachadh ! Co chuala riamh iomradh air a leithid ? Na chunnaic sinne riamh a' toirt ionnsuidh air a leithid 's ann a bha iad a' fagail na cùise a dha mhiosad 's a fhuaradh.

Domhnull. Chunnaic mise a' chaochladh sin corra uair, agus 's e sin a tha toirt misneach dhomh tarruinn a thoirt air.

B. S. An teid agaibh fhein, an saoil sibh, air a' ghnothach a chur air dòigh ?

Domhnull. Cha mhath leam a ràdh gu 'n teid, 's cha mhath leam a ràdh nach teid. Ach ma's e ur toil fhein e, bheir mi ionnsaidh air ; is gabhaidh sibh mo leisgeul mur teid an gnothach leam, 's nach robh a' bhàrdachd a' ruith anns na daoine bho 'n tainig mi.

Tromhad a nall, a Mhurchaidh, is fiach ciamar a fhreagras so :—

Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt Di-ciadaoin.

Murchadh. Di luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di luain Di-mairt Di-ciadaoin.

A' Chuideachd. Di luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di luain Di-mairt Di-ciadaoin.

(Air am bonnan bha iad ; 's cha robh dannsa na port aca riamh thun an nochd. Nuair a sguir iad chruinnich iad uile mu Dhomhnull.)

B. S. Port cho ruithteach 's cho siùbhlach sud, cha chualas riamh ann an Sithean mor a' Chrimleid fhein. Iarraibh ur roghainn 's ur dà roghainn, a dhuine chòir, rath na ealain, no ealain is rath. Sibh fhein a b' fhiach sin.

Domhnull. Tha dh' ealain 's a rath agam cheana na dh' fhoghnas dhomh ri m' mhaireann ; ach na 'm biodh saod

agaibh air a dhianamh, 's nam faiceadh sibh fhein iomchaidh, bhithinn fada 'n ar comain na 'n togadh sibh an cnap so bhàrr mo dhroma. Bidh beadagain nam bailtean a' balachd orm an comhnaidh air a shàilleabh.

B. S. Suidheadh sibhse a bhos an so 'nam chathair fhein is gu 'm buail mi an slacan-sìthe oirbh, 's bithidh sibh cho deas direach ri aois fichead bhiadhna.

(Thuit a' chroit dheth, is shadadh a nunn gu iomall an t-Sithein i. Dh' èirich Domhnuill 's na sithichean uile timchioll air, 's cha robh dannsa no ùpraid ann riamh thun an so. Ghairm an coileach, 's cha robh sgial air druis aca; 's bha Domhnull an sud leis fhein slan fallain air a' chnoc.)

Beadagan. (A' gabhail air ais an comhair a chùil mar gu 'm biodh duine 'ga ruith, 's e'g éigheach.)

'Cormag crosda crotach crom,

Buntata pronn as fhearr leis.' (Theabadh a bhualadh le bata a dh' amais Cormag air, is theich e.)

Cormag. 'S ann ort a tha 'm bial farsuinn, a luidealaich dhuibh; ach ma gheibh mise greim ort cha bhi mi fada 'ga fhuaigheal dhut, 's ni mi buntata pronn dhe d' chuid chnàmhan. (Bha feum aige-san gu 'n tug e chasan leis.) Ach co 'n duine a tha so a nuas h-ugam? Saoilidh mi gu bheil mi dianamh seors' aithneachaidh air, 's na dheaghaidh sin cha 'n eil mi cinnteach.

Domhnull. Dé 'n saoghal a th' agaibh fhein, a Chormaig?

Cormag. Saoghal riaslach mar a bh' agam riamh, 's nach leig piollain a bhail' ud thall fois leam a latha na dh' oidhche. Ach bu mhath leam fhaighinn a mach cò 'n duine a tha bruidhinn rium.

Domhnull. Cha 'n 'eil sibh 'gam aithneachadh; ach cha 'n 'eil sin 'na ioghnadh, 's nach do dh' aithnich mo bhràthair fhein mi 'n diugh 's a' mhaduinn. Nach tomhais sibh, a Chormaig, co th' ann?

Cormag. Cha 'n 'eil duine 'n taobh so Lic-na-banaraich nach aithne dhomhsa, 's bu chòir gu 'n aithneadhainn thusa ma tha thu mhuinntir na dùthcha,—rud a tha, air do Ghàidhlig,—'s na dheaghaidh sin cha dian mi mach thu.

Domhnull. Ma ta, a Chormaig, is mise Domhnull na Croite, ged a chaill mi mo chòir air an ainm.

Cormag. Ma 's tusa Domhnull chaill thu do chòir air an ainm gun teagamh, 's nach 'eil duine 's an duthaich a dh' òg na shean as deise 's as dìriche pearsa na thu. Ach ciod e rinn thu ris a' chnap?

Domhnull. Mata, a Chormaig, dh' fhàg mis' e far am faod sibhse fhagail ma bhios sibh fhein tapaidh.

Cormag. Dhianainn tapachd nach d' rinneadh a leithid na 'n saoradh mo thapachd mi bho chnap na mollachd. Cha dian tapachd e, 's cha dian lighich e.

Domhnull. Ni daoine beag' an t-Sithein Ruaidh e, ge ta. Rinn iad dhomhs' e, 's ni iad dhuibhs' e cuideachd.

Cormag. O m' fheudail air do chridhe, Dhomhnuill, nach innis thu dhomh ciamar, 's cha ruith leam ach leam thun an t-Sithein.

Domhnull. Cha mhor a b' fheairrd thu sin. Cha bhi am fear sin fosgailte daonnan ann, 's cha 'n fhosglar e gu ceann latha 's bliadhna. 'S ann an diugh a thàinig mis' as.

Cormag. Creid thusa, ghràidhein, gu 'm bi mo shuil-sa sealltuinn gu math biorach air cnoc an àigh gu 'n tig a' chiad gheòbadh air. Ach an deaghaidh dhomh faighinn a stigh dé 's coir dhomh dhianamh? 'S ann agad fhein a tha brath air modhannan is riaghailtean an àite.

Domhnull. Cha 'n 'eil agaibh ach sibh fhein a ghiulan gu modhail iomchuidh mar gu 'm biodh sibh ann an tigh duin' uasail. Bheir iad tarruinn air dannsa. Ach tha 'n truaighe fhein air a' phort a th' aca. Cha robh tionndadh na siubhal na eile, ach an aon duan ud :—

Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.

Dh' iarr mis' orra 'Di-ciadaoin' a chur ris. Chòrd sud riutha anabarrach, 's cha robh sian a bha 'san t-Sithean nach do thairg iad dhomh na 'n gabhainn e. Thuirt mi riutha gum b' fhearr leam a' chroit a bhi 'g am dhìth na h-uile rud air an t-saoghal. Cha robh 'm facal a mach as mo bhial 'nuair a bha chroit an iomall an t-Sithein, 's mis'

am mullach mo shòlais a' dannsa 's a' leamadaich air an ùrlar gus an do ghairm an coileach; 's bha mis' an sud air a' chnoc annsan riochd am beil thu 'g am fhaicinn.

III

Cormag. (Air bialaobh an t-Sithein.)

Bha dùil leam riamh gu 'n robh còir aig an t-Sithean a bhi fosgailte aig bial na h-oidhche, ach tha mo chnàmhan air ragadh 's mi 'nam stob 's an sgor so bho chionn thri uairean an uaireadair, 's cha 'n 'eil tuar air gu 'm fag mi e nochd. Mur a bhith an tàir a th' agam á cnap na dunach cha toireadh an saoghal orm fuireach na 's fhaide. Dé starban a tha sud? Sud e mu dheireadh an cnoc a' fosgladh. C'àit an do chuir mi 'n t-snathad mhòr? (A' gabhail a stigh).

Murch. Cò 'm bodach gràannda gun mhodh a thainig a stigh. Cha robh guth air beannachadh no eile, ach gabhail lom direach suas dh' an aon aite as urramaiche stigh.

Sitheanach Eile. Cha b' e sin do 'n bhodach a thàinig g' ar coimhead an uiridh.

Murch. 'N e fear a phuirt?

Sitheanach. Cò eile?

Banruinn. Dh' fhaodadh nach 'eil am fear so fhein cho aineolach 's a tha choltas. Cha rachainn an urras nach 'eil làn a chlaiginn de cheòl aige. Am biodh e mi-mhodhail dhomh fhaighneachd ma tha dad a dh' eòlas agaibh air ceol dannsa? (Ri Cormag.)

Cormag. 'S ann agam a tha, ma tha feum agaibh air. Siuthadadh sibhs, air dannsa 's gu 'n cluinn mi de 'n seorsa phort a tha sibh a' cleachdadh, 's gu 'n tuig mi 'n seol ciùil as fhearr a chòrdas ribh.

Banr. Eiribh mata thun an ùrlair agus thus', a Mhurchaidh, gabh am port is gabh gu math e.

Murch. Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.
Diluain Di-mairt Di-ciadaoin.

(Uile 'g a ghabhail comhla 's a' dannsa.)

Cormag. Sguiribh mionaid, sguiribh, 's gu 'n eisd sibh an tionndadh ùr a bheir mise dhuibh air a' phort, 's tha mise

meallta neo cha chuala sibhse riamh aona phort eile coltach ris. 'S cha 'n 'eil ioghnadh sam bith ged a dhianainn-sa port a b' fhiach éisdeachd. Bha bhàrdachd a' ruith 's an teaghlach againn bho ghlun gu glun bho linn mo shinn-shinn-seanar. Tha 'm port sin a th' agaibh cho stubach 's nach b' fhuilear dha rud a chur ris gu snas is blas a chur air. Cuireadh sibhse 'Di-r-daoine' as a dheaghaidh, 's chi sibh gu 'm bi e dhà fheobhas.

Sitheanaich. Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt.
Di-luain Di-mairt Di-ciadaoin Di-r-daoine.

(Ghabh iad an caothach, 's am bad a bhodaich bha iad. Chàirich iad croit a' bhodaich eile air a mhuin. Ghairm an coileach, agus sud Cormag air a' chnoc 's an dà chroit air.)

BOOK REVIEW

The Place-Names of Argyll. By H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D., with a short Preface from his Grace the Duke of Argyll. London: David Nutt, 1906.

One can warmly appreciate the spirit which prompted Dr. Gillies to undertake the very difficult task of explaining the place-names of Argyllshire,—a feeling that the work ought to be done and that he knew of no one else anxious or ready to do it. It is also easy to accept, in part at least, the author's judgment as to the success which crowns his efforts: 'The work is far from perfect. No person could make it perfect; and certainly no one in my position, with my poor scraps of available time, could do it better.' But it is impossible to acquiesce in the added dictum: 'I believe it is as nearly correct as any one could make it.' If this be so, one must despair of even an approach to accuracy in this branch of study. Not but that the author possesses many qualifications for such a work as this. We do not need his renewed assurance that he may 'with some justice lay claim to a very competent knowledge of old and modern Gaelic'; this has been known for many years. Dr. Gillies has the further advantage of being a native of the county, and therefore ought to be familiar with its dialect of Gaelic, including its principal localisms. He possesses a command of apt diction and phrase, a graphic and picturesque style withal. And yet the work is disappointing, and not worthy of the author's knowledge or capacity. For one thing Dr. Gillies has produced a readable book. He has stamped his own personality upon every page of it, and a delightful personality it is in many ways. He feels it necessary to apologise for his labours being presented

in so barren a form. Many readers will no doubt miss from the volume much interesting matter which the author could present in a very agreeable manner, but others, not the least thoughtful, would prefer that the more relevant and important aspects of the subject were always kept to the front even at the expense of a still further suppression of the picturesque side of Argyllshire names and of Dr. Gillies's mind. Among the many requisites for a full and fitting explanation of our topography is a chastened fancy; but other and more prosaic qualities are still more essential. Adequate knowledge of the roots, sounds, forms, and structure of the languages concerned must be brought to bear upon the names, and the results must be presented with clearness and, above all, with accuracy, without bias or prejudice of any sort. A work done on such lines possesses a fascination and eloquence which do not depend in the smallest degree upon rhetoric and hyperbole. In this volume we are too often brought within the domain of 'feeling,' 'atmosphere,' 'suggestion,' 'belief'—attractive regions, no doubt, but delusive when discussing scientific problems. It is much to be feared that this mental or rather moral attitude has biassed the author's judgment with regard to several important questions.

For example. The early movements of races, in Argyllshire as elsewhere, are largely unknown. But in so far as names throw light on this obscure subject there are certain conclusions forced upon us which Dr. Gillies fails to recognise. According to him, apart from a few 'bed-rock names which are the despair of the historian and the linguistic historian particularly,' by which presumably he means pre-Celtic names, Gaelic 'has been there from the beginning. . . . It is written in the rock.' Now our oldest names come to us from the Greek and Roman writers. A few of these, in respect of form, may be explained, in so far as the Celtic language can reliably explain them, from the Gaelic side, but the greater number are undoubtedly British rather than Gaelic. Especially significant is the Ptolemaic name *Epidion*, *Epidii*, in Kintyre and Knapdale. Unless we assume that the person who gave this name to the Roman officer who in turn gave it to Ptolemy was not only a Briton, which is practically certain, but also that he changed the Gaelic form Echid- to his own Epid-, which we are hardly entitled to do, we are driven to the conclusion that the Pict was, in language as in blood, in that district before the Gael; that it is the former rather than the latter who is entitled to say that he was there 'from the beginning,' with his speech 'written in the rock.' Nor does this old name stand alone. Dr. Gillies on several occasions hints at a possible British element in the Argyll names, but he instances only *Nant*, possibly *Gilp*. Nant, in the map form, is plainly British, but if, as is probable, the name as written stands for *An Eannda* it may well be Gaelic. One or two names can be added, the British origin of which is beyond doubt. Several terminals, found chiefly in the parts of the county bordering on Pictland, must be identical with the same suffixes so common in the north and east of Scotland. Further there is a *Tir-a-fùir* in Lismore, a *Penny-fùir* near Oban, and an *Aird-a-fùir* near Crinan. Dr. Gillies (p. 60)

finds *Penny fuar* on the map and turns it into *Peighinn fhuar*, 'the cold penny land.' The other two names cannot be manipulated so easily. The *fùir* in these three cases is none other than the *fùir*, *foùr* so common in Pictland, Bal-f(o)ùr, Pit-f(o)ùr, Doch-f(o)ùr. It may be added that the *fùirs* of Argyll, equally with the Pictish, are noted for their good pasture. Another name is *Duntroon* (xxii.), for which Dr. Gillies gives the impossible Gaelic combination *Dun-an-t-sròin*. The Gaelic form could only be *Dun-na-sròine*. The name is *Dun-trèòin*, evidently the genitive, as the Gael would sound it, of the Welsh *trwyn*, 'nose.' These must be regarded as survivals of the British language in the purely Gaelic portions of the district, to which the Gael in later times prefixed suitable epithets from his own language and from Norse.

To come to a later period. Dr. Gillies will have nothing of the term *Scot* as a name for the Gaelic people of Scotland or their land. He doubts much whether the names *Lorn* or *Cowall* have anything to do with *Loarn mòr* or *Comgall* of the Dalriadic immigration, although he must have known of the tract on the Scots of Dalriada (*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 308+). Now there is nothing more clearly known regarding these people in early times than that they called themselves by two names, *Scot* and *Gael*. Scot was the favourite term in older times, Gael in later. As Scots they were chiefly known to outsiders, and this was almost the only term used on the Continent for the monks of Columbanus's mission. It was their own favourite designation when they wrote in Latin, witness Adamnan's *Vita Columbae*. From the term Scot, *Scotia* was formed in Latin and *Scotland* in Norse and Saxon. The Argyllshire colonists used the name Gael, and their territory was at first known as *Dalriata*, later *Airer-gaidel*, now *Earra-ghàidheal*. Dr. Gillies adopts the first sentence in Skene's *Celtic Scotland* to the effect that the name Scotia was not used as a territorial designation in Scotland until about the tenth century, and adds on his own account that the word 'got transferred from the north of Ireland to the present Scotland. . . . No such name as Scotia or Scotland is or was known to the Gaelic language or the Gaelic people.' Skene's statement can pass, but what of Dr. Gillies's supplement? The Norsemen called the outer Minch Skottlandsfjord as distinct from Pettlandsfjord, the entrance to the land of the Scot as distinct from the land of the Pict. Did the Norsemen mean by *Skottland* Ireland or Dalriada? There can only be one answer. Again, who designated Kenneth 'the Scot,' when that enterprising Dalriad captured the Pictish throne? The territory which he and his descendants ruled came afterwards from this designation to be called Scotia in Latin, and Scotland in Saxon. But the 'present Scotland' was not, and could not be, so called, as Skene points out, until not the tenth but the thirteenth century. That *Scotia* and *Scotland*, the one a Latin, the other a Norse or Saxon formation, were and are not known to the Gaelic language is, etymologically, self-evident, and that only such Gaels as knew these languages knew the words is also a fact. In any other sense, such statements are meaningless or misleading.

Our author is, if possible, still farther astray in his Norse theories. No one has said that a Norseman never visited the Hebrides before 794 A.D.

But to affirm, on the other hand, that 'far beyond the accepted Norse invasion of the early ninth century there is abundant evidence to show that the Norseman was a considerable factor in the historic dawn of the Western Isles and the West Highlands of Scotland' is, to put it mildly, a bold utterance. Dr. Gillies does not produce a scrap of such evidence, nor does he tell us where it is to be found. Argyll and the Isles were, through the Dalriadic settlement and especially through the mission of St. Columba, brought into closest contact with Ireland. We know, in consequence, more of the early history of that district than of any other in Scotland. But the Annalists heard not a whisper of Norsemen being in these parts before 794 A.D. There is not a Norse name of person or place found in a book written by a Gael before the year 800 A.D. Accordingly, or at any rate until positive evidence to the contrary is furnished, we may with confidence rule out as non-Norse all names in such works as the *Vita Columbae*. Further with respect to the interpretations offered of the names of the islands, most of which are Norse with terminal *-ey*, 'island,' a syllable now sounded in the North Isles *-aï*, but in Argyll open *a*, we may at once dismiss as valueless all Dr. Gillies's speculations regarding the meaning of *Ile*, *Muile*, *Coll'asa*, *Colla*, and *Eige*, all of which have the dull sound of the final vowel.

To the same cast of mind which strains after the picturesque and the original, but which frequently lands in the grotesque, must be due such explanations as are given *e.g.* of *Davaar*. Dr. Gillies hears of the island showing two 'summits' or *bàrrs* from seaward, but would prefer, if he could find them, two *bàrrs*, not on the island itself but within view from it on mainland Kintyre. He finds there, however, only one—*Barraskomill*—and dismisses the subject with the observation, 'whether it (the second *bàrr*) is there, or was there in the past but not now, I am not able to say.' Dr. Gillies does not know that the isle was formerly called 'Sanct Barre' (*Orig. Par.* II. (I.) p. 12), which would suggest *do* (thy) B(h)àrr as the meaning. One other example, out of several, must suffice. *Etive* is derived from *ét*, 'cattle,' for the following reason: 'My defence of this interpretation, or rather my great witness, is that the grand *Buachaill-étive*, "the herdsman of Etive," is there looking after his cattle in the fine valley below,' to which is added, evidently in forgetfulness of the previous sentence: 'The name comes, as is almost always the case, from the river.' Are we to suppose also that the rocks and gulls and seals of our western shores, for whom the fancy of the Gael has provided so many *buachaills*, must have their names interpreted as meaning 'cattle' coming from 'a river'?

The plan of the work, taking the various districts of the county and islands separately, and treating a number of names, selected more or less at random from the Ordnance Survey Sheets, under several headings has much to recommend it, especially from the point of view of the author, but the complicated arrangement is undoubtedly responsible for a large amount of the overlapping and repetition which abound. Explanations and expositions given in the Introduction and preliminary chapters are too often repeated

in subsequent chapters. Ecclesiastical names are given, and frequently explained, in their place, but later a large chapter is devoted to the Church Names, containing interesting and detailed notices, many of which are reproduced in old Gaelic with translation into English, of the principal saints commemorated in the county. The Norse names are treated in much the same way. In connection with names regarding the meaning of which the author is in doubt the reader is referred to a chapter of Notes, but the annoying thing is that too frequently he finds, after a search, no note to enlighten him. The end of it all is that of the three hundred pages of which the volume is made up, only some one hundred and forty are devoted to the enumeration and elucidation of individual names, in other words to the subject proper of the work.

When one turns to the explanations offered of these individual names, the disappointment only deepens. They are all taken from the Survey Sheets and, except where the author is on familiar ground, do not appear to have been verified in any way. No one has protested more strongly than Dr. Gillies against the preposterous way in which the Gaelic names are entered on these maps. And yet we have here scores of ghost-words with, as matter of course, absurd interpretations, simply because the present day sound of the word was not ascertained. Here one can write with confidence only of what one is perfectly familiar with. Of the forty odd entries under Colonsay and Oronsay, the following are so corrupt as to have misled Dr. Gillies: *Strand* is not a translation of *tràigh* but of *faodhail*; *Bailerumin* is for *Baile-Raomainn*, 'Raymond's farm,' and has nothing to do with *ruime* which is also there, but sounded *rioma*; *Carn Coinnle* is for *Carn-na-Cainnle*, of old the 'beacon cairn' of *Dun-éibhinn* which, from the harbour, is seen to rest in the *Carn's* lap, *coinnle* being referred not to the Latin *candela* but to *kalendae*! *Croise bric* is for *Cròisebrig*, and has nothing to do with 'cross,' but may be compared with *Dun Chrosprig* (p. 150); *An Cupaig* does not exist, nor is there a 'bay' or 'cup,' but there is a treacherous reef known as *Bodha Chùbaig*, with the channel between it and Oronsay *Caolas Chùbaig*,—who or what *Cùbag* was is unknown; *Beinn nan Grùdairean* is for *Beinn nan Gùdairean*, not 'brewers' hill'; *Port Lotha* is for *Port lobh*, so called from an accumulation of rotten sea-ware always seen there, and has nothing to do with *loth*, 'a filly'; *Eilean Mhucaig* does not exist, but *Eilean Mhugaig* is there, a name which cannot connect with 'pig' or 'hip'; *Scruitten* is for *An Sgreadan*; *Traigh Sheallaidh* is for *Tràigh Uamha Seil'a*, and does not connect with *Druim mòr* which, in its turn, has nothing to do with 'watching'; *Turnicil* is *Turnigil*, and contrasts with *Eirnigil*, a mile or so distant, both probably having as their last syllable the Norse *gil*, certainly not the Latin-Gaelic *cill*. Thus, in these little islands, twenty per cent. of the names mentioned, and forty per cent. of those commented on, receive a different explanation from what would have been offered if Dr. Gillies had only known the proper sounds. There are several others miswritten by the mapmaker or by our author where the meaning is not given, or is not affected by the blunder. It would hardly be fair to strike an average for

the whole county from so few examples, but in the result the percentage of error due to this cause alone might be found not materially different.

When the exact sound is ascertained—in the written word, the quantity of the vowels, the fall of the stress, the quality and timbre of the consonants—and the spot indicated by the name seen, little difficulty is felt in explaining the greater number of the modern Gaelic names; they carry, as a rule, their meaning on their forehead. The case is different with old names, many of the Gaelic and all the Norse. To treat these properly one requires all the light which old and variant spellings can throw upon them. In the chapter on Church Names, and occasionally elsewhere, Dr. Gillies shows that he appreciates this source of knowledge, but he generally ignores it, and in one unfortunate passage heaps contempt upon it (p. 79): 'One breath of the native speech, guided by the native ear and understanding, is worth more than "departments" of this stuff—for the present purpose, and perhaps for any and every purpose.' Had Dr. Gillies but carried with him a leaf or two of this 'stuff,' they would have often saved him from writing foolish sentences and offering bad etymologies. For example, if he had known that *Cul-an-longairt* (p. 25) is written *Collynlongfort* in charters, the identity of *longairt* and *longphort* would have been established. So of *Glenhervie* (p. 27) which is *Gleann na h-eirbhe* (*Glennahervy* in charter), connecting with *Camus na h-eirbhe*, correctly explained on p. 103, and with *Coire na h-eirbhe* in Jura (p. 138), wrongly explained. *Saddell* (p. 24) is in Gaelic *Sàdal*, older *Sagadal*, making *Sand-dale* impossible; *Gigha* is the Norse *Gud-ey* and has nothing to do with *gja*, 'creek,' which has come into Gaelic as *geadha*, now *geodha*. *Gleann Cannel*, Mull (pp. 115, 249) is in charter *Glenkennir*, and is so still; *Dererach* (p. 115) is in charter *Darferich*, and can have nothing to say to Dr. Gillies's analysis: 'an(d)ear "the east"+arach.' So of scores of other old names, the meaning of which can only be expiscated by older forms, if even then.

Akin to the fatal blunder of not checking the names on the Survey Maps and, if possible, less excusable, is the extremely careless way in which the sounds, genders, and declensions of Gaelic, and the localisms of Argyllshire, are handled. Dr. Gillies in many sporadic remarks shows that he knows these matters and is fully aware of their value, but he fails to apply them. Through this neglect it is not too much to say that the volume is littered with blunders, puerile many of them. No doubt in many cases the printer is to blame. Not a few perhaps are due to momentary oversight, as when *Cleugh* (p. 58), in Gaelic *An Cladh*, is taken from the Scotch word, or when the English word *Conflicts* (p. 59) is regarded as the translation of a *Coingheal*, said to mean 'whirlpools.' Even Homer must be allowed his nod, if not his nap; but here such blunders are so numerous, and of a character that a printer would not be likely to commit, that one can only account for them on the ground that the work was hurriedly put together, probably from notes jotted down when the author could snatch a spare moment from more engrossing work. Only a few examples can be given under some of the heads; full details would fill a volume.

Quantity of vowel: Mionaird is changed to *mìn-aird*, 'little' to 'smooth'; *ronachan* to *ròmachan*, 'bracken' to 'seal'; *Clàidville* is taken from *cladach*, 'shore'; the name is evidently Norse, 'the well-clad hill'—the pasture of the hill is famous even in 'grassy' Islay; the author's ingenious and delightful suggestion regarding the meaning of *Ardnamurchan* is impossible from the fact that *muir-dhùchann* would in Gaelic become *murr-ùchann*, and this qualifying syllable being stressed, the quantity of the vowel would not change (cf. *da-orr-éug* for *dà uair dheug*); in the interesting analysis of *Morvern* (p. 102), the author would prefer *muir* 'sea' to *mòr* 'great' on the very reasonable ground that the vowel of the first word is short and that of the second long. But he forgets that the first syllable of *Mor'air* 'lord,' admittedly *mòr+maor*, is just as short or as long as the initial syllable of *Morairne* or *Marairne*. *Stress*: More than once Dr. Gillies refers to the fact that *Killarow* as pronounced in Kintyre, with the accent on the last syllable, gives the keynote to the meaning, while in Islay the pronunciation is no guide. As matter of fact the name is, in Gaelic, sounded uniformly in South Argyll, with the accent not on the last syllable, but on the penult: *Cill-a-rú'a*. The first *a* is open, all that remains of *maol*, the *m* aspirating and finally disappearing, the *l* assimilating with *r*; the last *a* is dull, but a distinct syllable still. Why the author made his *rubha* mean 'cutting' is not clear. If he had attended to the significance of the stress in *Carskie* (p. 25), he would not make the name *Craskie*, nor interpret it as *crasg* with the locative ending. The name is *Car-scé*, and Dean Munro indicates the meaning—he writes *Carraig Sceath*. In the same way the *Cuigeas* (p. 127) of the map is made to mean 'the fifth (part) land.' But the Tiree people say *Cu-ghéis*, showing that the name has no alliance with the numeral *còig*. *Sounds*: The glide in such names as *Cill-a-Choinnich*, *Cill-a-Bhride* and others should have caused the author to hesitate before making the *a* of *Cill-a-Mhailuibh*, as he writes the word, the article. On page 88 Dr. Gillies writes: 'The Gaelic ear will recognise at once the small but essential tinge of difference between Allt-Eachain and Allt-Eachuinn.' The same 'tinge' in the *a* and *nn* sounds of Ballygrant (p. 145), ought to show him that the name is not *Bail'a'ghràna*, meaning 'grain-town,' but *Bail'-a-ghràmna*, 'the village by the ugly ford.' (Cf. Bail'-a-cliath, 'the town of hurdle-ford,' Dublin.) The single *r* sound in *Kenvar* in Tiree (p. 127) shows the name to be not *Ceann a' bharra*, 'head of the Bàrr,' but *Ceann a' mhara*, 'end of the sea,' a name fixed while *muir* was neuter in the district, as it still is in others. *Cluniter* (p. 51) is derived from *claon-leitir*, the second *l*, we are told, disappearing after *n* because there is already an *l* in the previous syllable. As is well known, it is the *n* that invariably assimilates with *l* in such a combination. In the particular case there is no disappearance, the name is *claon-oitir*. *Declension:* Dr. Gillies properly draws attention to the exceptional form of *Càirn* as the genitive of *càrn*, the usual form and sound being *càirn*. He adds *cnoic* for *cnuic*, but in this case the more common sound is *o* not *u*. He further remarks that in Kingairloch, *loch* is not in the genitive case, which is *locha*,—in some

districts *luich*. It would have been well if he had always been so careful. He finds *tràigh* and even *tràighe* as the genitive of *tràigh*, which was of old a neuter noun, now feminine, and of the dental declension—genitive *tràghad*, later *tràghadh*, in terminal sound frequently *trà*. But the Doctor fails to recognise one of the most important philological features of these place-names—how they preserve to us not merely many obsolete words but disused grammatical forms. Thus the names of saints which are diminutive in form do not inflect into the modern genitive. It is always Cill-a-Chat*an*, Cill-a-Chom*an*, Cill-a-Chiar*an*, Cill-o(dh)-r*an*, not Cill-a-Chat*ain*, etc., as Dr. Gillies writes these names. A seeming exception is *Brènan*, in Mull *Brianan*, in Lewis *Brianuilt*. Dr. Gillies, for some reason or other, writes this name *Brannan*. Another of these old genitive forms is *gobhann: Baile ghobhann, Peighinn a' ghobhann, Gart a' ghobhann*. Our author invariably renders these into his own dialectal form of to-day—Baile (a') ghobhainn, etc. *Gender*: Gaelic gender is capricious, as Dr. Gillies points out (p. 91); but throughout the volume unjustifiable liberties are taken with this section of Gaelic grammar. *Cill* and *Coille* are sometimes difficult to distinguish; both are feminine. *Caol*, which is masculine, is here (p. 160) confused with *Cill*; *Caol* (not *Cill*) *a' Chuirn*. Dr. Gillies points to *àth* 'a ford,' and *àth* 'a kiln' as also confusing; but the former is masculine, the latter feminine. Notwithstanding this he translates *Camus na h-àtha, Glac-na-h-àtha*, by 'ford' (pp. 96, 134). He ought to verify his names before he wrote *Achadh-an-eilid, Coire-an-Uruisge, Port-a-Bhearnaig, Sloc-a-Bhrigide*, and others. Some are dismissed with such remarks as 'agreement exceptional.' He does not seem to be aware that while *claigeann*, 'skull,' is masculine, *claigeann*, 'field,' is feminine. *Localisms*: In addition to the localisms that everywhere abound over the Gaelic area, there is in Argyll the larger cleavage that divides northern and southern Gaelic. Particularly important to remember are the diph thongisation of *è* to *ia*, and the greater tendency to aspiration and vocalisation in the Northern district of the county. Dr. Gillies did not always keep these points before him. Otherwise he would not, with or without assistance, suggest *Ian-eilean* as the explanation of *Inellan*, even if the stress were not fatal to such a derivation; nor *pliad* for a 'plot of ground' in Islay; the sound there would be *plèad*. His *laimhrig* is in South Argyll pronounced *lam'rig*, which excludes any connection with *làmh*, 'hand.' The word is doubtless the Norse *hlaðhamarr+vik*, or the Gaelic diminutive *-aig*, a projecting pier, a rock where a ship is laden. Achnacree, in Gaelic *Acha(dh)-na-cri'e*, might, farther north, be explained as *Achadh-na-craoibhe*, 'tree-field.' But in Lorn the *bh* of *craobh* will not vocalise so readily. The name is *Achadh-na-crithe*, 'quaking field.' *Geadhail-na-cri'e* and *Buaile-na-craoibhe* are met with in Colonsay within four hundred yards of each other. The Lorn *achadh* and the Colonsay *geadhail*, 'a little field or park,' are both 'boggy,' 'quaking.' It may be added that the *crithe* in both cases is pronounced *cridhe*; but *cridhe*, 'heart,' being masculine, is excluded. Dr. Gillies (p. 58) draws attention to the fact that Loch Awe is pronounced

Loch *O'a*, while the river is *A'a* and *Bun-a'a*, but the 'note' to which reference is made for explanation is not found. Here we have in modern form Adamnan's *aba*, 'river,' which in old Gaelic had its genitive *abhann* and dative-locative *abhainn*. In later times this locative became the nominative, as in the case of *beann* (*beinn*), *ceall* (*cill*), and many others, with a new genitive,—*aibhne*, like *beinne* and *cille*. The localism and topography of Islay preserve the evidence of all these phonetic and declensional changes. *Abhainn* is there quite commonly sounded *O'inn*. There are *Bun-obhann*, 'Port Wemyss'; *Bun-na-h-abhann* in the Sound of Islay; and *Port-na-h-aibhne*, 'Portnahaven.' A knowledge of these facts would have deleted the paragraph on Port Wemyss (p. 153). If one takes in hand to explain the names of a district, he ought not to refer us, so frequently and so airily as Dr. Gillies does, to the locality for our information. *Diction*: A most surprising feature of the volume is not merely the lack of accurate knowledge of the local usage of every-day vocables, but of the historic meaning and force of old and well-known words. Thus our author does not seem to know that *gart* is the common word in the Southern Isles for growing corn when it has passed the *fochann* stage; that *gearr-fhiadh* is used as a living word for 'hare'; or that *fonn* is an every-day word over a large area for 'soil.' By means of this last word Dr. Gillies, by the way, explains Kellon as *ceall+fonn* (p. 121). The name is simply the plural of *ceall*, as in the Outer Isles, *Na Ceallan*, where the old nominative of *cill* (*ceall*) is still in living use. He seems to forget that until after Carsewell's day *cuan* (p. 62) did not mean 'ocean,' but 'sheltered bay,'—*cuan is caladh* being as common a combination in Gaelic literature as 'publicans and sinners' in the Gospels; and that *éideadh* and *aodach* are, and have always been, of different connotation. For an historic student of Gaelic to write (xxi.) that 'the primary meaning of the word (*dùn*) is simply *a heap*—in fact, the "midden," or a dung-heap, is *an dùn* especially,' is simply unaccountable. Has Dr. Gillies ever read Professor Skeat's derivation of *town*, to mention nothing else? Still more strange and inaccurate are several statements made in the elaborate, and in some respects interesting, analysis of the adjectives, *bàn*, *geal*, and *glas* (xviii.+), especially the last. That *geal* is 'white' with a glitter in it like snow, freshly coined silver, moon and moonlight, while *ban* is 'white' without this adjunct, 'fair,' and that both epithets are frequently interchanged in use go without saying. But why attribute to 'Prince Charlie' the refrain *mo rùn geal òg* of the tender elegy composed by the widow of *Innis nan Ceann* to her slain husband? And how forget that William Ross designates the Prince with 'the white cockade' as *an suaithneas bàn*, not *an suaithneas geal*? Dr. Gillies gravely tells us that '*ceann glas* for a man's "grey head" would be quite unintelligible.' Has he read the account of the dinner in honour of Dr. Macleod of St. Columba's, Glasgow, signed *Am Buirdeiseach Bàn*? In current Gaelic speech we distinguish three stages of 'greyness' in hair,—*glas*, 'iron-grey,' *liath*, 'grey,' and *geal*, 'silver-white.' Add to all this that the *Gael* has been known as *an Gaidheal glas* from time immemorial. So fastidious is

Dr. Gillies in the matter of colours that he goes out of his way to find fault with the translators of Holy Scripture for applying the epithets *geal* and *glas* to a horse (Rev. vi. 2, 8). The rebuke, in so far as relevant, ought to be administered, it need hardly be said, to the Divine whose λευκός and χλωρός these gentlemen felt bound to translate as best they could. But surely Dr. Gillies's literary instincts ought to be so far satisfied by the rendering of the latter passage in the Catholic version *each glas-neulach*, not a bad equivalent to his own 'anaemic'!

One or two general terms frequently met with in the Topography of Argyll are inadequately or wrongly explained in this volume. *Tairbeart* is correctly analysed. Its meaning in the literature is 'carriage,' 'portage.' We have ceased to use the word in common speech, though the derivative *tairbeartach* remains to us. In Norse days Tarbert of Kintyre was Satiris-eid, wrongly applied in Cleasby's *Dictionary* to the Mull of Kintyre. It is remarkable that the very descriptive name *Sàil-âire* 'heel of the land' for Kintyre, which must have been common before the Norsemen used it (*Satiri*), has not hitherto been met with in an old or modern Gaelic document. *Faodhail* is not properly described as 'a hollow in the sandy shore retaining a considerable quantity of water after the tide has gone back.' The meaning is a passage from one land to another, usually from one island to another, dry at certain states of the tide. The word is the Norse *vaðill*, 'a shallow water, especially places where fiords or straits can be passed on horseback' (Cleasby). Of kindred force among us is *dòirlinn*. This word can hardly come from *do*+*air*+*ling*, which would yield *tòirlinn* (cf. *tùirling*). The difference between a *faodhail* and a *dòirlinn* seems to be that the former is usually broad and sandy, the latter narrower, and with a bottom of rock or stones and seaware. The *aoireanns* of South Argyll are, or have been, 'ferries.' Such are the *aoireann* of *Rudha-na-h-aoireann*, the ferry to Gigha is adjacent, and the *aoireann* of Jura which is also the ferry to Portaskaig. And such have been West Tarbert, otherwise *aoireann a'bhalla*, and North and South *Erins*, north of Tarbert on Loch Fyne. The word is a feminine noun and declined, — nom. and gen. *aoireann*, dat. *aorainn*. There is not a form in Gaelic to justify the *aoirine* of the map (p. 32). There are scores of *Corrans* in the sea for one on land. The curve which a swift current assumes in rounding a sharp point is called a *corran*, and *a' cur a' chorrain* is an experience which the boatmen of the west are not likely to forget. The land *corrans* are promontories of sand and shingle, and they look as if the current gave them their rounded form. So far as form is a guide, it would seem that the name was first given to the current from its curvature, and was afterwards transferred to such portions of the shore as showed similar lines. Whether *corran*, with short vowel, be a diminutive of *còrr* with long vowel, or whether the name comes from *corran*, 'sickle,' which exactly represents the shape, convex and concave, of the sea and land *corrans*, may be doubtful. The easier and more natural explanation favours the latter.

In explanation of the county name, to which a separate chapter is

assigned, we have naturally the most elaborate specimen of exposition and etymologising to be found in the volume. It commences unfortunately with a blunder in spelling. By our usual mode of writing Gaelic, the sound demands a double *r*. That, however, is a small matter. The exposition is based on the assumption that in the composite term *Earraghàidheal*, the first part, of old *airer, oirer*, must somehow mean 'east'; and it is conducted as if against an opponent who held that the name meant the 'western Gaels.' We find an analysis of *airther* and *iarthar* into *air* and *iar*, the prepositions meaning 'before' and 'after,'+*fìr* 'land.' These words, whatever their composition, are well known, and are frequently used as adjectives and nouns. As adjectives they are properly applied to people, and mean 'eastern' and 'western.' As nouns they cannot from the nature of the case be affirmed of people, but they refer to places and districts; *iarthar Alban, e.g.* is the western (part) of Alba. Dr. Gillies then takes *oirer* which he derives from *oir* 'edge'+*fìr* 'land,' and identifies this word with *airther*, maintaining that *oir* 'edge' and *air*, the preposition, are ultimately the same root. So intent is our author upon showing that *oir* is essentially the same in meaning as well as in origin with *air*, that he actually writes: 'The first *air*, or *oir*, remains in our language to this day in various usages, but all pointing in a certain direction. We speak of *oir na sgine*, "the edge of the knife" . . . the "edge," "border," "forepart" always,' characteristically forgetting, for the moment, that a circle, among other things, has an *oir* where the idea of a *forepart* is nonsensical. We must leave Dr. Gillies to settle his philological analysis with the etymologists, with the single remark that no Celtic philologue agrees with him in equating *air* and *oir*, or in allowing that *fìr* forms a part of *iarthar, airther* or *oirear*. That of itself does not prove him wrong. But it needs greater philological knowledge and analytical acumen than this volume shows to make us accept his authority on such questions in preference to theirs. In the literature the word *airer, oirer*, is primarily applied to the margin of the land or the sea, usually the former, although a harbour is termed *airer* more than once. In this sense *Arregathel* is correctly interpreted as *margo Scottorum* (*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 136). The word came to be used generally for 'district,' 'possession,' 'heritage,' and accordingly *Mac Mhuirich* writes of the *Oirir a tuath* and the *Oirir a deas*, just as we find the 'Clandonald North' and the 'Clandonald South' in *Scottish Records*. But never a passage to show that *airer, oirer*, has an echo or whisper of 'east' in it. On this point one quotation ought to satisfy Dr. Gillies. He himself gives the opening lines of the 'Lay of Deirdre,' which he assures us is at least a thousand years old, to show that *ear* 'east' was sometimes written *oir*. Ten lines further on in the same lay are these words which our author must have overlooked:—

'Fa gair lim do bi (in) tan'
Is Naise an oirear Alban.'

'Short I deemed the time
With Naisi on the coast of Alba.'

The context, alas! too conclusively proves that the *oirear* here spoken of lay not on the 'east' but on the 'west' of Scotland. Verily, had his *quasi* antagonist only known of the passage, he could easily prove, as against Dr. Gillies, that the *Airer-gaidels* were the 'western' rather than the 'eastern' Gaels.

As to the boundaries of the province at different periods, nothing need be added to Dr. Gillies's account which is full and accurate. Dr. Skene mentions that upon the settlement of the Irish colonists in Dalriada, the original inhabitants withdrew to the inland parts of the district. They were in a dependent condition, and as such were called *Airgialla* or *Oirgialla*, like other tribes in similar circumstances in Ulster. The name might lend colour to the origin of the fact mentioned by Dr. Gillies that Argyll is specifically applied to this district now, as indeed it was, it may be added, in Buchanan's day, if not earlier. In Ireland these *Oirgialla* have yielded the place-name Oriel. Among us the restriction of the county name to this locality is probably due to the fact that the district has been the home of the Campbells, and that ever since the title of 'Argyll' was conferred on the head of that clan, the natural tendency would be, especially in the district, to appropriate the county name. As to the different forms which the name has assumed in English the more common, *Argyle*, gives effect to the quantity of the vowel like 'Kyle' for *caol*, while the less common, *Argyll*, might possibly be meant to represent prominently the sound of the Gaelic broad *l*.

We close the book with a profound feeling of disappointment. It is a thousand pities that the author did not delay the publication of it until he had time to revise it thoroughly or, better still, to recast it and make it more worthy of him. Dr. Gillies looks to the time when some one will 're-cover his very dry skeleton in every limb with the flesh and blood of its great romance.' If ever there comes a man with leisure and adequate knowledge to write fittingly on this very difficult subject, he will add important chapters to the history of Argyll and to Gaelic philology; and if in addition he be gifted with a sane imagination he will add not a little to the 'romance' of the subject; but before using Dr. Gillies's 'skeleton' for his purpose, he must first of all give it a thorough scraping.

DON. MACKINNON.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1906: GAELIC.

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[N.B.—*Candidates who obtained the Leaving Certificate in Gaelic in* 1905, *and who desire to get additional marks for the King's Scholarship Examination in* 1906, *should omit questions* I. *and* II. *in this paper, and should take instead questions* VIII. *and* IX.]

I. Translate into English:—

Cha'n abair mi diog[1]; ach chi sinn. Air mo shon fhéin cha léir dhomh am mòr-fheum a tha anns a' chabhaig so tha sgaoileadh thar an t-saoghail a nis,—a h-uile h-aon 's a h-uile ni 'na

[1] syllable.

chabhaig; carbaid-iaruinn[1] a' falbh leth-cheud mile 's an uair; gu dé dheth sin? Am bheil so ach a' mealladh dhaoine o'n dachaidh? Nach fhaic thu daoine b' àbhaist bhi glic, a nis mar gu'm biodh teine air an earbaill? Cha'n fhan iad seachduin aig an tigh, ach air an ais 's air an adhart; a mach an Dunéideann an diugh 's an Luanuinn ann màireach, àitean nach fhaca na daoine còire bho'n d'thàinig iad, riamh; agus nach 'eil a'bhuil, a h-uile sgillinn a chruinnich iad aig an tigh 'g a chost air falbh. Am bheil ar tighearnan a nis na's fheàrr na iadsan bho'n d'thàinig iad? Cha'n fhiach leo am màl[2] fhéin a thogail a nis, ach Bàillidh[3] mòr 's Bàillidh beag, Sgriobhadairean 's luchd-lagha. Gabhaibh mo leth-sgeul, ach sin agaibhse an fhirinn; thug sibh fhéin a mach i, a lion beagan is beagan, mar a dh'ith an cat an sgadan. Ach slàn leibh; cuiribh a' mhàileid[4] far nach ruig na radain oirre.

[1] railway train. [2] rent. [3] factor. [4] bag.

II. Translate into English *one* of the following:—

(*a*) *Am Breacan uallach.*

B' fhearr leam breacan uallach
Mu m' ghuaillean 's a chur fo m' achlais,
Na ged a gheibhinn còta
De'n chlò as fheàrr thig á Sasunn.

Bu mhaith an là 's an oidhch' thu,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach;
Bu mhaith am feachd[1] 's an sìth thu,
Cha rìgh e am fear chuir as duit.

[1] war.

(*b*) *A' Chuthag.*[1]

Fàilt' ort fhéin, a Chuthag ghorm,
Le t'òran ceòlmhor milis;
'S e seirm do bheòil 's a' Chéitein[2] òg
A thogadh bròn mo chridhe.

Ged theicheas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,
Gu'm faic do ghleann thu rithist;
Ach 'nuair bheir mise ris mo chùl,
Cha bhi mo dhùil ri tilleadh.

[1] cuckoo. [2] May.

III. Reproduce, *in English*, the passage read out. [See p. 96.]

IV. Translate the following passage into Gaelic:—

The Double Lesson.[1]

Dean Swift, the great English writer, was not a generous man; he seldom gave anything to the servants of those who sent him presents.[2] But he once received a good lesson from a lad who very often brought him hares and other game.[3] One day the boy came with a pretty heavy basket of fish and game; he knocked at the door, and the Dean, by chance, opened it himself. 'Here,' said the boy, gruffly, 'my master has sent you a basket full of things.' Swift, displeased at the boy's manner, said to him: 'Come here, my lad, and I will teach you to deliver a message a little more politely; imagine yourself Dean Swift, and I will be the boy.' Then, taking off his hat and addressing the lad, he said: 'Sir, my master sends you a little present, and begs you will do him the honour to accept it.' 'Oh, very well, my boy,' replied the lad, 'tell your master that I am much obliged to him, and there is half-a-crown for yourself.'

[1] leasan. [2] tiodhlac. [3] sitheann.

V. Answer *one* of the following:—

(*a*) What case do Prepositions govern in Gaelic? Name two Prepositions which do not always follow the rule, and give examples of their construction.

(*b*) Compare the adjectives *mòr, beag, olc.* Translate and parse *Is fheàirrd e sid.*

VI. Express, in English, the meaning of *any four* of the following phrases and sentences (mere translation of the words will not suffice):—

An là chi 's nach fhaic. Bu dual da sin. Is ann air a thainig an dà latha. Is righ an càm am measg nan dall. An cuir i fodha an rudha? Anail a' Ghàidheil—am mullach. Tha an sgeir ris; cum leis oirre.

VII. Express in your local idiom, in Gaelic, *any four* of the following:—

The farmer got seven pounds each for his stirks at last May market. Take in a reef. The lamb is all but dead. Cease your talk. Keep to windward of that island. He never did, and never will do, the right. Milk with water added to it.

[*Questions* VIII. *and* IX. *are only for Candidates who took the Leaving Certificate in Gaelic in* 1905, *and who wish to obtain additional marks for the King's Scholarship Examination in* 1906. See *note*, N.B. *on page* 94.]

VIII. Translate into English:—

Ghabh e suas bràigh a' chladaich, is ràinig e an cearcall teine. Leum e thar an teine. Bha an sin an t-aon eilean a bu bhòidhche chunnacas o thùs an domhain gu deireadh na dilinn. Ghabh e suas feadh an eilean is chunnaic e cnoc maol buidhe 'na mheadhon. Bha Ionmhuinn mhnatha 'na suidhe air a' chnoc, is òglach mor 's a cheann air a glùn, is e 'na chadal. 'Innis dhomh gu dé as dùsgadh do'n òglach,' ars' an Gaisgeach. 'Is dùsgadh dha,' ars' ise, 'rud nach dean thusa na aon ghaisgeach anns an domhan mhòr ach Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge, d'an robh

e 's an dàn tighinn do'n eilean so, agus an carragh cloich' ud thall a bhualadh air an duine so anns an uchd.' Rinn esan sin, agus dhùisg an t-òglach. An caraibh a chéile ghabh iad, 's bha iad a' leadairt a chéile gus an robh beul an anmoich ann. Mu dheireadh bhuail an gaisgeach an t-òglach ris an talamh, agus sgath e dheth an ceann. Thug e an làmh o'n ghualainn deth, 's thug e an cridhe as a chom, 's thug e an ceann bhàrr a mhuineil. Chuir e a làmh am pòca a' ghaisgich mhairbh 's fhuair e tri fiaclan seann eich ann, agus, leis a chabhaig, ghabh e an àite fiaclan an righ iad 's thug e leis iad. Chaidh e gu tom coille 's bhuain e gad, agus cheangail e air a' ghad an làmh 's an cridhe 's an ceann.

IX. Translate into English *one* of the following:—

(*a*) *An Iolair.*

Cha'n 'eilian 's na speuran
As bréine na 'n iolaire,
Cha'n ionann idir beus di
'S do dh' fhéidh anns na firichean;
Bidh iadsan moch ag éirigh
A' feuchainn na biolaire,
'S bidh is' air seann each caolle
A' slaodadh a mhionaich as.

(*b*) *Clann Ghriogair.*

Griogaraich gun fhàillinn cruadail,
Bha iad riamh gu h-uasal rioghail;
'N am cogaidh, troid, no tuasaid,
C'àit' an cualas bonn d'am mì-chliu?
'Dol an aghaidh teine 's luaidhe,
'N àm na ruaig cha b'iad a striochdadh;
'S fhad 's a leanas sibh ri'r dualchas,
Cha toir iad buaidh oirbh luchd 'ur mì-ruin.

[III. See p. 95.] *This paper must not be seen by any Candidate.*

To be read out twice, slowly and in an accent with which the Candidates are familiar, *by the Supervising Officer (or the Teacher) at* 2.45 P.M. *The substance of this story is to be reproduced by the Candidates in English. No notes may be made while it is being read.*

Before commencing to read it, the Supervising Officer or the Teacher must write upon the blackboard the title of the story as follows: 'Am Fiadh.' *He should also warn the Candidates that they are not to aim at reproducing the passage in all its details, and in the same words or order of words as the original. What is desired is that they should attempt to relate the story in English, in their own diction and idiom.*

AM FIADH.

'Nuair bha mi mu sheachd bliadhna dh' aois, chuireadh mi fhéin agus companach dhomh air ghnothach do'n bhaile bu dlùithe dhuinn,—mu dhà mhile gu leth a dh' astar. Bha an ceum rathaid eadar an dà bhaile dol troimh choille, cois na mara. A' fàgail na coille dhuinn, far an robh camus[1] beag le tràigh ghainmhich aig a cheann, chuala sinn ceum aotrom 'n ar déigh, is cò bha 'n so ach aon de na féidh chàllaidh[2] bha mu'n bhaile. B'e droch theisteas a bh' air a' bhrùid so; thug e ruith mharbhaidh air dà no trì de mhuinntir an àite, ach cha d'thuirt duine ris gu'm b'olc. A nis, cha robh iarraidh sam bith againne air cuideachd an fhleasgaich so, agus nochd sinn sin dha gu soilleir; ach rinn esan suas inntinn gu'm biodh e 'n ar cuideachd, a dheòin no dh' ain-deoin. Theich sinn, ach bha e cheart cho maith dhuinn teicheadh o'n ghaoith. Bha esan air ar sàil, is cha robh dol a nunn no nall againn ach deanamh mar rinn Donnachadh Bàn 's a' bhuidheann leis an robh e aig blàr na h-Eaglaise Brice[3]:—

'Ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
Dol gu'r n-amhaich anns an linne.'

Ach b'i an abhainn a bh' againne an Cuan-siar,[4] agus an linne, an Linne Dhiùrach.[5] Faodar a bhi cinnteach nach deachaidh sinn ro fhada air an t-slighe sin. 'Nuair thainig a' bhrùid gu beul an làin sheas e greis, ach, a réir coltais, smaointich e nach b'fhiach dha a chasan a fhliuchadh air ar son. Thòisich e air ionaltradh, ach thogadh e cheann an dràst 's a rithist is bheireadh e stùil dh' fheuch an robh sinn far an d' fhàg e sinn. Bha sinne an droch chàs; bha an làn ag éirigh, 's bha sinn a' meatachadh le fuachd 's le eagal. Thòisich sinn mu dheireadh air fàth a ghabhail air, 'nuair a bhiodh a cheann-san crom, gu bhi goid air falbh uidh air n-uidh; agus aon uair 's gu'n d' fhuair sinn ar cas air talamh tioram, thàr sinn as do 'n choille.

[1] bay. [2] tame. [3] Falkirk. [4] Atlantic. [5] Sound of Jura.

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SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

REV. CHARLES M. ROBERTSON

THE importance of a thorough and systematic investigation of our Gaelic dialects was urged by Professor Mackinnon in a paper read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness exactly twenty years ago. Before that time there were scattered remarks on dialectical peculiarities in grammars and dictionaries and other publications, and a recognition of two or, on the part of some authorities, of three main dialects. The Rev. John Forbes in his grammar tries to distinguish three dialects—a Northern, an Interior, and a Southern. Mr. James Munro, whose grammar contains not a few accurate observations of peculiarities and variations, distinguishes on occasion the mid Highlands from Ross and Sutherland, but, in general, classing the mid Highlands and the far north together, he recognises but the two divisions of North Highland and West Highland. Mr. Neil MacAlpine, from whose dictionary most of the peculiarities of Islay and mid Argyll dialect can be gathered, recognises in practice, if he does not formally state, the twofold division. The division into three dialects, in effect, is a division into Northern and Southern (or Western) Gaelic, with a further division of the former into two sub-dialects. The differences upon which the sub-division has been based are not on a par with the broad distinctions between Southern and Northern Gaelic.

An equally good case could be made out for sub-dividing Southern Gaelic which has in Arran, Kintyre, and Islay Irish and Manx affinities not found further north. Nothing is gained by going beyond two divisions and stopping at three. The division into two main dialects is clear, familiar, and useful, while, as Professor Mackinnon holds in the paper referred to, 'On the Dialects of Scottish Gaelic': 'The threefold divisions cannot, without considerable confusion, be maintained,' and again, 'It would perhaps be as easy to distinguish thirteen dialects as three.' How many well-defined dialects underlie the two main divisions can only be determined by a systematic investigation of the spoken language in every district of Gaeldom. As a result of Professor Mackinnon's endeavours to direct attention to the matter by that paper and in his lectures to his students, something has been done during those twenty years. First came a paper by the Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., on the dialects of the Reay country, which is a model of what such papers ought to be. Then the dialect of Badenoch was dealt with by Dr. MacBain. The Rev. John Kennedy, who was third in the field with a paper on Arran Gaelic, wrote of a dialect other than his native one, and was the first to do so. These papers and others on the dialects of Arran, Perthshire, Skye, the west of Ross-shire and Sutherland, appear in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* (vols. xv., xviii., xx. et seq. Professor Mackinnon's paper is in vol. xii.). Mr. Gunn has a later and fuller paper on his dialect in the *Celtic Monthly* (vol. vi.). The Rev. Dr. Henderson also has been writing comprehensively and thoroughly on the dialects generally of late in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie.* All this work (which, it may be remarked, with the exception of the papers by Dr. MacBain and Mr. Kennedy, has been done by students trained by Professor Mackinnon) affords material for determining the characteristics and limits, to some extent at least, of the local dialects into which our Gaelic divides itself. The vowels claim attention first and show the most far-reaching peculiarities.

SHORT VOWELS BEFORE LONG LIQUIDS

Of all the tests employed to distinguish different dialects of our Gaelic, none is more generally applicable, or gives more definite results, than the treatment of short vowels before long liquids. The long sounds of the liquids are important in this connection. In words like dall, cam, bonn, the vowel, though marked long by the authorities in some words of the kind, was not long originally and is not long now; it is the liquid that is long. The difference between long and short liquids is well shown by a comparison of their pronunciation in the above words and in the corresponding forms dallag, camas, bonnadh. The difference indeed needs but to be pointed out, to be recognised in pronunciation. A long liquid can also be distinguished generally, though not so unerringly, by position. It is found only after the vowel of an accented syllable, and must be supported, if a syllable follows, by another liquid or by one of certain consonants. Long *l* and long *n* are usually written double, as is also long *r* except when followed by a supporting liquid or consonant. *N* is not written double before *g*, and is long in bantrach, sometimes written accordingly banntrach. Long *m* was of old, but is not now, written *mm*. The supporting consonants that enable a liquid to preserve its long sound are—

for m : b, p,	for n : d, t, s, g,
for l : d, t, s,	for r : d, s.

The supporting liquids and consonants are important, as will appear further on, in connection with the addition of syllables to the words. When in the course of grammatical change or of word-formation a syllable is added to a word containing a long liquid, the long liquid becomes short unless supported by one of those liquids or consonants in the original word, or in the extended form, as Gall, Gallach, (*ll* shortened) but Gallda (*ll* long).

The simplest forms of words containing short vowels and long liquids are such as—

call, cam, bann, barr, poll, com, bonn, corr, null, cum, lunn, curr, fill, im, binn.

Examples with the liquid supported by another liquid are—

annlan, dorn, burn, urlar,

or by another consonant—

lombair, umpa, impidh, Gallda, allt, fallsa, drannd, sunnd, binndich, sannt, connsaich, long, bard, ordag.

The broad vowels may be preceded by slender vowels—*e* before *a* and *o*, *i* before *u*—representing a *y* sound in pronunciation, and may be followed by *i*, if required, before *rd* and *rn*, as—

bealltuinn, dream, teanndadh, cearr, ceard, cearn, eorna, ciurr; cairdean, uird, cuirn, feaird, smeoirn, ciuirteach.

E in the few cases in which it occurs before long liquids is written *ei*, as steill, creim, beinn. Other types of words with short vowels before long liquids such as caill, druim, cainnt, fionn, etc., are not affected by the changes to be noticed.

The changes to which the vowels are liable in the positions in question are two in number. In other words a short vowel followed by a long liquid may be dealt with in one or other of three ways in Scottish Gaelic; it may be left unchanged, it may be lengthened, or it may be diphthongised. In this as in other cases the area of the fewest changes is the extreme south, and that in which the greatest number of changes is found is the far north mainland.

VOWELS UNALTERED

The vowels are unchanged before *l*, *n*, and *m*, in Argyllshire south of Lorne, in Arran, and in east Perthshire. All, except *a* and *o* before *l* and *n*, remain unchanged before the same three liquids as far north as Loch Linnhe and the Inverness county march. With the additional exception of *a* and *o* before *m*, they are unchanged as far north as the Ross-shire border; in other words *u*, *e*, and *i* are unchanged

before *l*, *n*, and *m* in the whole of Gaeldom with the exception of the mainland of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire.

The vowels sometimes remain unaltered before *r* with another liquid. In Strathspey and east Perthshire for example, they are short in words with *rn*—carn, dorn, burn, cuirn, etc., with the exception of 'eòrna.'

VOWELS LENGTHENED

The broad vowels (*a*, *o*, *u*,) have been lengthened before long *r* in Gaelic generally both south and north. In such words as barr, ard, carn, ceard, corr, ord, dorn, curr, durd, burn, ciurr, the vowels were short in the old language but are now sounded long, from Arran in the south to Sutherland in the north, and are often marked long in writing, bàrr, càrn, ceàrd, ciùrr, etc. Partial exceptions are Strathspey and east Perthshire, where, as already noted, the vowels are not usually lengthened before *rn*, and Badenoch and Rannoch, where *a* and *o* before *rn* and *rd* are dealt with otherwise.

The greatest development of lengthening is found in the mainland of Ross-shire and in Sutherlandshire. In those two districts *u* has been made long before all the long liquids. Moll, 'chaff,' for example, takes *u* there (as it does in east Perthshire also) in place of *o* and makes the vowel long 'mùll.' In like manner, null, cum, lunn are pronounced respectively, 'nùll,' 'cùm,' 'lùnn,' and so with sunnd, cunnt, unnsa, ung, etc. The slender vowels also have undergone the like change there. Fill is pronounced 'fìll,' im, 'ìm,' cinn, 'cìnn,' and so on. Im (butter) is of course often written 'ìm' by the authorities, but is never pronounced so except in the far north, just as am (time), cam, crom, etc., are often written 'àm,' 'càm,' 'còrm,' respectively. In the case of *e* the lengthening is accompanied by a change of the vowel to *i*; beinn, seinn, teinn, respectively, are 'bìnn,' 'sìnn,' 'tìnn'; steill (peg) is 'stìll,' and creim (nibble) 'crìm.' In some cases the vowel remains short; teinntean is sometimes tinntean but not tìnntean. In other cases the vowel is undecided, sometimes

short and sometimes long, but in the great majority of cases the lengthening of the vowel is firmly established.

VOWELS DIPHTHONGISED

Diphthongisation before long liquids is confined to *a* and *o*, and consists in the introduction of a *u* sound like that of *u* in the English words 'foul,' 'hound,' or of *w* in the English 'howl,' 'town,' between the vowel and the liquid. The sound of the whole diphthong in words like poll, bonn, com, is that of *ou* or *ow* in those English words. In words like ball, bann, cam, the diphthong has an *a* sound instead of the *o* sound before the *u* and so resembles *au* in German 'haus.' Such diphthongisation does not exist in the extreme south or in east Perthshire. It is found before *l* and *n* in Lorne and west Perthshire. It extends to *m* when we cross into Inverness-shire and the part of Argyllshire beyond Loch Linnhe, and prevails before the three liquids throughout the rest of Gaeldom northwards.

When the vowel is preceded by *e*, the pronunciation varies somewhat. The regular diphthong, preceded by a *y* sound of course, prevails in Badenoch and Strathspey, as meall, 'myaull,' ceann, 'cyaunn.' Geall, seall, steall have there as usual *eo* for *ea*, gyoull, etc. In Skye *ea* is retained in the words 'gyaull' etc., while meall (lump) and meall (deceive) have short *ao* in place of *a* in the diphthong. In Rannoch, Skye, and west Ross-shire before *nn* a diphthong consisting of the Gaelic sounds of *e* and *u* is heard, as beann, 'beunn,' ceann, 'ceunn,' etc. In Rannoch and Ross meall likewise is 'meull.' In Sutherland meall ('myull' with *u* nasal) seems to follow leann, 'lyunn,' and seann, 'shunn,' as those words are pronounced there and in Ross and Strathspey. Other Sutherland pronunciations are gyaull, shaull, cyaunn, glyaunn, greunn (for greann). Diphthongisation is heard in that county once before a short liquid, with *o* for *a* also, in the word dealt (dew) 'djoult.'

In Glenlyon, Rannoch, and Badenoch diphthongisation is heard occasionally before *rd* and even *rt* with or without an

intervening small vowel, as in ard, 'aurd,' ord, 'ourd,' ort, 'ourt,' goirt, 'gou'rt,' cairdean, 'cau'rdean.' In Rannoch it occurs also in words like carn, 'caurn,' dorn, 'dourn'; in words like bearn, cearn, in which the *a* sound is changed to *o*, 'byourn,' 'cyourn'; in words like ceard, feaird, feart, and the name of the county town Peairt, 'Pyau'rt.'

Both those vowel changes depend vitally upon the length of the liquids. The liability of the long liquids to shortening when unsupported has been referred to already. Such shortening, whenever it takes place, undoes the change, if any, undergone by the vowel. The lengthened vowel of àrd continues long in àrdan, and that of còrr in còrlach or còrrlach, but that of bàrr is shortened in barrach, and that of tòrr in torran. So in the north mill is 'mìll,' and milltear, 'mìlltear,' but millidh is not 'mìllidh,' and while seinn is 'sìnn,' seinnidh is not 'sìnnidh,' but 'sinnidh.' Again, beann is 'byaunn' or 'beunn,' and beanntan, 'byaunntan' or 'beunntan,' but though cam is 'caum,' caman is not 'cauman,' nor camas 'caumas,' and though Gall is 'Gaull' and Gallda 'Gaullda, Gallach is not 'Gaullach.'

A long liquid is thus found mostly in monosyllables. If the word comes, through grammatical inflection or word-formation, to have more than one syllable, the long liquid becomes short except when it is followed either in the original word or in the extended form, by a supporting liquid or consonant, and, when the liquid becomes short, the preceding vowel, if it has been either lengthened or diphthongised, reverts to its original short undiphthongised form.

This *u* after *a* and *o*, besides being of less frequent occurrence near the southern borders of its area than it is farther north, seems also to be less distinct and pronounced, or less fully developed. It is, however, of old standing. The Dean of Lismore has it before *l* and *n* as dawle for dall, Cown for Conn, just as in west Perth and Lorne at the present day.

The treatment of those vowels in like positions in Manx and in Irish is to some extent analogous. In Munster *a* and *o* are lengthened before long *r* and diphthongised before other

long liquids. Even *u* is stated to be diphthongised into *au* sometimes, but all the examples given, with one doubtful exception, are borrowed words, and therefore liable to eccentricity. *I* is lengthened in sinn, 'we,' linn, 'with us'; in other cases before long nasals it has the diphthongal sound of the English pronoun I ('Ai'), and before long *l* it has the diphthongal sound of the same pronoun as pronounced by an Irishman ('Oi'). The addition of a syllable has in like circumstances the same effect or non-effect as in Scottish Gaelic. Southern Irish thus resembles northern Gaelic and northern Irish resembles southern Gaelic.

Manx Gaelic corresponds, as regards this diphthongisation, not to the dialects of Irish and of Scottish Gaelic that are nearer to it, but to those that are more remote from it. It has, besides, apparently a further development. 'Thus,' says Professor Rhŷs, '"tromm," now written "trome," heavy, is pronounced in a way which sometimes strikes one as being "troum," and sometimes "trobm" or "trubm," with a sort of precarious *b*; and similarly with other words, such as "kione," head, which becomes "kioun" or "kiodn," and "lhong," a ship, which becomes "logng" or "lugng."' The change has been extended in Manx, it appears, to words in which the nasal consonant was short but was preceded by a long vowel, and is not found, apparently, before *l* or *r*.

In old Cornish, by a development similar to that found in Manx words like 'camm,' crooked, and 'gwyn,' white—our fionn—became respectively 'cabm' and 'gwydn.'

The strength of the tendency to diphthongise in such words as have been considered above is such as to influence the pronunciation of English in certain cases. The Irishman calls bold, 'bould,' cold, 'could,' hold, 'hould,' and so on. Here, as so often happens, extremes meet. The Caithness man also says 'bould,' 'could' 'hould,' and he owes the tendency to do so to Gaelic influence. The same sounds may be heard occasionally in Sutherland also, but they have been acquired, probably, by those who use them, in the neighbouring county.

LONG NARROW VOWELS

The long vowels *è* (*eu*, etc.), and *ì* (*io*), in certain cases in which they are retained in the south, are diphthongised in the north. The resulting diphthongs are alike from both vowels, as beul 'bial,' deug 'diaog,' dìon 'dian,' fìor 'fiaor.'

eu, èa, èi, è.

'The crucial distinction,' says Dr. MacBain in his *Gaelic Dictionary* (p. xviii.) in reference to the two main dialects 'consists in the different way in which the dialects deal with *é* derived from compensatory lengthening; in the south it is *eu*, in the north *ia* (*e.g.*, *feur* against *fiar*, *breug* against *briag*, etc.).' He has pointed out elsewhere as another characteristic of the words in which this change is found, that their original stems ended in *o* or *a*. There are exceptions drawn in perhaps by the influence of analogy. Compensatory lengthening of a vowel takes place when the first of two or more following consonants, of which one must be a liquid, is lost. *Ceud* hundred, for example, has lost the *n* seen in Welsh *cant*, Cornish *cans*, Breton *kant*, Latin *centum*, English *hund-red*, and to compensate for this loss the vowel, which was short originally, extended itself into the blank thus left, and so became long in the Gaelic form of the word. The process is not unknown in the modern language. Words like annrath, innleachd, innseadh show loss of *nn* or assimilation of the nasal to the following consonant, and consequent compensatory lengthening of the preceding vowel in the spoken forms 'àrath,' 'ìlleachd,' 'ìseadh.' Compare also sòise, 'a bolide' (MacAlpine), for soillse. In some instances it is an original *ei*, which appears normally in Old Irish and in Gaelic as *èi* in some instances and as *ia* in others, that has diverged in the two Scottish dialects and is heard as *è* in the south and as *ia* in the north, as in mèith, reub, sgreuch.

The vowel that changes to *ia* in the north is usually written *eu*, but it occurs also as *èa*, *èi*, and *è*. In southern

pronunciation, it generally has the sound that is called open *e* and that resembles, except that it is long, that of *e* in English 'let,' 'set.' The close sound, *é*, like that of *e* in English 'whey,' or that of *a* in English 'fate,' occurs occasionally in words that have *ia* in the north, but in general is confined to those words in which diphthongisation is not found, as beum, ceum, treun, beud, beus, etc. In contact with nasals, diphthongisation is found as a rule only in those instances in which the vowel is nasalised in the south, *e.g.* in eun, meur, but not in beum, treun. Of the words that have *ia* in the north, the following are found with *é* in the south—

Ceudna 'céunna,' 'féirseag' (for feursann), geur, reustladh (for reusladh), sleuchd, in Arran.

Deug, feun, geug, leubh, in Arran and Islay.

Feudail, gleus, reul, in Arran, Islay, and Perth.

Peur (a pear), in Arran, Islay, and Glenlyon, eud in Arran and East Perth, Seumas, in Arran and Glenlyon.

Sgeun ('sgéan') and déabh, in Islay, geuban, in Islay and Perth.

Céud (first) and céud (hundred), in Mid-Argyll.

Créadhach (crè), in Perth.

In Strathspey and in Sutherlandshire there are fewer instances of *é* than in Arran. The only words showing the change to *ia*, that are not known to have *è*, in place of *é*, in some district or other, are ceud, ceudna, deug, feudail, feun, geuban, peurtag, reul, reusail, and reusan, and of that small number three are borrowed words, while the diphthongisation of at least two others, feudail and reul, is local and exceptional. The association of the change to *ia* with the open sound *è* is thus very close. The tendency, apparently, when the vowel happens to be left undiphthongised in the north, is to sound it *é*, and further the vowel is apt in such cases to be *é* also in Arran and Islay, but *è* in Perth, Strathspey and Sutherland. Beurla, *e.g.* is béurla in Arran, Islay, North Argyll, part of Skye, North Inverness and West Ross, but bèurla in Perth and Sutherland, and geug is géug in Arran,

Islay, part of Skye, and Lewis, but gèug in Perth, Strathspey and Sutherland.

The vowels that are subject to diphthongisation are arranged in the following groups to show the occurrence of the change in the southern dialect, in Arran, Islay and Perthshire, and in the northern dialect in the following districts in order, North Argyll (Appin and Sunart), Skye (Sleat), North Inverness-shire (the Aird, south and east of Beauly), West Ross-shire, and Lewis. The pronunciation given in MacAlpine's *Dictionary* is, in general, that of his native island and is that given here under the name Islay. The absence of a word from the list for any particular district does not in all cases imply non-diphthongisation of the vowel in that district; it may mean that there is some other alteration on the word or that the attempt to ascertain its pronunciation has not been attended with success. Smeuraich, for example, is smeòraich in Sutherland and in Lewis. Feusgan 'mussel,' fè 'a calm,' and muir-tèachd 'jelly-fish,' (II. iii. sub), are not in Dr. Henderson's list for the Aird and were unfamiliar as Aird words to an aged farmer from the district. Cè (cream) is unknown in several districts, uachdar or bàrr being used instead, and smeur (bramble) is unfamiliar in Lewis. Geug (branch) no doubt owes its non-diphthongisation in parts of the northern Hebrides to its disuse during a treeless period and a subsequent adoption of it from literature. In West Ross-shire 'giag' was not disused, but was degraded during the treeless period, and now means, in part at least of the district, a stalk of heather, while a branch of a tree is called meur ('miar').

Southern Dialect:—

I. Ceud (hundred), ceud (first), Di-ceudaoin, ceutach, ceutadh (sense, impression), ceudna, deug, brèagh.

North Argyll et seq.:—

II. i. Beul, breug, deuchainn, deur, dreuchd, eudach (jealousy), eulaidh (stalk game, etc.), eun, feuch, feur, feusag,

freumh, geuban ('ciaban' in Skye and onwards), geur, greusaich, leugach (clammy, etc., leug, leugaire), leus (torch, etc.), meud or meudachd, cia meud, meur, neul, reub, seud (hero), seun, breac-sheunain, sgeul, sgreuch, crè (clay), dèan, èasgaidh, gèadh, lèad, mèanan, sè (six), sglèata, tèaruinn.

North Argyll et seq. except Lewis:—

II. ii. Beuc, ceus (ham, coarse part of fleece), geug, reusail (ill-use), smeur (bramble), smeuraich (grope), speuc, sèap.

North Argyll et seq. except North Inverness:—

II. iii. Feusgan, fè (calm), lèana or lèanag, rèap (a slattern, rèapach, adj., rèapail, verb), muir-tèachd.

Skye et seq.:—

III. Loch-bhlèin or dubh-chlèin (flank, loin), sgeun (fright), smeur or smiùr (to smear), mèith, sèamarlan.

North Inverness et seq.:—

IV. Feursann (warble), speuclan (spectacles), teuchdaidh (viscid, etc., 'tiachaidh,' North Inverness).

North Inverness, etc.:—

V. i. Feunaidh (peat-cart, from feun), peurtag (partridge), cè (cream).

V. ii. Peuras (a pear), seum or seumaich (enjoin, etc.), Seumas (James), leubh (read), clach-nèaraidh (grindstone), trèasg (shrivel).

V. iii. Sleuchd, nèarachd.

Various:—

VI. i. Beurla, eud, m'fheudail, càl-feurain (cives), gleus,

(trim, etc.), spleuc (stare), teuchdadh (parching), lèabag, piata, trèan-ri-trèan.

VI. ii. Earlais (arles), reusan (reason).

Group I. contains words that are diphthongised in the South; all have *ia* (or *iao*) in Perthshire, all but the last in Islay, and all but the three last in Arran. MacAlpine gives 'a chéud' or 'a chiad.' The diphthong is *ia* in all the instances in Arran, and in Glenlyon in Perthshire; in East Perthshire and in the North generally in those words, with the exception of brèagh, it is *iao*, *i.e.* the second constituent of the diphthong is not *a*, but the Gaelic *ao* sound. Ceudna varies; 'ciaodna,' North Argyll; 'cianda,' North Inverness, West Ross, Sutherland; 'ciaont,' Lewis; 'ciaodainn,' East Perth, Strathspey; 'céunna,' Arran; 'ciaonna,' Skye. MacAlpine gives 'cianna,' and apparently 'ceudna.'

In addition, dreuchd, omitted by MacAlpine, has *ia* in Arran, and èarlais and reusan, Group VI. ii., have *ia* the former in Arran and Islay, and the latter throughout Argyll and in West Perth ('riaosan,' in North Argyll). Nèaraidh (V. ii.) has *ia* in Perthshire.

Groups I. and II. i. have the diphthong in North Argyll, Skye, North Inverness, West Ross and Lewis; Group II. ii. in North Argyll, et seq., except Lewis, and Group II. iii. in North Argyll, et seq., except North Inverness. Group III. falls to be added to the number in Skye and onwards, and Group IV. in North Inverness and onwards. The words in V. i. ii. and iii. all have *ia* in North Inverness, and those in V. ii. in West Ross also. Trèasg in North Argyll, and sleuchd in Skye have *ia*. Nèarachd is 'niarachd' in North Argyll, 'miarachd' in Skye, and 'meurachd' according to MacAlpine (sub nèarachd) in Argyll.

The words of VI. i. have *ia* as follows:—

Eud (and eudmhor, 'iadar'), càl-feurain, spleuc, and lèabag in North Argyll.

Spleuc, teuchdadh, lèabag, and trèan-ri-trèan ('trianaidh-trian') in Skye.

Beurla ('biaorla' or 'biaolla,' so Lochbroom also), eud ('iad' in Barra also), m'fheudail, gleus, and teuchdadh, in Lewis.

'Piata,' a puny child, North Inverness and West Ross, has been explained by Dr. Henderson as a by-form of 'peata,' English 'pet'; in Lewis 'piatan' used affectionately of one craving for a drink.

Eud in the North generally means zeal, while jealousy is 'iadach' (in Glenlyon 'eudach').

Diphthongisation of the vowel *è* thus appears to be most prevalent in the central Highlands, and somewhat less so in North Argyll and Lewis. It has extended strongly into Rannoch, which breaks away from the rest of Perthshire in this respect, and is sharply distinguished from Glenlyon and the parish of Blair-Atholl, bounding it respectively on the south and east, and is in full force in Badenoch and Strathdearn, its eastern limits. On the other hand, Strathspey, which means in local usage the part of the valley of the Spey below Rothiemurchus, and lies in an angle between Badenoch on the south-west, and Strathdearn on the north-west, differs from both districts, and agrees closely with the South. Far north Sutherlandshire also, with the exception perhaps of the Assynt quarter of the county, claims to stand with Strathspey and the south in this matter. The words in which *ia* has been found in Strathspey are:—

Ceud, ceud, ceudna, Di-ceudaoin, deug, sgreuch, brèagh, sè, ceutach, seun.

With the exception of the two last, those words are diphthongised in Sutherlandshire—Creich, Kildonan, and Strathy—and, with the following list, they exhaust the known instances of that vowel change in the south-east and in the north of that county:—

Deuchainn, feuch, feusgan, cia meud, reul, crè.

Beul, neul, sgeul, 'cial.'

Ceutach and feusgan have the diphthong in Creich,

deuchainn and feuch in Creich and Kildonan, reul ('rialt' or more frequently 'rialtag') in Kildonan, and crè ('criaodhach') in Kildonan and Strathy. Ceutach and ceutadh apparently are diphthongised by some speakers and not by others ('cèutach' and 'cèutu') in the Strathy district.

The southern *è* of beul, neul, and sgeul is changed in Sutherland, not into *ia*, but into *à*, so that the words would be written respectively, beàl, neàl, and sgeàl, and are pronounced byàl, nyàl, sgyàl. Cial, brim of a vessel, is also changed to ceàl in Sutherland. Though this resembles in the result the change in Arran of brèagh, cè (cream), crè, gèadh, and sè, respectively into breàgh (brè or bryà, Macalpine), ceà, creà, geàdh, seà (br'à, cyà, cr'à, gyà, shà), it is no doubt to be compared rather with the transference in Gaelic generally, of the pronunciation from *e* to *a* in such words as geal, 'gyal,' seal, 'shal,' etc.

A substitution of other sounds for *è* sometimes occurs. Lèabag is leóbag ('lyóbag') in N. Inverness, W. Ross, Lewis, and Sutherland, feusag is feòsag ('fyòsag') in Sutherland, and rèapach is reòpach in N. Inverness. Teuchdaidh viscid, in N. Inverness tiachaidh, is teaochaidh in Creich, and beurla is beaorla in Strathspey, and in parts of Skye and of Lewis. The name for the landrail—trèan-ri-trèan—is traon in Lewis and, according to MacAlpine, in Skye; in Irish it is traona.

It is not an unknown thing that a word should come to have two pronunciations accompanied by some differentiation in meaning or usage. In N. Argyll, Skye, N. Inverness, W. Ross, and Lewis, seud, when it means jewel, is 'séud,' but when it means hero it is 'siad.' The word is everywhere in those districts familiar in the latter sense. As 'séud,' jewel, it is not at all so frequently used, and may have been adopted from literature. Meud is undiphthongised throughout Sutherland, except in the phrase 'co miad' (how much). The phrase is 'ce mìod' in Skye and Lewis, while the word otherwise is both 'mìod' and 'miad' in Lewis, and 'miadachd' in Skye, and also in N. Argyll. MacAlpine gives 'mèud' and

'mìod.' The undiphthongised form of deug is kept in Perth, Strathspey, W. Ross, and Lewis in 'da uair dhéug,' often preceded by the article and compressed 'an da'r 'éug' (the twelve o'clock); in Sutherland 'an da'r 'iaog.' In Irish 'dareug' means twelve persons.

Similar diphthongisation is found in Munster in such words as ceud, deug, eun, feuch, feur, and also in words in which it is unknown among us, as breun, eug, treun, and even eudochas, eudtrom (light), eugcóir (injustice), eugmhais (want), and others. To Scottish Gaels the diphthongisation of eucoir and eugmhais, not to speak of eudochas or aotrom (for eutrom), seems a sheer impossibility, and yet it is found with us in the word èasgaidh, *i.e.* eu-sgìth, of exactly similar formation.

ìo

Long *i* (*ìo*), which normally represents an original long *e* in Gaelic and the other Celtic tongues, as fìor (true), vêro-, Latin, vêrus, is diphthongised generally, except in the South, in such words as—

Dìomhain, dìomhair, gnìomh, snìomh, crìon, dìon, fìon, lìon, sìon, mìos, nìos, dìol, sìol, fìor, sìor, sìorruidh, cìoch, crìoch, dìosg, grìosach, ìosal, sìos, etc.

In Arran, Kintyre, and Islay, *ìo* in these and other words has the sound simply of Gaelic *ì* (that is, the sound of *e* in English 'me,' 'be'), with nasalisation when in contact with *m* or *n*. In North Argyll it is the same except that *ia* occurs in one or two instances (as dìomhain, snìomh), and that in some of the words with *n*, *l*, or *r* following—lìon, spìon, sìol, fìor—a slight *ao* sound may be noticed between the long *ì* and the liquid.

In East Perthshire, in Badenoch and Strathspey, and in Sutherlandshire, *ìo* is sounded *ia* nasal in the words in which it is flanked by *m* or *n*, and *iao* in other cases. In a few instances—sìoman, crìon (little), lìon (flax), lìon (fill), dìosg, grìosach, sìos, Strathspey retains the long *ì*, and shows again

its tendency, though differing in this instance from East Perthshire, to conform to Southern Gaelic.

In West Ross-shire and in Skye the words in question, with scarcely an exception, have *iao*, and in contact with *m* or *n*, as *ao* cannot be nasalised, only *i* of the diphthong is nasal.

Sgìos, because it is for 'sgìtheas,' has *ì* generally, but in Sutherland it is sgiaos. Iobairt and iodhal also have *iao* in the same county, 'iaobairt,' 'iaowalt.' The latter is 'iaodhal' in Skye. The borrowed word tim, 'time,' in Sutherland has become, not tìm, as might be expected on the analogy of im, etc., but tiam, as though the word were tìom, and followed the analogy of sìoman, etc. Féin, self, which is 'fhìn' with the first personal pronouns in the Northern Dialect generally—'Thu fhéin 's mi fhìn,' (never in the North 'mi fhéin')—is fhèin (*è* nasal) in the north of Sutherland except Strathy, and fhian in Strathy and the south-east of the county, with first personal pronouns, but with the other persons fhéin (*é* not nasal), as in the rest of the Highlands. Fhian might be a diphthongisation of fhìn, as though it were fhìon, like crìon, lìon, but is perhaps more likely to have come from the local fhèin on the analogy of eun, dèan.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

GAELIC TEXT

Agus do ronsat secht catha cródha commora dib.[1] Agus ro chóirigh co h-uáthmar áightighe al*ad*-breca iad,—do sciathaib corcra comdatha, agus do sciathaib eochar-bláithe uainegda, agus do sciathaib dubha dlúth-uáite[2] dínarda, agus do sgiathaib ballacha boird-righni breac-buide, agus do sgiathaib bileacha bord-cruaidhi brechtnaigthi; agus do cloidmib eal-górma[3] iárann-glasa or-cumdaigthi, agus do cloidmib caél-glasa *cr*eat-blaithi[4] comartacha, agus do cloidhmib troma taeib-lethna toirtemla; agus do shlegaib crann-rémra *cru*ata[5] coig-rinni, agus do shlegaib ailli innealta or-crái,[6] agus do slegaib faidi foinnmhidhe faobhar-géra; agus do luirechaibh treabr*aidhe*[7] tre-dualacha; agus do cathbarraib cáema cumdaigthi; agus do cath-chlesaib[8] curad; agus do loirg-ferstaib
Column 59. catha; agus do corránib clis; agus do gonbuinnib gaisc*id*,—gur uo lor caeimhe agus ailli a n-innill*id*[9] [agus] a n-ecuisc ar n-imut[10] a t*lacht* n-ildhathach n-eac(s)amla do gorm agus do corcar, d' uaine agus do buide agus do bric agus do cinel gacha dathai ét*aigh* ar cena; ar n-a cumduc(h) d' ór agus d' aircet agus do gemuib cristail agus carrmhogail, gur uo lór do grain agus do groidbidhg*adh* a faicsin re h-alt na h-uairi sin, re h-imat a n-arm n-áithgher n-ilfhaobrach, agus a mergeth m-bratach-mór mall-corcrai n-uathmar n-ilbrec n-anaithn*idh*, agus re culgaire na carbad, agus re toichim na trom-sochraide, agus re sesseilb na sochraide an mor-sluaigh ar chena.

Et ni cian do batar ann in tan do riacht Tor*n*a trén cucu,

[1] Here, as in parallel descriptive passages, it is difficult to translate literally, the selection of the Gaelic epithet being regulated by sound as much as by sense.

[2] *iaite*, evidently for *fuaighte*, 'sewn,' *dluth* causing aspiration and disappearance of *f*, and *gh* similarly dropping in the semi-phonetic spelling.

[3] The reading is clear, but I have not met with *e(a)l* or *e(a)ll* as a suitable epithet to qualify *gorm*. H.S.D. gives *eallaidhe*, 'white,' with the vague reference 'MSS.'

[4] *creat* I take to be *cret*, 'frame of chariot,' 'shell of boat,' 'trunk of body,' 'tree,' etc., but I have not seen the word applied to sword.

[5] MS. can read *curata*, 'heroic,' but evidently, to judge from the context, an adj. formed from *cruaid*, 'steel,' is meant.

(*Continued from pp.*24, 25.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

They were now formed in seven brave battalions of equal numbers. And they were drawn up in ranks terrible warlike (tastefully) variegated (as to colour),—armed with shields, some purple and of one colour; others smooth, green; others dark, close-plaited, very tall; others spotted, tough-boarded, speckled-yellow; and still others edged, of hard wood, diverse-coloured; and with swords some of which were . . . blue, iron-grey, gold-plaited; others slender-grey, smooth-bladed, figured; others heavy, broad-bladed, strong; and with spears (some) thick-shafted, steel-pointed, five-barbed; others beautiful, well-finished, gold-socketted; others long, well-tempered, sharp-edged; and with coats of mail well-fitting, triple-plaited; and with helmets handsome, ornamented; and with battle implements fit for heroes; and with battle maces; and with hooks for feats; and with warlike javelins. Great was the beauty and splendour of the array and appearance of that numerous host, with their dresses of many and diverse colours of blue and purple, green and yellow and speckled, and every other colour by which cloth is dyed, ornamented with gold and silver and gems of crystal and carbuncles. And to behold them at that juncture of time with their many keen many-edged weapons, with their banners wide-spread, pale-purpled, many-coloured, strange and terrible, with the thunder of their chariots, the tramp of the heavy infantry, and the uproar of the great and numerous hosts, would suffice to cause terror and shock.

They were not long there when the mighty Torna, a

[6] *crai*, gen. of *cró*, 'pen,' 'socket,' 'eye of needle,' etc.

[7] *trebraid*, a word of somewhat uncertain connotation; 'skilfully made' (*R. R.*, p. 80), 'braided' (*T. B. C.*, p. 218). Cf. treb*ar*nacha, *infra n.* 12.

[8] *cath-chles*, lit. 'battle-feat,' but, from the context, here the weapon by which the feat was accomplished

[9] *inneall* and *innill* are still in use in this sense; O'R. gives *innealladh*, 'implements,' evidently the form used here.

[10] MS. *imnut* which I take to be for *imad*, now *iomadh*, noun and adj.: 'multitude,' 'many a.'

.i. milid mor calma do muinntir Oilella Find h-e. Agus ro fogair comlonn orra. Agus ro fhuabuirset sé h-aith*igh* dib é do comlonn ris, .i. Tor*n* agus Maol, da aithiuc(h) coire Luigdech mic Conraei; Merón agus Midhna, da aithiuc(h) coire Oilella agus Medba; Ruibne agus Rodan, da aithech coiri Find mic Rosai. Et do fuapratar an seser aithiuch an comlann an agaidh Torna go borb dicheillidhi dásachtach, ancheillidh aitechdha, d' á n-aeiel*aib*[1] troma treb*ar*nacha,[2] agus d' a sleguib crann-remra cenn-lethna, agus d' a cloidhmib mora merg*id*he. Agus ro fuarabair Torna an comlann co h-at(h)lamh urmuisnech agus go talchar troigh-escaidh a n-agaid na n-aithech. Agus ru-s-timc*ill* íat amail timceallas seabhac enlaith an aeiér. Agus do rinde b*rich*[3] bec dib, agus do ben a sé cinn dib fochetóir. Agus ro gab do na sluagaib fo comair as a h-aitli, agus do imer a ferc orrta. Agus ro iadhutar-som uime sium,[4] agus do ronsat guin galann[5] dei. Agus ro claeidedh a fert agus ro gniad a gubha. Agus do righn*ed* dumha dimór os a cinn, conad duma Torna fos ainm an inaidh d' á éis.

Rangatar fir Erenn rompa ar sin go h-Ath Fein, agus ro gabsad sosadh agus longport acu ann. Do ruacht Goll Oilech d' á n-indsuig*id* con a shecht macuib agus con a tri cet cur*ad*
Column 60. comanmonn, agus do breth ár ar na sluagaib fochetoir. Agus ro marb cet fer n-armach n-incomlann[6] dib fo'n n-innus sin. Agus do cuir dunad Oilella Finn ar comairci Luigdech mic Conraoí co na cloisgdis an Dubloinges h-é co m-beith imlán ar cinn Oilella Finn. Agus do roinnet*ar* fir Erenn ar a do iad[7] im an dunadh sin, .i. Lugaid mac Conraí co leth b-fer n-Erenn uime; Meadb con a sluagaib is in leith araill. Agus

[1] *aeiel*: The reading is clear, but the word is obscure to me. The general practice of the author in enumerating weapons is to put shield before spear and sword.

[2] *V. n.* 7, *supra.*

[3] *brich*: Later, p. 134, the same word occurs, but with different shade of meaning,—'na secht n-archoin con a m-brích.' I take the word as a dialectal form of *brigh*. In this MS. *ch* appears not infrequently for *gh*.

[4] MS. siun.

[5] *galand* .i. *gaisgeadh* (O'Cl.). The phrase *guin galann* occurs in several passages, and was evidently a technical expression, cf. *R. R.*, p. 80; *Ir. T.*, iii. (2) p. 510; *T. B. C.*, p. 636. In MS. viii. (Scottish Collection) it is stated that when the Thebans got

great valiant soldier of Oilill the Fair's people, appeared. He challenged them to combat. Six churls answered the challenge, Torn and Maol from the division under Lugaid son of Curoi, Meron and Midhna from that of Oilill and Meave, and Rūibne and Rodan from the squadron of Finn son of Ros. And the six churls maintained the conflict against Torna furiously, recklessly, violently, madly, stubbornly, with their heavy well-made . . ., and their thick-shafted, broad-headed spears, and their great rusty (?) swords. And Torna sustained the combat briskly, dexterously, and stoutly, nimbly against the churls. He circled round them as a hawk circles round the birds of the air. And he made a little heap of them, and forthwith cut off their six heads. Thereafter he attacked those in front of him, and wreaked his wrath upon them. They, on the other hand, surrounded him and slew him with their spears. His tomb was thereafter dug and his lament made. And they made a very great mound over (his grave) which is called the mound of Torna since.

The men of Ireland marched forward to Ath Fen, and they halted and encamped there. Goll Oilech with his seven sons and three hundred champions of his name attacked and instantly slew many of the hosts. He slew a hundred armed stout warriors in this onset. The stronghold of Oilill the Fair was put under the charge of Lugaid the son of Curoi that the Dubloinges might hear of it, and that in a body they would attack Oilill the Fair. The men of Ireland were divided in two investing columns around that castle, Lugaid son of Curoi with the half of the men of Ireland under his command, and Meave with her hosts forming the other half.

possession of the dead body of Tydeus *do rindsed guin galand amal no beith beo*, 'they made a g. g., as though he were alive.' In *Cath Mhuighe Leana*, p. 142, O'Curry translates *do ronsad guin ghalann ds*, 'made him a victim of spears and lances,' and adds in a note: 'The original word *galann* or *gal-lann* means "a deed of lances" and is applied only to such a feat as is here described; *guin galann* then, signifies death by such means. This is the ancient Welsh *Gallanus* or homicide.'

[6] *incomlann* = *in-* now, *ion-* 'fit for,' + *comlann*; hence 'stout warriors.'

[7] *iad* I take to be a noun of which *iadaim*, 'surround,' 'close,' is the verb. The modern verbal noun is *iadhadh*.

ro gab Goll Oilech cloch-treas bodba doib co maidin, con nár leig codlad no cumsanad doib. Agus do marb da ech Medba, conadh Ech Oil*ech* ainm an inaid sin d' a n-éis.

Rangatar as sin ar na mharach co Tulaig an Fhemd*ala*[1] agus Goll Oilech con a maithib 'g a marbadh agus 'g a n-dith-laitriugadh. Agus ro gabad longport ar leth ac Lugaid mac Conraí an oidhchi sin[2] ag Abainn na h-Imeirce, agus Meadb ag Tulaig Líag. Agus do riacht Fermenn agus a athaír, .i. Dara Derg, ar amus n(a) Muimnech agus Luigdeach mic Conraoí, tricha cet a lin. Agus dorat Fermenn cloc(h)-treas bodba d' feraibh Muman co nár léig biad na deoch na suan na sír-coll*ad* do na sluagaib an oidche sin. Agus an t-oireg*ar* cloch do gab Goll Oilech ar na sluagaib tuc Dara Derg agus a mac a samail do brosgar doib fo'n cuma cetna. Agus ro marb sluag di-airmigthi dib i n-imairec(h) na h-oidce sin. Agus tug*ad* ainm ar an tulaig a raibh Meadb an oidchi sin, .i. Tulach Líag, o na líagaib fedma ro teilgdís ar a cheile; agus Raith R*uadh* ainm na ratha, o na coll*naïb* derga agus o na sruith-linntibh fola for-ruaidhi do doirt*edh* innti. Agus rugatar as co h-anbuaínech an oidchi sin.

Agus ro gluaisetar rompa ar ná marach. Agus rugatar morán do'n Gamannraid orra ann séin, agus nír léigset imtecht fada doib, uair do marbsat caoga fer n-armach n-incomlann n-ard-comarthach dibh an lá sin im Leg*an* laoch-milidh con a muinntir, conad uad ainmnigter sruth Leag*ain*. Agus do gabatar longport ac Tulaig na Dála an oidci sin. Agus is aire derar Tulach na Dála ria o comdail ceit(h)ri n-oll-choiged n-Erenn innti.

Agus ro sgarastar Goll Oilech an adaig sin re feraib Erenn, agus do cuaidh co Dun Flidaise, ait a raib Oilill Finn agus
Column 61. Fergus. Uáir rugatar Fergus leó a h-aithle a gab*ala* a cath Atha Fen[3] co dunad Flidaisi. Do cengl*ad* do tuiridh ro mhoir an rig-toighe h-e a b-fhíadnaise Flidaisi, agus do tais-bentaei a cong*nam*h ferrdha gach aen la ar cedlong*ad* do'n rígain. Agus ba doilghe le Fergus an f*orr*an sin iná aon

[1] The extension of this and several other names which I have not met with elsewhere is conjectural. Here *m* may read *in*.

And Goll Oilech engaged them in a terrible stone fight until morning, and allowed them neither sleep nor rest. And he killed Meave's two horses, whence the name of that place thereafter—Ech Oilech (Horse of Oilech).

On the morrow thereafter they went to Femdail Knoll, Goll with his chiefs still slaying and exterminating them The two columns occupied separate camps that night: Lugaid son of Curoi at Flitting River, and Meave at Stone Mound. Fermenn and Dara Derg his father with three thousand men attacked the Munstermen and Lugaid son of Curoi. Fermenn engaged the Munstermen in a furious stone battle, so that the warriors were not able to have food or drink or slumber or sleep during that night. Dara Derg and his son harassed the hosts in this stone fight as Goll Oilech did, and committed similar havoc among them. And they slew a countless number in the fight of that night. The knoll on which Meave encamped that night was called Stone Knoll, from the huge stones which the combatants hurled at each other; and the fort was called Red Fort from the red carcases and the pool-streams of deep red blood poured out there. That night was passed in great anxiety.

They moved forward on the morrow. But numbers of the Gamhanraidh overtook them and did not permit them to proceed any distance, for they slew fifty stalwart and highly distinguished warriors of their number that day, as well as the hero-warrior Legan with his people, after whom the stream of Legan is named. They encamped that night at Meeting Knoll. It received its name from the meeting of the four great provinces of Ireland there.

Goll Oilech parted from the men of Ireland that night, and proceeded to Dun Flidais where Oilill the Fair and Fergus were. For after Fergus was captured in the battle of Ath Fen he was brought to Flidais's castle. And he was tied to the very great pillar of the palace in the presence of Flidais, and they used to expose him to the queen daily at her morning meal. Fergus felt this outrage more than

[2] MS. repeats *an oidci sin.*

[3] *V. supra*, p. 10.

t-éigen a raibe. Agus do bidis macrad agus min-daeine an mor-longpuirt ag fochuidmed agus ag fanamad fáein agus ag gairfechiub[1] dó da gach taeib i n-a timchell. Agus ranaic Goll Ailech as tech a raibhe Oilill Finn agus Fergus fo'n réim sin, agus do indis doib ceitri cuigid Erenn do techt i n-a crich. Agus do fiarfaig Oilill Finn do Goll Oilech cia do maithibh fher n-Erenn do bi and sin. Agus do indis do iat, agus do raid an laeid ann :—

'Fuilit sunn oig do maigin,
Do muigh Aí innlit daig fir,
Fuil secht catha ceann a ceann,
Cethar n-oll-cuiged n-Eirenn.

'Im Oilill im Meidb do'n muig;
Na Maicni[2] im na secht Mainib;
Im Lugaid mac Con na cath;
Is im secht macaib Mágach.

'Im Aongus mac Missgedra,
Sluag Gailián, glaine a n-dealua,
Im Aongus mac mic Rosa,
Im Illann[3] mac Fergusa.

'Im Eochaid Gusmar do'n muig,
Mac Tigernaigh Tedbandaigh,
Im Eochaid Faobhar, troig tenn,
Is im Eochaid n-Aíncend.

'Im Lugaid mac Nóis a n-deas,
Im Loch mór mac Moda Feibis,
Im Lugaid Conraeí ribh,
Im Eogan Finn mac Fingin.

'Fuil ann Cormac Conloinges,
Tri deich cet ar n-a coimes,
Loingni Ulad acht mad beg,
Sunn da bar fis do fuilet.'

Fuilit.

A h-aithle na laidhi sin do denam do Goll Oilech ro impó uatha a n-íar ar amus b-fer n-Erenn, agus dorad ghliaidh n-gairb doibh co n-torcradatar sochaide dib a n-oidchi sin.

[1] O'R. has *gairfic*, 'a dimple on the cheek.'

any strait in which he ever was. And the youths and children of the great camp used to crowd around him and make him the subject of derision, and of silly mockery and laughter continually. Goll Oilech went on his course to the house where Oilill the Fair and Fergus were, and told them that the (men of the) four provinces of Ireland were come into their territory. Oilill the Fair asked Goll Oilech which of the chiefs of the men of Ireland had come. He (Goll) told him, and recited the lay :—

'They are here at your door,
Stalwart men from the plain of Ai in battle order;
There are seven battalions linked together
Of the four great provinces of Ireland.

'With Oilill and Meave from their land,
The Maicne under the seven Maines;
Under Lugaid son of the Hound of battles,
And under the seven sons of Magach.

'With Angus son of Mesgedra,
The hosts of Galian, handsome their form;
With Angus son of the son of Ros,
And with Illann son of Fergus.

'With Eochaid Gusmar from his land,
Son of Tigernach Tetbannach;
With Eochaid Faobhar, firm his tread,
And with Eochaid Aincend.

'With Lugaid son of Nos from the south;
With Loch the great son of Moda Feibis;
With Lugaid son of Curoi to oppose you;
With Eogan the Fair son of Fingen.

'Cormac Conloinges is there,
With three thousand of a following;
The exiles of Ulster, with hardly one absent,
Are there, be it known to you.'

They are.

After making this lay Goll Oilech turned back from the west to meet the men of Ireland, and attacked them fiercely so that a multitude of them fell that night. The men of

[2] MS. reads *ma maicni*: I take *maicni* to be a tribal name. Cf. Conmaicne (K. M.).

[3] *V. supra*, p. 14.

Agus do imighset fir Erenn o Tulaig na Dála ar ná marach. Agus do druidset an Gamannrad riú ar sin co nar leigset[1] imtecht no anadh doib, acht a m-beith amal bid ba a m-buail*id* agus tesbh*ach*[2] ag a forrach. Is é sin timceall tucsat an Gamannrad ar feraib Erenn. Agus do teilg Fermenn mac Dara Deirg sleagh ar amus Medba is in cath. Agus do toirinn Meadb a ceann roimpe, gur b*en* an t-sleagh a Cainnir n-deirg ingin Oilella agus Medba, gur tregdastar a craidhi 'n a cliab, agus gur fh*ágbad* gan anmain h-í. Agus tugad an ingen as
Column 62. a carbad air sin, agus do gabastar Meadb lam ar a fert do claide, agus do rindi an laidh :—

'Claidf*id* fert Cainnire,
Fuil sund sa duma ar n-á dith;
Oir Fermenn mac Dara Deirg
Do teilc an t-sleg diá ro-d-bí.

'Cainner derg ingen Oilella
Agus Medba, is i ro bith,
Ac duma an sgáil
Ar bhaid ré h-ogaib Emna.

'Cele Lugdech mic Conraí
Re secht laithib, lith n-gaili;
Togthar a lia os a lecht,
Dentar a fert do claide.'

Claiter.

Do claid*ed* fert na h-ingine leó iar sin re taeb na h-abann, conad Cainnear ainm na h-abann agus Glenn Cainneire ainm in ghlenna. Agus do ridhn*ed* guba mór agus toirrsi ag an t-slúag os a cinn, agus is beg nar marb Lugaid mac Conraí d' a cuma.

Do gluáisetar fir Erenn rompa ar sin co rangatar tar Glenn Cainneire siár ar sodain, agus co Glenn Mugaigthi, ait ar mugaig*edh* morán do maithib b-fer n-Erenn, agus tar Glenn Calr*aidi*, ait a n-dorchar Callraide mac Birraighe maile. Agus nír sguiretar an Gamannrad dib ris in ré sin ac a marbadh agus ac a mugudadh co n-dorchar morán d' á maithib leó im tri cáint*ibh* Oilella agus Medba, .i. Grís agus

[1] MS. repeats *co nar leigset*.

[2] *tesbhach*, now *teasach*, from *teas*, 'heat.' The word is common in the Southern

Ireland left Meeting Knoll on the morrow. The Gamhanraidh thereupon closed round them and permitted them neither to march nor halt, but kept them like cows in a fold tortured by the heat. Such was the ring which the Gamhanraidh made round the men of Ireland. And in the fight Fermenn son of Dara Derg cast a spear at Meave. Meave bent her head to avoid the weapon, which hit red Cainner the daughter of Oilill and Meave, and pierced her heart in her bosom, so that she fell dead. The girl was taken out of her chariot thereafter, and Meave began to dig her grave and made the lay :—

'Dig ye the grave of Cainner
Lying here on the mound slain ;
Fermenn son of Dara Derg
Threw the spear which caused her death.

'Red Cainner daughter of Oilill
And Meave, she is the victim,
At the mound of the shade,
The darling of the warriors of Emain.

'The spouse of Lugaid son of Curoi,
During seven (short) days, delight of valour ;
Raise her pillar above her grave stone,
Dig ye her grave.'

Let (her grave) be dug.

Thereupon the grave of the girl was made beside the river, so that Cainner became the name of the river and Glen Cainner the name of the glen. And the hosts raised a great wail of sorrow over her, and Lugaid son of Curoi almost died lamenting her.

The Irish host immediately thereafter moved westwards across Glen Cainner, and on to the Glen of Destruction where many of the Irish chiefs were put to death, and across Glen Calraide where Calraide son of bald Birrach fell. And during that time the Gamhanraidh ceased not slaying and destroying

Highlands in this sense : *tha an crodh air theasdch*, said of cattle when they run under rocks or into sea or lake for shelter from the heat of the sun. In N.H. *teasach* is the usual word for 'fever.'

R . . . agus Ruicne an anamanna, agus im na tri gl*am*aib gaili a comgai. Agus do lodar a séin tar Muincinn iarthar siárthar co cathr*aig* Ratha Morgain, ris a n-abar Dun Flidaisi foltcaime, ar in sliab ós Loch Leitriach. Agus ro gabatar fir Erenn dunadh agus longport a timceall Ratha Morgain a n-es agus a thuaith.

Imthúsa Medba. Tug*ad* maithi an mór-sluaig i n-a pupall .i. Lugaid mac Conraí agus Aongus mac Misgedra agus Lugaid mac Nóis agus Loch mór mac Moda Feibis. Do cum*ad* comarle ag na maithib sin, uair do gab oman agus eagla uile iat ar b-faicsin dunaid Oilella Finn. Agus adubratar da m-beddis mait(h)i na Gamannraidi ar aén ré raibhi is in dúnadh nach fetfadís fir Erenn ni doibh. 'Ata liumsa comarle daib,' ar Meadb: 'curthar fesa agus techta uaímse d' á n-indsoige, agus taircter comhada mora doib, .i. d' Fhirdiadh mac Damhain agus do Cet mac Magach agus do Fraech mac Fidaigh agus do Aonghus mac Echtaigh. Agus is iad so na comadha, .i. righe na Gamanraidhi dá gach aein fher dib fo leith, agus feis a Cruachain do grés, agus cairdes mo
Column 68. shliasda-sa fos.'[1] Idubratar maithi b-fer n-Erenn gor maith an comarli sin. 'Cia dó racha leis in techtairecht sin?' ar cach. 'Cía no racha ann,' ar Meadb, 'acht Carra liath, an bain-echl*ach*?'

Agus ranic Carra liath roimpi co dúnad Fraoich mic Fidaigh, agus do innis dó na tosga im á tanic. Agus do fáem Fraoch na comtha sin focetóir. Agus ranic in echlach roimpe co dúnadh Firdiad, agus do can na comtha cetna fris. Agus do fáom Ferdiad uili iát. Cid tra acht nír fag*bad* taísech nonbar do'n Gamanraid gan agallaim, agus do gheall rige na Gamanraidi da gach áen fo leith do na laech[aib], agus do gellat-ar-sun uile comall do Meidb. Agus do treig*ed* Oilill Finn acu fo'n innus sin. Agus ní feider nech acu na comtha sin do

[1] Lit. 'thigh-alliance.' It will be remembered that at a later date, as recorded in *T. B. C.* p. 15, the unscrupulous Meave instructed MacRoth, her messenger, to offer, among other favours, her *cairdes sliasta* to Dáre of Cualgne for the loan of the famous bull, the Dond Cualgne. Nor will it be forgotten that she likewise promised the hand of her daughter Findabair to each warrior who would undertake to fight Cuchulainn at the Ford.

them, so that many of their chiefs fell, and among them Gris and R—— and Ruicne, the three satirists of Oilill and Meave, as also the three fierce hounds that guarded them. They went thereafter westward and still west across Muincenn to the stronghold of Fort Morgan, otherwise called Dun Flidais of the fair hair, on the hill above Loch Letriach. The men of Ireland pitched fort and camp around Fort Morgan south and north.

As to Meave. The chiefs of the great host were brought to her tent, viz., Lugaid son of Curoi, Angus son of Mesgedra, Lugaid son of Nos, and Loch the great son of Moda Feibis. These chiefs held counsel, for fear and dread seized them all upon seeing the fort of Oilill the Fair. They said that were the chiefs of the Gamhanraidh united with those in the fort the Irish host would be powerless against them. 'I have a plan for you,' said Meave: 'let messages and messengers be sent from me to them, and let liberal terms be offered them, *i.e.* to Ferdia son of Daman, and to Cet son of Magach, and to Fraoch son of Fidach, and to Angus son of Echtach. These are the terms, viz., the kingship of the Gamhanraidh to be offered to each of them, unknown to the others; and permanent quarters in Cruachan; and alliance with my blood in addition.' The Irish chiefs were all pleased with this proposal. 'Who will go with that message?' said they all. 'Who but grey Carra, the female messenger?' said Meave.

Grey Carra fared forth to Fraoch son of Fidach's castle, and told him of the purpose of her visit. Fraoch accepted the terms forthwith. She then went to the fort of Ferdia, and she mentioned the same conditions to him. Ferdia accepted them all. The end of it was that there was not a leader of nine men among the Gamhanraidh but she held parley with him, and promised to each of the heroes apart the kingship of the Gamhanraidh, and they all on their part promised to be loyal to Meave. They forsook Oilill the Fair in this wise. And not one of them knew that these terms were promised to any other save to himself alone. The she-

gealladh do neo(c)h eile acht do fén. Agus ranic an echlach roimpi co h-airm a raib Meadb agus maithi b-fer n-Erenn.

Imthúsa Oilella Finn. O t' connairc fir Erenn a timcell a dúnaidh tug*ad* a teglach agus a comarl*idi* cuigi. Agus is í comarli do cinnedh aca techta do cur ar cenn na Gamanraidi agus a radh riu la do gabail ris in t-sluag. Agus tug*ad* a dá prim echlach cuige, .i. Engán as a dún agus Edar as a gl*inn*.[1] Agus do cuirestar iad fo thechta co Ros Inb*ir*-dá-égonn[2] ris a n-abar Es R*uaidh*, co da mac Curnáin cos-duib, .i.[3] co h-Aengus agus co h-Aedh; co macr*aid* muigi h-Eine, agus co miledaib muige cetne; gus na secht m-Breislennaib Breifne con a tri cetaib curad comanmann *etar* sl*iabh* agus muir; co Cornan cos-dub; co Druimn . . . slig*ech*; co Dartadh na Díbeirge con a macaib, .i. gus na da Ruadh, agus co h-Íath*a* mac n-Edarbha, agus co Dun Ceinn-cunga codha, agus co h-Aínchinn codha ingen Guill Oilech; co B.. rad.. muigi h-Oilech, agus co h-aés grada Oilella Finn o loch co fairgi agus o neimthinn co dún; co secht macaib Ailella Finn con a secht cetaib *curad* coimlenmana, agus co Gamain na Sidgaile co Dún-cinn-t-sléibi con a *cet* G*amain* ré greasacht, agus co Duban mac an gamna co Dun-draighin; gus na secht Fosgamnaib Irruis im Gamain Ruadh na Rée, co Dún-dá-os; gus na seacht n-Ech*aid* Ímrinn, co Dun-an-aéinfhir, agus gus na secht n-Dartad*a* Ailella
Column 64. Finn, co Dun Inb*ir*-da-es; co h-Eadarbha mac Nuath*a*[4] co dún; co h-Ilar Nuath*a* mac n-Eadarba go ghlenn. Agus do imgedar iár sin.

Et ro ladh Eangán an prím echlach eile siár-des ar ceann na blóidhi do búi budh des do'n Gamanraid,—co h-Aedh mac

[1] The mustering of the Gamhanraidh detailed here first in prose and afterwards, after the manner of Gaelic Sagas, repeated in verse, contains several anomalies which a parallel version, if we possessed one, might help to remove. But the description, as it stands, is important, as well as of great interest. An Irish scholar, familiar with the north-west of Ireland, could no doubt identify several places named here which are unknown to me. *Corr-shleibhe* is usually Anglicised 'Curlew Hill,' and *Cruach* (a stack-like hill) *Phadraig*, 'Croagh Patrick.' The translations offered of several of the topographical terms may not in every case be correct. On Gaelic ground *ros* occurs in place-names with two meanings, 'wood,' and 'large broad promontory.' In the latter sense, cf. for Scotland the *Ross* of Mull and the *Ross* of North Knapdale. I have rendered *dà* invariably by 'two.' Possibly this was the original meaning, but the word is used often in our names where the 'two' idea seems quite unsuitable.

messenger then returned to where Meave and the Irish chiefs were.

As to Oilill the Fair. When he saw the Irish host around his castle he summoned his household and his counsellors. They after deliberation resolved to send messengers to the Gamhanraidh asking them to fix a day (for mustering) with the people. His two chief messengers were summoned—Engan out of his fort and Edar out of his glen. And they were sent with messages to Ros Inver-two-salmon (now) called Assaroe, to the two sons of Curnan black-foot, viz., Angus and Aodh; to the youth of the plain of Eine, and to the soldiers of the same plain; to the seven Breislenns of Breifne with their three hundred champions of like name, from hill to sea; to Curnan black-foot; to D... Sligech (?Shell Ridge); to Dartadh of Diberg with his sons, viz., the two Reds; to Iatha son of Etarbha, to the fair fort of Cunga-head, to the lovely Ainchend daughter of Goll Oilech, to B . . . of the plain of Oilech; to the loyal friends of Oilill the Fair, from lake to sea and from grove to castle; to the seven sons of Oilill the Fair with their following of seven hundred champions; to Gaman of Sidgal in Dun-end-hill with his hundred impetuous Gamans; to Duban son of Gaman in Dun-thorn; to the seven Fosgamans of Erris, with the Red Gaman of Rea in Dun-two-stags; to the seven Echaids of Imrenn in Dun-one-man; to the seven Dartadhs of Oilill the Fair in Dun Inver-two-cataracts; to Etarbha son of Nuatha in his *dùn*; to Ilar Nuatha son of Etarbha in his glen. He (Edar) thereupon departed.

And Engan, the other chief messenger, went in a south-westerly direction for the portion of the Gamhanraidh who lived to the south, viz., Aodh son of Echtach in Dun-round-

For the prevalence and use of *dà* in Gaelic topography cf. a valuable paper by the Rev. T. Olden, D.D. (*Proc. R. I. A.*, 3rd ser., vol. iv., No. 5).

[2] Cf. the Ossianic Ballads Book of the Dean of Lismore, pp. 14, 46, Gaelic Text:

'Aig Eas-Ruaidh nan eagan mall.'
'Dà eagan Eas Mhic Bhadhairn (V°Mowrn).'

[3] MS. 7 = *agus*, 'and,' but in error clearly for .i. = 'that is,' 'viz.'

[4] Here and elsewhere it is doubtful whether one should read Nuatha or n-Uatha

Echtaigh co Dun-coirr-sleibi; co Cairbri na[1] comhl*ann* mac Dubthaich co Dun-croim-glinne; co Muredach meann mac Oilella Finn co dúnadh Sleibi-móir, fris a n-abar Maigh-shl*íab*; co Fídh*ach* folt-ruadh co dúnadh Leitriach; co Moncha co Moid(h)ghlinn; co h-Áongas mac Echtaigh co h-Árainn; co Ros mac Rogamna co Boirinn iárthar; co h-Uada n-echtach mac Roigh co Boirinn airthir; co Rod mac Rosa co sl*íab* Rod; co Mongach milidh co h-Inb*ir*, agus co h-Aongas mac Ailella Finn co Dun-gleóire, agus co secht macaibh Ibra chaein[2] go Glenn-esa-cain; co Failbe Ros mac Duib-da-tonn co Ros n-air; co Fraoch mac Fidaigh co Port Eoruis; co h-Edarua mac Nuath*a* agus co dá ingin Eadarbha co Glenn-coibidh; co Béc co Boirinn; agus co h-Illann mac n-Echtaig co Leitir Finn; co Genann mac Faob*ar* co Leitir n-Genaind; co Ruadh na Rée co Dun-os*ra*, ris an abar Cruach Padraig; co Cobthach Cinn-t-sáile co Dun-airthir; co Conn[3] Cimidh; co Modha Mighnél; co Caeí caéin-bhreth*ach* mac Fid*aigh* co Leitir Caéin; co h-Eó agha mac Fidaigh co Dun-mag-rois; co h-Uamn*a* *ingin* Fidaigh co Dun Inbir-da-tonn; co secht maca Ibra agus co h-a caill[4]; co Goll Acla; gus na secht n-Dubaib a h-Inis Caéin iarthar; gus na secht Teimen a h-Inis Caéin airthir; gus na secht n-Árconaib a h-Oilén Muighi mín; gus na secht n-Arconaib o Inis an Sgáil; gus na secht Finnaib ó Inis Finnáin; co h-Eitni n-ó derg co Dun Treath*na*; go Th*uaidh* go Leitir-m-Bel*aigh*; go Fiachr*a* Finn mac Faobh*ar* co Dún Fiachra; co tri Fosgámnaib Irruis co Dún-mór; co Fer-n-derg mac n-Dol*air* co Dún-derg; co Dubhthach n-dubhdha co Dun-an-aeinfir; co Domnall n-Dualbuide co righ na Gamanraidi co Dún Tuaithi; co Fer-n-diadh mac n-Damain co Dún-na-ce*nn*; co Guás agus co Gosa co
Column 65. dá mac Firdhiadh; co Flann Fada mac Fidaigh co cathr*aig* Crunn-sléibe; co Muincenn mil*idh* co Dún-os-loch; co Daire n-Derg co Dun Daire; co Gulb*ann* n-glais; co Findch*an* na f*ert*; co Dartadh na Dibeirge.

[1] MS. reads *an*, but cf. corresponding passage in verse below, p. 130.
[2] MS. reads *chinn*, but cf. corresponding passage in verse below, p. 132.
[3] MS. reads *choin*, but cf. corresponding passage in verse below, p. 132.

hill; to the stout warrior Cairbre son of Dubthach in Dun-curve-glen; to Muiredach the stammerer son of Oilill the Fair in the fort of Great-hill called Plain-hill; to red-haired Fidach in the fort of Leitriach; to Moncha in Moy-glen; to Angus son of Echtach in Aran; to Ros son of Great-gaman in Wester-Boirenn; to the stalwart Uada son of Roigh in Easter-Boirenn; to Rod son of Ros in Rod-hill; to Mongach the warrior in Inver; to Angus son of Oilill the Fair in Dun-gleor; to the seven sons of gentle Ibar in Glen of lovely cataract; to Failbe Ros son of Black-of-two-waves in Ros of slaughter; to Fraoch son of Fidach in Port Erris; to Etarbha son of Nuatha and to the two daughters of Etarbha in Glen-coibedh; to Beo in Boirenn; to Illann son of Echtach in Finn-letter; to Genann son of Faobhar in Letter-Genann; to the Red of Rea in Dun-osra, called Croagh Patrick; to Cobthach of Kintail in Dun-Easter; to Conn Cimidh; to Modha Mighnel; to the mild-judging Caei son of Fidach in Letter-caei; to warlike Eo son of Fidach in Dun-ros-plain; to Uamna daughter of Fidach in Dun Inver-two-waves; to the seven sons of Ibar, and to Achill; to Goll Acla; to the seven Blacks from Wester Fair Isle; to the seven Teimens from Easter Fair Isle; to the seven Bloodhounds from Isle Smooth-plain; to the seven Watch-dogs from Shadow Isle; to the seven Finns from Finnan's Isle; to red-eared Eitnē in Dun Treathan; to Tuaidh in Gap-letter; to Fiachra the Fair son of Faobhar in Dun Fiachra; to the three Fosgamans of Erris in Dunmore; to Ferderg (red man) son of Dolar in Red-fort; to Dubthach the black in Dun-one-man; to Donald Yellowlocks king of the Gamhanraidh in Dun Tuaith; to Ferdia son of Daman in Dun-of-the-heads, and to his two sons Guas and Gosa; to Flann the tall son of Fidach in the fort of Crunn-hill; to Muincenn the warrior in Dun-above-loch; to Daire the red in Dun Daire; to Gulbann the grey; to Findchan of the tombs; to Dartadh of Diberg.

[4] The reading is clear, but v. below, p. 134, n. 1. Probably the phrase in both cases may be a proper name: *go h-Acaill*, 'to Achill.'

Is siad so maithi na Gamanraidi a neoch do h-áirmed dib ar Tanaig bó Flidaise. Agus nír h-áirmed ann sin acht a maithi agus a mór-uaisle, a triatha agus a tren-fhir, a coimside agus a comairlide. Is airi sin do rinne Ailill mac Fhirda-loch in fili an snaithe *forcetail*-si, .i. *mac mathar*[1] do Cet mac Mágach esen, conadh eadh aspert :—

'Comlai, a Engain, imtigh uaim,
Agus toirchi let ar sluag;
Dena dunn, digrais an modh,
Tinol agus toichestol.

'Ataid sunna sluag, dar lem,
Cetri n-oll-coicid n-Erenn,
Im Oilill, im Meidb do'n Muig,
Im Oengas lonn, im Luchaid.

'Um na Mainibh, mor a cath;
Is im secht macuib Magach;
Tri deich cet Galian go m-bladh,
Im secht righ do Domnannchaib.

'Fuilit *fr*ancamhus[2] Medbha,
Mór feidm fuil*it* a femda;
Fuilit tri deich cet fo shecht,
Do sluag Ulad a n-aein fhecht.

'Fuilmid-ni sunn doib mar doigh,
Innis let do'n Gamanr*oid*,
Mad cian ar n-urn*uidhi* sunn,
Sinn araba i n-anforlonn.

'Eirg co Dun-corr-sleibhi cain,
Tabair let Oedh mac Echtaigh;
Go Dun-croim-glinni gan coll,
Taphair Cairbri na coml*onn*.

'Eirc go dunadh Sleibi-moir,
Go Muiredhach mil*id* slo*ig*;
Eirg go Dun Letr*iach* re luad,
Tabair let Fidac folt r*uadh*.

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[1] The MS. $\overline{mc}$ $\overline{mr}$ I take to be for *mac mathar*. This means that the poet and Cet son of Magach were sons of the same mother.

[2] The reading is clear but the phrase is obscure to me.

These are the chiefs of the Gamhanraidh who were enumerated in the Raid of the cows of Flidais. And no one was included in that muster save their chiefs and great nobles, their princes and mighty men, their lords and counsellors. And this was the subject of that thread of instruction which the poet Ailill son of Fer-da-loch (Lord of two lakes), and uterine brother to Cet son of Magach, composed, in which he said:—

'Up, Engan, and away!
Summon our people;
Make for us, as hastily as possible,
Their gathering and muster.

'Here are of hosts, I ween,
The four great provinces of Ireland,
Commanded by Oilill and Meave from Magh (Ai);
By fierce Angus and Lugaid.

'By the seven Maines renowned in war,
By the seven sons of Magach;
Three thousand brave Galians,
Under seven chiefs of Domnann race.

'There are . . . of Meave,
Their strength and efficiency are great,
Three thousand seven times told,
Of Ultonians here in one camp.

'We are here to meet them, as you see us,
You can tell the Gamhanraidh,
If we have to wait for them long,
We will be then in evil case.

'Go to Dun-round-hill the fair,
Summon to your side Aodh son of Echtach;
Go without danger to Dun-curve-glen,
Fetch the stout warrior Cairbre.

'Go to the fort of Great-hill,
To Muiredach, leader of hosts;
To Dun Leitriach of fame,
For Fidach the red-haired.

'Aigill re n-dula ar an linn,
Muncha mac Moda ó Moiglin;
Roich síar go h-Arainn ar sin,
Tabair let Oedh mac Echtaigh.

'Go Boirinn iarthar na mara,
Go Ros ruadh mac Rogamna;
Go Boirinn airthir go n-agh
Go h-Ugha n-echtach n-imlan

'Go Rod mac Rosa go a sliab,
Nach imfarochi go roichian;
Tadhaill a Sonnach ar sin,
Tabair let Mongach milid.

'Oengus mac Ailella Finn,
Tuc lat ó Dun-gleóiri grinn;
Erigh go Druim-essa-caein
Co secht macaib Ibra chaein.

'Go Failbhe Ros go Ros n-air,
Mac Duib-da-tonn taod 'n ar n-dáil
Erg go Port Eorais ar sin,
Tabair let Fraoch mac Fidaigh.

'Eirc gu Dun Cinn-cunga cain
Go h-Edtarbha mac Nuatha;
Aiccill Eabha an gaisced grinn;
Tabair let Beg a Boirinn.

'Roich go Leitir, lith go n-gail,
A fuil Genonn mac Faobar;
Go Gamain Rúadh na Réi riam,
Go Dun-da-os os ri sliab.

Column 66.

'Go Cobthach caom Cinn-t-saile,
Co Dun-oirtir go n-aine;
Go Conn Cimedh cetaib cured,
Roich go Moda Midh. . . .[1]

'Go Dun-mag-rois, miadh gan ail,
Go h-Eo n-adha mac Fidaigh;
Go Dun Inbir-da-thonn tra
Go h-Uamna ingin Iubra.

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[1] MS. gives midhusg. In the corresponding prose passage (p. 128) the reading *mighnel* is quite clear.

'Before venturing on the wave
Visit Muncha son of Moda in Moy-glen;
Go then westward to Aran,
And bring hither Aodh son of Echtach.

'Reach Wester Boirenn by the sea,
Where dwells Ros son of Great-gaman;
Go to Easter Boirenn, and luck attend you,
For the excellent and stalwart Uada.

'Seek Rod son of Ros in his hill,
From which there is no distant prospect;
Thereafter visit Sonnach,
And fetch hither the warrior Mongach.

'Angus son of Ailill the Fair
Bring from the beautiful Dun-gleor;
Go to Ridge of lovely cataract,
To the seven sons of fair Ibar.

'From Failbe Ros in Ros of slaughter,
Guide the son of Black-of-two-waves to us;
Then on to Port Erris,
And bring with you Fraoch son of Fidach.

'Go to the fair fort of Cunga-head,
To Etarbha son of Nuatha;
Interview Eabha the fine warrior,
Bring with you Beg from Boirenn.

'Reach Letter, delight and valour,
Where Genann son of Faobhar abides;
To the Red Gaman of Rea, ever his own,
In Dun-two-stags above Royal-hill.

'To the dear Cobthach of Kintail,
In Dun-Easter with splendour;
To Conn Cimidh with his hundreds of champions
To Modha Mighnel hasten.

'To Dun-ros-plain, honour without reproach,
To the warlike Eo son of Fidach;
To Dun Inver-two-waves also,
To Uamna daughter of Iubar.

'Go secht macuib Iubra uill,
As an uam a h-a cuill;[1]
Go Goll Acla, garg a gal,
Go ceitri cetuib curad.

'Eirc co h-íarthar Insi Caein,
Tuc let na tri Duib a Daeil;
A h-Ines Caein oirrthir ain,
Na secht Téimin *gan* trom-grain.

'Na secht n-Archoin con a m-brich,
Tuc a h-Oilen Muichi mín;
Na secht n-Árcoin Innsi an Scail;
Na secht Finn Innsi Finnain.

'Go Dun Treathna go Trethna,
Go h-Ethne n-ó derc n-echdha;
Go Cern . . . go Tuaidh d' á tich,
Tuc let an da ban Tuat*ha*.

'Roich gó a Dún, garg a ghal,
Go Fiachra Finn faebar-glan;
Eirg go Dún-mór ní mad fuis,
Go tri Fosghamn*aib* Irruis.

'Roich go Fer-n-derg co a Dun,
Go mac n-Dolair, aidble rúin;
Go Dun-an-aeinfhir thall tra,
Ait ata Dubthach dubgá.

'O Dun Tuathí[2] *gan* tuile
Tuc let Domnall Dúalbuide;
Innis do'n rig *go* méd n-glonn,
Misi sunn a n-anforlond.

'Roich go Dun-na-*cenn gan* cradh,
Tuc let Ferdiadh mac Damain;
Tegad a dá mac a mach,
Guás is Gosa gab*al*tach.

'Go cath*raig* Crund-sléibi caein,
Go Flann fada mac Fidaigh;
Go Muincinn an milid mer,
Go (Dun)-ós-loch no-s-láiter.

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[1] The reading is cuill, v. *supra* p. 129, n. 4.

'To the seven sons of the majestic Iubar
From the cave, from Achill;
To Goll Acla, fierce his valour,
With his four hundred champions.

'Go to west of Fair Isle,
Bring with you the three Blacks from Daal;
From the splendid easter Fair Isle
The seven Teimens with cordiality.

'The seven Bloodhounds with their forces,
Bring from Isle Smooth-plain;
The seven Watchdogs of Shadow Isle;
The seven Finns from Finnan's Isle.

'To Dun Treathan to Trethan,
To valiant red-eared Ethne;
To Cern . . . to Tuaidh should you come
Bring with you the two women of Tuaidh.

'Reach his Dun, stern his valour,
Fiachra the Fair, of keen blade;
Go to Dunmore without resting,
To the three Fosgamans of Erris.

'Go to Ferderg in his Dun,
To the son of Dolar of vast schemes;
To Dun-one-man also,
The seat of Dubthach the black.

'From Dun Tuaithi without violence
Invite hither Donald Yellowlocks;
Tell the king of mighty deeds,
That I am here in great straits.

'Reach Dun-of-the-heads with alacrity,
And bring Ferdia son of Daman;
As also his two sons,
Guas and Gosa the aggressive.

'To the fort of fair Crunn-hill,
To Flann the tall son of Fidach;
To Muincenn the wild warrior,
To (Dun)-above-loch where he bides.

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[2] MS. *nath*. But the king's seat is elsewhere always *Dun Tuaithi*.

'Eirg go Dub*án* méd n-gail,
Mac an gamna a Dún-draigin,
Do-m-roich*ed* an laoch alle,
Go lin slóig is socraide.

'Go Daire n-derg, co[1] a Dun;
Go Gulbann n-glais,[2] tairbe a run;
Go Finnchan na fert malle;
Go Dartadh na Dibheirge.

'Tri cet fer le gach aon dibh
Do churadaib re coimrím[3];
Abar riu sin rad gan gaei;
Eirg ar a ceann is comlaí.'

Comlai.

Imtusa Engain. Ro imt*hig* sen roimhe d'innsuige na Gamanraidi in gach inadh a m-batar, .i. o Drobais a tuaidh go Boirinn iarthar budh des, agus o Léim Conculainn go Ros-da-rochoil*ledh* ris in abartar Luimn*ech*,[4] agus go sliab Liath-chos mic Luibn*igh*, fris an abartar sliab na h-Es*air*ge adfhuaire, agus go portuib diamra dath-ailli dluth-coilltec(h)a Daimh-innsi, agus o beinn oibinn osg*ach*-buain aird-radharc*aich* Ech-lapra go portuib tarcartacha[5] tonn-gorma traicht-geala Toir-innsi a tuaiscert muighe cric(h)-lethain cetne, oir bá e sin
Column 67. crich agus caeim-fherann na Gamanraidi. A n-imtusa go n-uige sin.

[1] MS. adds *no* in, or 'in.'
[2] MS. indistinct.
[3] MS. indistinct.

'Reach Duban of great prowess,
Son of Gaman in Dun-thorn;
Let the hero come to me here,
With all his host and troops.

'Find Daire the red in his Dun;
Gulbann the grey, resolute in purpose;
Findchan of the tombs besides;
And Dartadh of Diberg.

'Three hundred champions with each of them,
Such is their muster;
Deliver to these this message of verity;
Go to seek them, and away!'

Up!

As to Engan. He fared forth towards the Gamhanraidh to their several habitations, from the river Drowes in the north to Wester Boirenn in the south, and from Cuchulainn's Leap to Ros of two great forests called Luimnech, and to the hill of Grey-foot son of Luibnech, called the hill of the very bleak Esarg; and to the secluded lovely-hued thick-wooded havens of Devenish; and from the delightful ever-sheltered wide-viewing peak of Echlapar to the rich (?) blue-waved white-beached harbours of Tor-isle in the north of the same extensive plain; for this was the territory and goodly land of the Gamhanraidh. Their proceedings thus far.

[4] MS. Luimnl.
[5] O'R. gives *turchar* and *turchairt*, 'wealth,' 'abundance.'

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS OF CLASSICAL WRITERS ON THE HABITS OF THE CELTIC NATIONS, AS ILLUSTRATED FROM IRISH RECORDS

ELEANOR HULL

(*Continued from p.* 76.)

We now turn to the observations of the classical writer on the Celtic methods of warfare. Diodorus speaks of the use of chariots of war drawn by two horses, which carry the warrior and his charioteer into battle, after which the fighting man leaps from the chariot and sets to with his sword. He speaks of their ornamented shields and horned helmets, of the many-coloured, embroidered garment and hose, of their lack of armour, except sometimes an iron breastplate, and of the fierce energy which causes them at times to fight entirely unclothed. He speaks of the battle being a series of single combats, rather than a general engagement, of the long trumpet, of the great size of their swords, shaped so as to tear as well as cut, of their lance or javelin, and of the terrific brandishing of the weapons to inspire terror in the enemy. Lastly, he speaks of their fearlessness of death on their own behalf, which he ascribes to the belief in transmigration of souls (a doctrine undoubtedly held in some form by the pagan Irish), and of their horrid pride in the number of their victims, which led them to carry about and preserve the heads of the slain, and to exhibit them in triumph, as the trophies of their valour.

Let me recall to mind the well-known picture of the dying Gaul, called in former times the dying Gladiator. It will be remembered that he wears round the neck the golden twisted torque, so familiar to Irish art, and common to all Celtic gold-producing countries. Beside him lies the long battle-horn, exactly similar to those used in Ireland, and of which many examples are to be seen in the National Museum in Dublin. The hair is brushed back straight from the brow, recalling the

words of Diodorus Siculas: 'For stature they are tall, but of a pale complexion, red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavour all they can to make it redder by art. They often wash the hair in a water boiled with lime and turn it back from the forehead to the crown of the head, and thence to their very necks, that their faces may be more fully seen, so that they look like satyrs or hobgoblins. By this sort of management their hair is as hard as a horse's mane.' Diodorus adds that 'persons of quality shave their chins close, but their mustachios they let fall so low, that they even cover their mouth. Some shave the beard; others let it grow a little.'

We do not hear in Ireland of the dyeing of the hair, so far as I am aware, though ladies of quality dyed their eyelashes black and their finger-nails red, but if it was the custom to dye the hair, it would afford a natural explanation of the three shades of Cuchulain's hair, which is so often insisted upon. 'Three hues were in the hair of Cuchulain; close to his head it was brown, ruddy in the middle, and on the outside golden; like a diadem of gold it covered him, as it fell down free and loose between his shoulders' (*Táin*, line 2713). Elsewhere, when excited by battle, it is said that his hair stood up or became tangled about his head, so that had an apple-tree been shaken over it never an apple would have fallen to the ground, but would have been caught and held on each separate hair of his head. This, in the Irish writer's exaggerated manner of expressing things, seems to bear out the remark of Diodorus about the stiffening of the hair with lime so that it became hard as a horse's mane, and the flinging of it back away from the forehead (*Táin*, line 2617; cf. *Tógail Bruidne Dá Derga*, Stokes, p. 73, § 85; p. 87, § 97; p. 103, § 105).

The fairness or ruddiness of the Irish heroes is constantly insisted upon. The hair is usually spoken of as red or golden, whether the description be that of a man or of a woman, and the same characteristic is retained in the accounts of the *sídh* or 'shee-folk,' or early gods; red or yellow is evidently the favourite colour. A black-haired person is usually possessed of some corresponding dark and evil qualities. That Cuchulain

is in one place described as 'a sad, dark man,' is puzzling, as he is almost uniformly elsewhere said to be fair.

But the wearing of the moustache seems to have been universal, and it was regarded as a sign of manliness. Cuchulain, in the war of the *Táin*, was so ashamed that on account of his extreme youthfulness his moustache had not yet grown, that before he showed himself to the women, he had one painted on with blackberry juice. In the battle of Moira, fought in the north of Ireland in 637 A.D., it is said that the druid who was sent to reconnoitre the hosts of the High-King of Erin for the provincial King of Ulster, against whom he was fighting, was dismayed at the ferocious appearance of the troops, 'what with their tufted moustachios and long beards hanging to their waists, and overhanging eyebrows, and what with the strangeness of their short gathered vests and their gold-embroidered cloaks of black sheepskin thrown over their shoulders.'

But to return for a moment to the Dying Gaul. It will be noticed that the figure is unclothed, this being no doubt the reason that it was for so long a time supposed to be that of one of the gladiators, who fought in the shows unprotected by any clothing whatever. But our author mentions that though some of the Gauls wear iron breastplates, hooked, 'others, content with what nature affords them, fight naked' (see also Livy, xxii. 46), and this observation is amply borne out by the Irish tales. Had we no actual historical record of the circumstance, we should imagine that such a sentence as the following from the *Destruction of Dá Derga's Hostel* was merely a heightening of the effect on the part of the Irish writer: 'This was the way that the king and his followers took to Tara, past Usnech of Meath; and they saw the raiding from east to west and from south to north, and they saw the war-bands and the hosts, and the men stark-naked; and the land of the southern O'Neills was a cloud of fire around him,' § 25, p. 24. But with the testimony of the Latin writer before us, and several other examples from Irish literature itself, we can scarcely doubt that it is a record

of actual conditions. In the *Táin*, Mac Roth sees coming in furious wise into the battle 'a wild red-naked man in a chariot without weapons, without a fragment of clothing, and only a spit of iron in his hand.'[1] So the fine old warrior, Iliach mac Cas, according to one manuscript, launches himself into the fray in his ancient chariot, long unused, drawn by a pair of withered and wasted old horses, that were wearing out their existence on the seashore. Without cushions under him at all he stood in his chariot, taking with him a rough shield of iron in one hand, and a hilted formidable sword in his left. In the chariot were placed a pair of blunt, rickety-headed spears, rusty with age; and all the chariot was filled with stones, and great flat flags, heaped up around him. Thus accoutred, he went to attack the men of Erin; but apart from his sword and shield he appeared before them stark-naked. When the men of Erin saw him, they vented jeers and mockery; but at sight of him Méve said, 'Right glad indeed were I to have all Ulster come equipped even so into the field' (O'Grady in Hull's *Cuchullin Saga*, p. 200).

A striking passage is found at the beginning of the great battle of Gairech in the *Táin*, when, at the call of Cuchulain and his charioteer, the sleeping warriors spring to arms. Out of their tents they force their way with such ardour that they do not wait to seek the door, but from every direction assemble 'all stark-naked, only their weapons in their hands.' 'How do the men of Ulster arise to the battle, my charioteer Laegh?' inquires the hero, who himself is prostrate on his bed with his wounds. 'In manly wise they come forth,' said Laegh, 'every man stark-naked, and pressing through the side of the tent that is next to him.' It was evidently regarded as a sign of deadly earnest if a soldier waited not to clothe himself for the fight (*Táin*, p. 841, line 5806-5813).

It is difficult to imagine that in the numerous single combats at the ford made actually in the running water, with which all wars were interspersed, the combatants were always

[1] *Táin bó Cualnge*, Windisch's ed., xxii. p. 603, l. 4244.

impeded by dress, though in some instances we find that they entered the ford in full fighting array.

The courage of the Celt, and his utter disregard of danger, was frequently commented upon by his enemies. There is a fine story told by Cæsar in the *Gallic War* (Book VII. XXV.) of an incident observed by himself during his contest with Vercingetorix, when the Gauls were making their brave defence of the town of Avaricum. He says 'that he was watching a Gaul before the gate of the town flinging lumps of grease and pitch into the fire with which they were endeavouring to burn down the besieging Roman tower. The materials were passed from hand to hand, and while he was pouring them on to the flames, he was shot through on the right side by a scorpion and fell lifeless. Undaunted, the man next to him stepped into his place over his prostrate form, and quietly continued his work; he was immediately struck down, and a third succeeded to his place, and a fourth to the third, nor was the spot left empty by the defenders before the fire on the embankment had been put out, the enemy dislodged from every side, and an end made of the fighting.'

Cæsar ascribes their reckless disregard of death to the teaching of the druids that souls do not cease to exist after death, but pass from one body to another, which they looked upon as the greatest incentive to valour, and it is quite possible that this may have been one motive, but a more certain one is the fatalism of the Irish character, which comes out again and again in all their tales. 'What must be, must be,' is the perpetual undertone. 'There are two things that cannot be avoided, the time of birth and the time of death,' is a favourite saying. Congal Claen, before the battle of Moira, from which he knows full well that he can never return alive, replies to his druid who counsels him to avoid the battle and make peace with his adversary, with a spark of the courage of his ancestors; 'Tell me now, O druid, who of all my forbears has escaped dying at the last? It is profitless to fly from death, for flight never yet saved a

wretch; even though I fled from battle I must none the less find death elsewhere; and it were better for me to fall fighting with a good king like Donnell, and for the chiefs of Ulster likewise.' To the Irish warrior, and the whole race were warriors, to die on the battlefield was the only worthy way of departing from life, to die tamely in one's bed a shame and a disgrace. It was by no means in the way of congratulation, but in the way of reproach, that one monarch of Erin in the seventh century is chronicled to have died in this ignominious manner. I was struck the other day in reading the Irish historic romance of Cellachan of Cashel, a Munster prince in the Danish period, at the remark made on the death of a prince who reigned for twenty-seven years over Munster, that 'he died a natural death through the curse of great Ciaran the son of the Carpenter,' *i.e.* St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois. Such a death was evidently regarded as a misfortune.

'What do you fear the most?' was the question of Alexander the Great to some Celts (of Thrace) whom he had warred against by the Adriatic Sea, anticipating that they would reply, 'Yourself.' 'We fear nothing,' was the unexpected answer, 'unless it were that the heaven should fall upon us' (Strabo's *Geography*, Bk. VII. ch. iii. 8).

This primitive dread of a primitive people of the unknown and to them uncertain powers of nature, which alone they feared, is exactly paralleled by expressions in early Irish literature. It represents, indeed, a sort of proverbial manner of expressing their contempt of personal danger, and it is curious to find it so accurately reproduced in the writings of a Greek geographer, writing in the East in the first century. The habits and ideas of the wide-spread Celtic race seem to have been singularly homogeneous. Five times over in the *Táin* we have this precise expression, which also occurs in other semi-historic romances in Irish literature. When Sualtam, the mortal father of Cuchulain, hears of the distress that his son is in, under the pressure of long-continued and unequal combat, he exclaims, 'It is as though in the distance

the heavens were bursting, or the sea ebbing away, or the earth gaping, or is it the groaning of my son that I hear overmatched in the strife?' And when a little further on, Sualtam seeks help from the King of Ulster, who is lying prostrate in a trance, and riding up to the gates of the palace exclaims, 'Ailill and Meave have harried and driven you before them: your women, your little boys, your cattle, and your horses, they have carried away; in the gaps and passes of Muirthemne Cuchulain all alone holds back the forces of the four great provinces of Erin': the king half rousing himself out of his lethargy replies, 'The heavens are over our heads, the earth is under us, and the sea encompasses us round about; unless the heavens with their showers of stars were to fall to earth, unless the earth itself bursts about our feet, and unless the furrow-drawn, azure-rimmed surface of the ocean flows over the face of the universe, I will restore every cow and every woman again to her own byre and to her own dwelling-house' (see also Windisch's *Táin*, lines 5973, 5025, etc., and *Siege of Howth*, Stokes, *Rev. Celt.*, viii. p. 56).

The Irish soldier seems not to have worn armour, but to have depended upon his weapons and his immense shield, which covered the whole of the body, and was made, it appears, sometimes of metal, but more often of wicker covered with hides, and was often decorated with knobs, or with designs chased into the metal. The edges were sharp, and both the Irish and Roman writers speak of the danger of falling upon or being cut with the edge of the shield. But up to the time of the Norse invasions and, indeed, at no time whatever, did they wear body-armour, except in combats of special danger, on which occasions a breastplate was donned. They seem to have sometimes worn aprons of leather, covering and partly protecting the lower part of the body, but otherwise to have gone into battle in their ordinary dress. There is a note of surprise in the Irish historic tale called *Caithreim Callaghan Caisil*, which describes some Munster wars with the Danes, that the Irish hosts went out to meet the Danes 'with

neither helmets nor shining coats of mail, but only graceful tunics with smooth fringes, and shields, and beautiful, finely wrought collars to protect their bodies and necks and gentle heads,' whereas the Danes were arrayed in strong coats of mail, of thick black iron, and carried in their hands polished heavy battle shields, upon which the weapons of the Irish made little impression. There is no doubt that one cause of the success of the Danish hosts was due to the difference of armour; and I think also, that there is no doubt that it was the striking appearance of the Danish armies, entirely clad in dark metal armour, and not the colour of their skin or hair, which gained for them from the Irish the name of Dubh-Gaill, or Dark Foreigners. It seems to have been the first time that the Irish had been brought into contact with mail-clad troops.

The manner of their attack which most astonished the Romans was the fighting from war-chariots, which were often, like the chariots of the British followers of Boadicea, provided with scythes attached to the wheels, which made terrible havoc among the hosts of the enemy. 'The Gallic cavalry,' says Livy, 'charged the Roman legions by a method of fighting that was new to them, and which threw the ranks into confusion. A number of the enemy, mounted on chariots and cars, made towards them with such a prodigious clatter from the trampling of the horses and rolling of the wheels, as affrighted the horses of the Romans, unaccustomed to such tumultuous operations' (Bk. x. ch. xxviii.). Tearing their way through the ranks, the Roman soldiers were trampled and bruised to death. Cæsar, in the Gallic War, also comments on the terrific effect produced by an onset of the war-chariots of the Britons. 'The following,' he says, 'is the way in which they fight from war-chariots. First, they ride up and down in every direction, hurling their darts, and through the mere terror inspired by the horses and rattling of the wheels, they throw the ranks into confusion. When they have wound themselves in among the squadrons of the cavalry, they leap down from their chariots, in such a

way that if the fighting men are pressed by the multitude of the enemy, they may have a ready retreat to their own men. In this way they exhibit the quickness of cavalry and the steadiness of infantry in battle, and such is their power from daily practice and exercise, that they are wont to check their horses at full gallop on a steep downward slope, and guide and turn them within the narrowest space. They run along the pole and stand on the yoke, and betake themselves from there into the chariots with the greatest rapidity' (*Gallic War*, Bk. IV. ch. XXXIII.). The terror inspired by the Celtic chariots, their furious onsets, accompanied by whoopings and songs, the shaking of their shields above their heads, and the brandishing of their weapons, is commented on by several Roman historians (see Livy, Bk. XXI. ch. XXVIII.; Tacitus, *Life of Agricola*, ch. XXXVI.; *ibid.*, ch. XII).

We turn to the Irish tales, confining our parallels to the single account given of Cuchulain's scythed chariot in the *Táin Bó Cualnge* (Windisch's edition, p. 352, l. 2525, *et seq.*; O'Grady in Hull's *Cuchullin Saga*, pp. 174-176).

The scythed chariot seems only to have been used on occasions of special importance, and it was at a moment of urgency that Cuchulain said to Laegh, his charioteer, '"O my tutor Laegh, canst thou tackle for us the scythed chariot—that is, if thou hast with thee the equipment and gear of the same?" Then Laegh arose, and put on his charioteer's accoutrement, and he threw over the horses their iron coats of mail, adorned with gold, which covered them from the forehead down to the tail, defended with little blades, little spikes, little lances, and hard-pointed spears; so that every movement of the chariot brought a spike near to one, so that every corner, every face, every point, every side of this chariot was a path of laceration for the flesh. . . . Then sprang Cuchulain of the weapon-feats into the scythed chariot, with its iron syckles, with its thin-edged knives, with its hooks, its hard spit-spikes, its hero's weapons, its contrivances for opening, its sharp nails that studded its axles and straps, and its curved sides and tackle. Then he delivered his thunder-feat of a hundred, of two

hundred, of three hundred, until he rested at the thunder-feat of five hundred, because he felt that in this his first set-to and grappling with the hosts of the four provinces of Erinn, a number such as this must fall by his hand. With such impulse did he drive forward his chariot, that the ruts made by the wheels as he passed along might have served for earth-works or lines of defence, so high were the stones and earth flung up on either side. For he was resolved that on that day the men of Erinn should not escape him; therefore he charged round them in a circle, on either hand piling up a fence of the bodies of his enemy. Thrice in this wise he made a circuit of the host, and he laid them, three lying upon three, all along his path.' Allowing for the poetical enlargements with which the Irish story-teller thought fit to adorn his tale, this description does tally exceedingly closely with the account of the Roman writers; and we can imagine with what terrific force a whole body of such armed chariots would have borne down upon the terrified enemy. It is not often that the Roman authorities allow that their own soldiers gave way to fear, but they never mention the armed chariot without a confession of the terror that it inspired in their ranks. The brandishing of the weapons over the head, and the terrific war-whoops that preceded an onset, are also frequently commented upon.

A battle was, in ancient Ireland, a long series of single combats, between heroes as evenly matched as possible; and while these combats were proceeding the whole host on either side drew up to watch the combatants, cheering them on or shouting cries of derision when the warriors engaged showed fine sword or javelin play, or otherwise. Thus a battle might be lengthened out for many days without any general engagement, but it usually ended by a general *mêlée*, when the chief combatants had fallen or the fight could not be decided by single encounters. This method of fighting is that described, not only in the romances, but in such historical tales as the Battle of Moira. The weapons used were, as is remarked by classical writers, broad blunt swords, javelins, and spears.

Sharp-edged shields often inflicted severe wounds, being thrown at the adversary. Frequently the weapons had several barbs, which tore the flesh horribly, or they opened in the body, and emitted darts. Broad blunt swords, still used in the time of Tacitus, who speaks of 'the enormous British swords, blunt at the point' (*Life of Agricola*, ch. xxxvi.), though mentioned in various tales, seem at an early period in Ireland to have been given up in favour of lighter and sharp weapons. Tradition ascribes the change to the Tuatha Dé Danann, who introduced the use of light spears, and these were so much admired by the earlier inhabitants, that they adopted the practice of making and using them (see LL., p. 8, col. i., lines 33-38; *Cóir Anmann*, ed. by Whitley Stokes, art. 268 and 259; for barbed weapons, *Cóir Anmann*, art. 41, *Táin Bó Cualnge*, Windisch, p. 365, 555, etc.).

The mention of helmets with horns by Diodorus is interesting. In the *Cóir Anmann* or explanation of Irish names, we hear of a helmet with two horns of silver, and a horn of gold (art. 256).

So far as I am aware, the Irish method of fighting at the fords is not mentioned by classical writers, though it seems to have been a constant practice, if we are to judge by the stories. The habit seems to have grown, as is hinted in Cuchulain's *Boy Feats*, out of the necessity for watching the frontiers of the province, of which the rivers probably formed a natural boundary. The stream itself may have been looked upon as neutral ground between the two borders. It appears to have been quite sufficient to go down to one of these frontier streams to find some combatant whom it was possible to provoke to single combat (see *Táin*, Faraday, p. 28, where the business of watching at a ford is to protect any one who should come with poetry, or to fight against a man).

When Cæsar avers that as a rule some war occurred every year before his coming to Britain, he states the case mildly; Conall Cernach boasts that never a single day passes but he kills some Connaught warrior, and year by year at the public assemblies of Ulster, the tongues of enemies slain by Ulster

warriors were exhibited as tokens of valour. So anxious were they to produce a sufficient number of these ghastly memorials, that when the number was smaller than usual, or some warrior had been less lucky than his wont, he would endeavour to conceal the deficiency by adding the tongues of animals, in the hope that in the reckoning it might pass unobserved. The accounts of Diodorus in these respects are by no means overdrawn (see also Livy, Bk. x. chap. xxvi.). On the return of the young Cuchulain from his first day's combat, his chariot is said to be 'graced with the bleeding heads of his enemies.' Conall Cernach comes to a feast carrying the dripping head of Aluan of Connaught in his hand, and on another occasion, when he meets the wife of the King of Leinster, his enemy, he plucks the head of her husband from his belt and holds it up before her; at the king's palace in Ulster, a whole hall was set apart for the preservation of these horrid trophies, which were, as Diodorus says, carefully preserved and named (see also Strabo, Bk. IV. chap. iv., § 5. Strabo, quoting from Posidonius, says that he was at first shocked at these spectacles, but that they were so common that he became, in the end, hardened to them. It would seem, too, that Diodorus is perfectly correct in his observation that the names of the slain warriors whose heads were kept was recorded. In the Scoto-Irish poem called 'The Lay of the Heads' uttered by Conall Cernach after his 'Red Rout' made to avenge the death of his comrade, Cuchulain, he brings in the heads of those he has slain on a withe, and recites to Emer, wife of the dead hero, the names and accomplishments of each warrior in turn, as he holds up the scalp before her. A very similar poem is to be found in the historic Irish romance, *The Wars of Cellachan of Cashel against the Danes*, recently published by Dr. Alexander Bugge. Here, so late as the middle of the tenth century, we have exactly the same thing represented as taking place. Cellachan has been taken prisoner by the Norsemen of Dublin, and is brought to the 'green of the city' (still called College Green), when he sees a number of the enemy coming in, each with

a head in one hand and spoils in the other, to present to the Danish chieftain the trophies of war. In a poem probably formed consciously on that of the 'Lay of the Heads,' the warriors ask Cellachan in turn whose is the head he is carrying, and the Munster prince is forced to give the name and description of each of his own followers, who has fallen in the battle. At length, able no longer to bear the dreary recital, he exclaims, 'Show me no more of the heads, for I cannot endure to look on them. And although I have not been wounded by you, I am killed through the wounds of yonder men. Alas! that I have not found death in their company.'

The brains of the slain warriors were sometimes taken out and made into 'brain-balls,' but even then they were evidently labelled before being stored up, for when King Conor was killed by being hit with such a ball, it was known from whose head the ball had been made (see O'Curry, Manuscript materials, Appendix cxvi., and Hull, *Cuchullin Saga*, pp. 267-9).

Women fought as well as men. As Boadicea, in the well-known passage in Tacitus (*Annals*, Bk. XIV. chap. XXXV.), went forth, seated in her chariot, at the head of the armies of the Iceni, calling on the tribes 'to notice that it was usual for Britons to war under conduct of a woman,' so Queen Meave of Connaught goes forth at the head of her hosts, gathered from all the provinces of Erin. She not only led her army, or accompanied them, but on an occasion of urgency she donned her weapons and went forth, like any other chieftain, to the conflict. Like Fergus and King Ailil she equips herself for fight in the final battle of the Táin, and goes forth beside them in full armour (*Táin*, p. 862, line 5965; see also in Miss Faraday's translation of the *T. B. C.* from the LU. version, p. 8). It is she who leads the disastrous retreat when her forces, confused and routed, turn and fly before the Ulstermen, making their way as best they can across the Shannon.

In Ireland, as in Britain, in Greece, in Scythia, in Palmyria, in Norway, women headed armies and women-battalions took

part in war. The custom seems at certain stages of the history of mankind to have been almost universal. There was nothing remarkable at this time for women, even women of the highest rank, to take part in fight and to found schools for the training of warriors in arms and feats of skill. It seems indeed to have been the special province of women to do so. We hear of Cuchulain, of Ferdiad, and numerous other champions of renown resorting to the schools of the Amazons Scathach, Aiffe, and Donall in Alba, to learn those special feats which, in times of danger, almost invariably secured to them victory. The running along the chariot-pole of which Diodorus speaks, doubtless was one of these feats of swiftness. There is frequent mention of their dexterity in such matters.

The mother of Conor mac Nessa is also described as a 'woman-warrior.' She had adopted this mode of life, as we learn, on account of her anger at the destruction of her tutors by a druid, who slew them all in one night. Henceforth she took to arms, and gathering a company of followers, she wandered in every province of Ireland, plundering and destroying, until she found the man who had committed the deed. In the old romance of Dind-Righ we find the princess Moriath marching into battle beside her husband, just as Queen Méve leads her armies along with Ailill in the *Táin Bó Cualnge*. She seems to have been surrounded through the whole campaign with a large female following, which corresponds to the notice of Tacitus that women accompanied the Britons in the defence of Mona, rushing through the army with dishevelled hair. In the army of Boadicea, also, the women came near the scene of action, but they were left with the waggons behind the host.

It was not until the time of Adamnan (died 704) that the practice of women going into battle was done away with in Ireland. During his lifetime a law was passed at a synod held at Tara, prohibiting women from taking part in warfare.

It is remarkable that the Irish deities who presided over

battle were female. There were three Goddesses of War, named The Morrigan ('Great Queen'), Badb, and Macha, who appear frequently either before or during the course of a battle, and who show their partiality or dislike to the warriors by fighting for or against them. A battle-field is called in one piece 'the fold of Badb' (Battle of Moira), and in the Battle of Magh Lena we read that 'the blue-mouthed, loud-croaking Badb rejoiced at the extent of the banquet she found on the dead men.' These three fierce terrific goddesses were capable of changing themselves into black birds or scall-crows. They may possibly be cognate with the Norse Valkyre maidens.

Strabo mentions, among the products of Britain, their hunting-dogs, which, he says, are used by the Celts along with their own dogs for purposes of war (Book IV. chap. v.). These dogs, or wolf-hounds, reared in Ireland and apparently also in Britain, formed, as we know from native sources, a regular staple of commerce between Ireland, Britain, and the Continent. They were of great size, and seem to have been still reared as late as the age of Elizabeth, for the historian Campion, writing about 1571, says: 'The Irish are not without wolves, and grey-hounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limme than a colt.' This bears out the earlier (fifteenth century) Irish record in the Book of Lismore, which says that 'each of these hounds is as big as an ass.' These huge dogs were noted all over the world from the earliest times of which we have any record, to the eighteenth century, when the gradual extinction of the wolf made it no longer a necessity, and the breed was allowed to die out.

A gift of seven Irish wolf-hounds from Britain, presented by a Roman citizen named Flavianus to his brother, Quintus Aurelius Symmachus, Roman Consul, in 391 A.D., for the games at Rome, excited astonishment by their remarkable size. 'All Rome,' he says in a letter still extant, 'viewed them with wonder, and thought they must have been brought hither in iron cages' (Symmachus, *Epistolæ*, 1598, p. 129). When St. Patrick, escaped from youthful slavery, set sail in

a vessel from Ireland bound for Gaul, or Britain, the cargo proved to be a load of Irish wolf-hounds. These animals formed articles of tribute in the Danish period, and a Northern Saga preserves an account of one of these dogs, whose sagacity and quickness so won the admiration of Olaf Tryggvason that he begged the Irish peasant to sell it to him. When the farmer presented the dog to him in gratitude for the consideration shown by the Norse king in sparing his cattle, the Prince gave him in return a heavy gold ring (Olaf Tryggvason's *Saga*, chap. xxxv).[1]

The whole of Irish romance literature is filled with accounts of the esteem in which the large hounds were held. Examples are the killing of the great hound by Cuchulain in his youth, the story of the Hound of Mac Datho, and the story of Dermot and Grainne. The large place given to the faithful hound in the story of Tristrem and Iseult goes far to prove that the tale is influenced by Irish thought. The hound is not frequently mentioned in battle in Ireland, but that it was so employed may be gathered from a remark in the mythical battle of the *Táin Bó Cualnge*, in which, in describing a great rout, it is said, that 'wolf-dog, horse, and man were indiscriminately heaped up together.' In the historical battle of Magh Rath or Moira, County Down, fought in 637 A.D., though the hound is not actually mentioned as taking part in the battle, a furious dog of great size is found in the tent of the Prince, who is contending for the throne of Ulster with the King of Ireland (*Battle of Magh Rath*, ed. O'Donovan, Irish Arch. Society, 1842).[2]

We have not attempted in this paper to enter upon the wider subject of the ethical standard and moral habits of the Celt. This would lead us too far. All we have attempted to

[1] See Rev. Dr. Hogan on the *Irish Wolf-dog*, p. 153 and p. 11, and Joyce, *Social History of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 452.

[2] This battle is the Bella Roth of Adamnan (see Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba*, Book III. chap. v.). Although the fullest account we have of it is largely mixed with legendary details, the records contained in such writings may safely be taken as illustrating manners. As repositories of information regarding the ancient modes of life and thought among the Irish these historic tales, though mixed with romance, are of unique importance to the historian of manners and ethics.

show is the curious concurrence of testimony that exists between the observations made from without by the Roman historians, and from within by the native recorders, upon some minor points relating to the social life of the Celt.

The result of this inquiry ought, we cannot but think, not only to increase our respect for the impartial testimony given by the Roman writers, commenting on the ways of nations but imperfectly known to them, but also our confidence in the general accuracy of the native literature in respect of manners and ideas, in many ways strange and remote from our own. It ought to increase our anxiety to turn this vast store of native and very ancient tradition to account in studies that have for their object the elucidation of those obscure portions of human thought and activity belonging to a primitive condition of life that we now can only realise by a special effort of the will and the historic imagination.

AN OLD CYMRIC LEGEND

GWYNETH VAUGHAN

IT has been told that in the olden days there dwelt in Ynys Prydein—which men also called the Isle of the Mighty—an Iberian chief who had taken for himself to wife a daughter of the cave-dwellers, the little folk whom the Iberians had fought and conquered, retaining some of them as slaves, and driving the others that were not easily subdued in servility into the wildest parts of the mountains of the west, that portion of the Island of the Mighty known to us now as the Cymric Land. When the cave-dwellers had been conquered, and there was no more fighting of men for the Iberians to do, they began to hunt the wolves and other terrible beasts of prey, as well as those animals it pleased them to consider fit for their daily food, and it was his delight in the chase—for he was as good a hunter as he had been a warrior—that brought the young Iberian chief towards the white-topped mountains, where the

eagles builded their nests on the shelves of the rocks, and the little folk abode in the homes they had made for themselves in the shelter of the caves. The chronicle tells us that one morning, in the early spring of the year, when the days were short and the nights were long, the young chieftain blew his horn and called for his huntsmen, bidding them follow him, for the morn promised fair, and the game was plentiful. They pursued their sport the whole of the day, becoming so enamoured of its delights that they must need forget how far from home they were amidst mountains they wist not of, and where the wildness seemed a fitting refuge for the ravaging beasts. Then when the day was far spent they bethought themselves that they were weary, and with nought to satisfy their hunger or thirst, and they began to gaze this way, and that way, and all around them, yet not a path did they see the which would lead them out of the mountainous wilderness. But the chieftain was a brave man, therefore did he command his huntsmen to press forward, and tarry not until they found perchance a crevice of the rocks out of which water flowed forth to quench their thirst. And thus they journeyed through what seemed to them a dreary desert, footsore and travel-worn, when lo! they beheld a spring of clear mountain water; and the men drank of the water and were refreshed thereby, as the morning dew refresheth the grass and the face of the flowers, washing them from the hue of the night. When they had shaken off their weariness they sat themselves down by the stream, and took counsel one with the other how they might find their way back to their own kindred. Then the chieftain spake unto them, saying, 'Let us abide here until the morrow, for the night is at hand; see yonder the great God departs, and the shadows warn us that the hour is nigh when the wild beast prowleth, for the darkness hideth not from him the prey he seeketh. Let us strike a fire, prepare some meat, and watch in turn till the morning dawneth, and the golden house of the great God is lighted, and He worketh again, then will we find our way back to our fair valley.'

And the huntsmen deemed it best to listen to the words of their chief, for afar off they beheld the sun departing out of sight into that unknown region where the sea and the sky meet, and the Iberians worked not after the sun had set. The sun was to the Iberian the heavenly mansion where dwelt his one great God, whose presence was revealed in the golden glory that gave light and life to the sons of men. It was from this dwelling of his great God that the rays of light descended between the leaves of the sacred oak-trees, thus blessing him, and favouring his worship of Him as his God. Therefore when the great God took His presence away, and closed the shutters of his dwelling-place, the Iberian understood that the hour of rest had come, when he also should cease from labour, until the light of the presence should again appear in the east, blessing the works of men.

Then the chieftain and his huntsmen lit a great fire and prepared their game, forthwith setting to eat with a right good will, and when they had thus broken their fast, and drank again of the cool waters of the spring, they laid themselves down on the heather, and so weary were they, that they soon fell asleep thereon, and their sleep was like unto that of a child; even he that was bidden to the first watch also slept, overcome by his fatigue and the warmth of their great fire. As the faint blush of dawn appeared in the sky, the chieftain awoke, and lo! he beheld standing very near to him the most beauteous maiden he had ever yet seen. She was clothed with the leaves of the ivy-tree, which had for embroidery the golden flowers of the welcome to the spring, intermixed with the dainty blossoms of the eye of day. Her hair was dark like unto the coat of the raven, and fell as a covering over a bosom white as the snow; her face was so fair that wheresoever she looked in the grey of the morning the shadows departed thence, and her eyes lighted up the desolate rocks. So small was she that the chieftain wondered if she might be one of the fair tribe (tylwyth teg), and he leaped to his feet, and bathed his face in the stream, for he would not that he should stand before the maiden while yet the night colour was upon him,

for she was fresh and rosy, her every movement graceful, the joy of her laugh making music to gladden the hearts of men. When he had thus prepared himself, the chieftain stood before the beauteous maiden, and spake to her. 'Tell me,' said he, 'who art thou, and from whence thou camest, thou fairest among maidens?'

But the maiden laughed so coyly, and said she, 'Methinks it would be meeter that I should ask thee from whence thou camest to my home in these mountains, for that thou art a stranger thy tongue hath already told me.' Thus they made merry together, while the sky was being bathed in the light of the spring morning, and the sun had leapt to his throne in the heavens. But they knew of naught else but themselves, for Love had laid hold of the chieftain's heart and carried it to the safe keeping of the one sweet woman, and taken the soul of the maiden, pure and unsullied, giving it for evermore to the one brave man. Nor did their love abate when they both knew each the other, as daughter of the cave-dwellers, and a chieftain of the Iberian conquerors.

When the huntsmen awoke and began to look about them, they were astonished and sorely distressed to see their chieftain casting his arms about the fairest maiden they had ever seen, and they bethought within themselves that they were in an enchanted land. Then their chief, when he beheld his men were so dismayed, spake unto them, for said he, 'The faces of my brave huntsmen should not wear to-day a look of woe, because this day is to be my marriage day, a day of gladness without gloom, and a day of joy without sorrow.' Then did the maiden lead her beloved to the cave where dwelt her kindred, and the little folk were troubled in heart when they beheld a band of the Iberians following in the steps of their daughter. This the chieftain was not slow to see, so he spake unto them words of goodwill, and said he, 'I come in peace to the dwelling of this fair maiden of my heart, for I seek her to wife, wherefore I pray that she may be given to me.' Then the parents of the maiden spake unto their daughter, and said they, 'Desirest thou this son of the conqueror to husband?

Wilt thou yield thyself to him and be his captive like unto thy people? Art thou willing to depart with him and leave thy kindred?'

The bloom on the petals of the blush-rose was not more fair than that on the cheek of the maiden, as she put forth her hand to her one love, and said she, 'This son of the conqueror is the desire of mine heart, give me to him, for the bonds of his love are round and about me.'

Then did the chieftain embrace the maiden, and said he, ''Tis thou that hast for thy captive the son of the conqueror, thou art my bride, thou that camest to me in the morning; come, I will lead thee hence to mine inheritance, and thou shalt stand with me in the shadow of the oak-tree, and wilt be to me a wife.'

But the father of the maiden spake, and said he, 'Thou wilt not take our daughter with thee, son of the conqueror, except thou swear before thy God unto us what we desire of thee. If thy wife beareth thee a son, thou must return hither with him and he shall be a light in the home thou hast made dark this day. But if thy wife beareth unto thee a daughter thou shalt keep her with thee, but thou must not give her a name, for all the days of her youth she must live beside thee a nameless maiden, until the man cometh she loveth, as her mother loveth thee, and who loveth her as thou lovest her mother, then shall he call her by the name his heart deemeth fit for her to bear.'

And the chieftain was ill-content with such words, and his face fell, but so great was his love for the maiden that he deemed her precious enough to pay for her a great price, and therefore did he say, 'I swear, that it shall be as thou hast said.'

Then spake the father: 'Go then, and look to thyself, for it will go hard with thee, if thy word faileth me.'

And the twain departed hand in hand, followed by the huntsmen, and they became one, because Love had pleased to unite them. In due time a child was born, nor was the chieftain and his fair wife ill-pleased because their child was

only a daughter, for they bethought themselves she was theirs to keep, whereas the vow bound them to deliver a man-child to the custody of the cave-dwellers, inasmuch as they feared the magical powers of the little folk were the pledge not fulfilled. And in truth an oath sworn before God was sacred to the Iberians. So the daughter grew up, and was so exceeding fair that she who had no name became known throughout the land of her kindred as 'the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother.' Yet was she nameless, for though there were not wanting those who wished the maiden for their own, she saw not the one man, because Love had not smiled upon her nor held her fast in his snare, therefore was she never the same for long enough that they should give her a name, for a most capricious damsel was this beauteous daughter of the chief. She was as the balmy cooing winds of the south that melteth the hearts of men for but a moment, then was she like unto the restless waves of the sea that tosseth to and fro, and anon she became as a hurricane which maketh sport of the land. Then the chieftain and his wife were very sorrowful, and together they led their daughter into the shadow of the oak-tree, where they besought their white-haired, white-robed druid that he should pray to the one great God on behalf of their wayward child. And as he prayed the rays of light descended from the habitation of the great God, and the glory thereof covered the maiden as with a mantle, and she became as the sun that lighteth the world on a May morning. Then there appeared in the shadow of the oak-tree a tall and comely youth with hair like unto fine gold, and eyes as blue as the summer sky, and Love walked beside him though he knew not that he was there, so secret are the ways of Love. When the youth beheld the beauteous maiden Love whispered to him sweet words, and the youth held out both arms to her, but of all the sweet words of love he remembered but one, and said he to the maiden, 'Yngharad'—which, interpreted, is 'My beloved'—and the maiden was no more nameless, for the son of a conqueror had come to her also, as unto her mother, and he was to her, the one man, as it is

written, 'he will rest in his love.' For the fair Iberian maid was taken to wife by the Goidel conqueror, and she rested in his love and became the mother of a noble race.

And thus it happened that evermore amongst the daughters of the royal tribes of the Isle of the Mighty we must need find the name of Yngharad, which in these modern days of change is oftentimes spelt Angharad. Yet it is the same name, and remaineth a well-chosen one for the brides of kings—Yngharad—My Beloved.

UR-SGEUL

(*Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge.*)

DOMHNULL MACEACHARN

'Fàg mi, fàg mi aig an am so,
Gus an rannsaich mi a' chùis,
Ciod ma 's e an tìm a th' ann leinn
A' cheart tìm a bh' ann o thùs?'

THADHAIL mi air duine còir, caraid dhomh, air an oidhche roimhe, 's fhuair mi e le grunnan de chloinn bhig m' a ghlùn. Dh' fharraid mi dheth ciod a bha e teagasg do 'n chloinn. 'Mata,' ars' esan, 'tha an fhaoineis.' 'Ud, ud!' arsa mise, 'cha chreid mi sin uait ged is tu fein a tha 'ga innseadh.' 'Creididh tu mi,' ars' esan, ''nuair a their mi riut gur e seann sgeulachd a tha mi toirt daibh.' 'Theagamh,' arsa mise, 'nach 'eil an sgeulachd cho faoin 's a tha thu smaointeachadh; gabh air t' adhairt 's buaidh uirsgeoil dhuit, 's air son sgeulachd dheth, tha mise cho faoin ris a' chòrr de d' luchd-eisdeachd.' Ghabh e air adhairt leis an sgeul, dìreach mar gu 'm bu nàr leis sin a dheanamh. Bha mhuinntir òg ag éisdeachd ris an sgeul le geur-aire; sùil, beul, is cluas, a reir coltais, ag òl a suas gach aon fhacal a bha tuiteam o bheul an t-seanduine. Cha b' urrainn domh gun bhreithneachadh air an ni, agus a' cheist a mhèorachadh, ciod a' ghnè bhuaidh a th' anns

na seann sgeulachdan sin a tha 'gan cumail a ghnàth ùrail? Tha fhios againn gu bheil cuid diubh na 's sine na na sgriobhaidhean as sine th' againn, 's ged a tha sin mar sin, thainig iad a nuas troimh na linntean g' ar n-ionnsaidh le beul-aithris an t-sluaigh. Tha ceart lethbhreac an sgeòil bhig sin, 'Murachadh is Meanachadh,' anns an 'Talmud,' leabhar a tha na h-Iùdhaich a' meas mar earrann de 'n t-Sean-Tiomnadh; 's gheibhear sgeulachdan anns na Veda,—leabhraichean naomha nan Hindù,—a bha, réir coltais, air an aithris mar sgeulachdan faoine measg an t-sluaigh, mu 'n d' fhuair iad àit anns na leabhraichean sin; 's tha fhios againn gu bheil na leabhraichean sin na 's sine na 'n Sean-Tiomnadh againne. Ach air sinead an sgeòil 's air cho tric 's a chluinnear e air aithris, 's e ur-sgeul a theirear ris gus an latha-diugh. Ciod ma tha feartan 's a' Chruinne nach 'eil a' fàs sean le àireamh am bliadhnachan mar tha sinne? Tha fhios againn gu bheil an talamh fein aois mhor; aois cho mor 's nach 'eil e 'n comas duinn eadhoin tuaireamas a thoirt oirre, gidheadh, tha na laghannan nàduir a tha 'ga chumail suas 's a tha riaghladh òrdugh na Cruinne, a réir coltais, gun atharrachadh gun sgaile tionndaidh o 'n fhuair iad air thùs am bith. A' ghrian a tha soillseachadh ar latha-ne, shoillsich i farsuingeachd do-thomhas na cruitheachd ré linntean do-àireamh mu 'n robh an talamh idir ann; ach dhuinne 'n diugh, tha camhanaich na maidne cho òigeil 's a bha e air an là sin air an do sheinn reulta na maidne cuideachd, 's air an d' rinn uile mhic Dhé gairdeachas.

Co dhiù tha no nach 'eil na nithe sin ceart mar tha mise 'g ràdh, fàgaidh sinn air an t-suidheachadh sin fein iad aig an àm, agus bheir sinn sùil car tiota air sgeulachd mo charaid, dh' fheuch an tuig sinn ciod a' ghnè bhunait air an do thogadh i. Faodaidh mi thoirt fainear 'san àite so, gu bheil gach ni a thig a nuas g' ar n-ionnsaidh le beul-aithris an t-sluaigh buailteach gu bhi, an tomhas beag no mor, air a thruailleadh, ach mar is bitheanta, gu bheil prìomh-steidh a' ghnothaich gun a bheag as fhiach de dh' atharrachadh. Air an aobhar sin cha bhiodh e chum mor-bhuannachd gach mion-thachartas

a tha 'san sgeul a dhluth-leantuinn, no gach aon lide 's puinc a sgrùdadh a dh' fheuchainn ri brìgh a tharruing as. Foghnaidh dhuinn aig an àm amharc car seal air na cuspairean as foghaintiche gluasad 'san sgeul, dh' fheuch an teid againn air tuaireamas a thoirt air seadh an giùlain.

Tha mhor-chuid de na tha air aithris 's na sgeulachdan sin air a chur an cruth cho aibheiseach 's gu bheil e coltach gu leòir nach robh e air a chiallachadh leis an sgeulaiche air son gniomh duine no beathaich, ach a mhàin a riochdachadh gluasad cuspairean nàduir, mar tha grian is gealach, talamh is adhar, gaoth is uisge, oidhche 's latha, 's mar sin sìos, agus na cuspairean sin air an cur an riochd duine no ainmhidh, dìreach mar is freagarraiche do 'n phàirt a tha iad a' gabhail 'san sgeul.

Thuit e mach gur e Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge an sgeul a bha mo charaid a' toirt do 'n chloinn; aon de na sgeulachdan sin a chuir Iain Caimbeul, Ile, a mach 'na leabhar-sgeulachd,—*Popular Tales of the West Highlands.*

'S ann an Colasa a fhuair an Caimbeulach an sgeul, ach fhuaradh e le duin-uasal eile, ann an Eilean Eige. Tha beagan eadar-dhealachaidh eadar an dà dhoigh aithris, ach cha 'n 'eil sin a' buntainn ri brìgh an sgèoil, 's o nach 'eil mise dol a thoirt seachad ach na fìor-chnàmhan loma dheth, dìreach na bhios buileach feumail air son an ciall a shoilleireachadh, cha ruig mi leas leantuinn dlùth ri dòigh seach dòigh, ach na bhios feumail air son mo ghnothaich a ghabhail as an aon as deise dhiubh.

A reir mo bheachd-sa, buinidh Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge do 'n t-sèorsa sgeulachd ris an abrar Sgeulachd-ghreine (Solar-myth); 's e sin ri ràdh, sgeulachd anns am bheil cuspairean nàduir air an cur ann an riochd duine no beathaich, mar is freagarraiche do 'n phàirt a tha iad a' gabhail 'san sgeul, agus an giùlan-san a' samhlachadh gluasad nan cuspairean a tha ann am beachd a' bhàird. Faodaidh na cuspairean sin a bhi de dh' iomadh gnè, bho 'n drùchd air bhàrr an fheòir gu grian a' mheadhon-là, agus faodaidh gach cuspair dhiubh dol fo iomadh ainm, direach a réir mar a tha e

'ga thaisbeanadh fein do shùil a' bhàird aig an àm. Cha 'n 'eil e mar so furasda bhi daonnan cinnteach as an dearbhni a tha 'm beachd a' bhàird anns gach ceum d' a sgeulachd, ach faodaidh sinn buille-ma-thuaiream a thoirt air ciall an sgèoil a tha f'ar comhair, 's mur dean ar mìneachadh moran math, theagamh nach dean e bheag de chron.

Tha 'n sgeul, mata, a' fosgladh air latha boidheach 'san deireadh Fhoghair, le Righ na h-Eireann, a shlòigh 's a laochraidh, a mhaithean 's a mhor-uaislean, anns a' bheinn shithinn agus sheilg. Shuidh iad air cnocan boidheach uaine far an éireadh grian gu moch 's an laidheadh i gu h-anamoch. Bha na coin air lomhainn, 's na gaisgich air an uilinn lan sglos is airsneil. An déigh dhaibh an cuibheas a ghabhail de bhiadh 's de dhibh, thuirt an righ gu 'm b' ait leis fein a nis greis air cantainn nan sgeul los togail cinn is cridhe thoirt daibh. Chaidh an cruitire air ghleus, is chaidh an sgeul air shiubhal mar sin air adhart.

Ma 's math mo bheachd-sa, tha Righ na h-Eireann, a shlòigh, a laochraidh, a mhaithean, 's a mhor-uaislean, a' riochdachadh na làn-bhliadhna, le a làithean, a seachdainnean, a miosan, 's a ràidhean. Bha saothair is othail an Fhoghair seachad; bha na coin air lomhainn; 's bha na gaisgich a ghiùlain uallach is teas an là, a nis fann, sgith, airsnealach, 's ag iarraidh air a' chruitear greis a thoirt air cantainn nan sgeul los togail cinn is cridhe thoirt daibh. 'S e sin ri ràdh, bha bhliadhna fàs fann is aosda; bha 'm Foghar a' teannadh gu chrich; bha ghrian a' call a neirt; aghaidh nàduir a' caochladh snuaidh; trusgan na coille ciaradh 's a' tuiteam air falbh; agus anns an adhar spiorad cianalais ag èaladh mu 'n cuairt, a' cur tromadais air gach ni.

'S ann mar so a bha 'nuair chunnacadh dùbhradh froise an iomall a' chuain a' triall o'n aird an iar gus an aird an ear, agus Marcaiche Fàlaire Duibhe tighinn gu sunndach 'na dhéigh. Thainig am marcaiche, 's chuir e fàilt air an rìgh 's air a' chuideachd, ach mu 'n robh bheag de sheanachas eatorra, bhuail e dorn air an rìgh eadar am beul 's an t-srón;—chuir e trì fiaclan as; cheap e 'na laimh iad; chuir e 'na phòc iad;

's dh' fhalbh e mar thainig e, am fuaradh na froise. 'S e sin ri ràdh, chunnacadh comharra na h-an-uaire tighinn, agus 'na dhéigh sin an Geamhradh fein ann an riochd Marcaiche Fàlaire Duibhe. Thainig an Geamhradh; chuir e tri ràidhean as a' bhliadhna, no trì mìosan as an Fhoghar—cha 'n 'eil e soilleir co aca,—ghabh e mar sin fad-seilbh, 's ghabh e air a thurus. A réir coltais, ged a bha aimsir gheamhrail air teachd, bha fathast beagan laithean de 'n Fhoghar gun ruith. Ghabh Mac Mor an Righ,—Ridir' a' Chuirn, agus a bhràthair, —Ridir' a' Chlaidhimh, cothrom air an dàil so air son bòid a thoirt gu briosg-ghloireach nach itheadh iad biadh, 's nach òladh iad deoch, 's nach éisdeadh iad cèol, gus an tugadh iad aichmheil a mach air son na tàmailt a thug am marcaiche do'n rìgh.

Tha e coltach gu bheil Mac Mor an Righ,—Ridir' a' Chuirn,—an so a' riochdachadh cinneas, no toradh na bliadhna, 's gur ann air Corn-a-phailteis (Cornucopia) a tha e air a shloinneadh. Tha fhios againn gu 'n robh Ban-dia an Àitich aig na Greugaich (Demeter), agus Ceres nan Romanach, air an dealbhadh le Corn-a-phailteis 'nan laimh. Bha Iupiter mar an ceudna air a nochdadh le Corn-a-phailteis,—adharc na gaibhre a thug bainne dha. Chaidh an adharc so dheanamh 'na h-aon de chomharran a' Chrios-ghreine (Zodiac), agus a' ghrian a bhi 'g innteart a' chomharra so (Capricornus) aig an àm so de 'n bhliadhna, tha e deanamh an ni na 's coltaiche gur ann o *Chorn*-a-phailteis a thug Ridir' a' *Chuirn* a thiodal. Mac eil' an righ,—Ridir' a' Chlaidhimh,—faodaidh esan a bhi riochdachadh àm tional an toraidh, no àm na buana. Cha 'n 'eil de dh' fheum air 'san sgeul ach a bhi bagradh, an dràst 's a' rithist, an ceann a' sgathadh de Mhac an Earraidh Uaine.

Bha fear eile 's a' chuideachd 'nuair a bhòidich dà mhac an righ gu 'n dioladh iad air a' mharcaiche an dorn a bhuail e air an athair. B' e so Mac an Earraidh Uaine ri Gaisge, no réir na doigh aithris eile, Mac Cochaill Uaine ri Gaisge. Bhòidich esan mar aon de chàch nach itheadh e biadh, 's nach òladh e deoch, 's nach éisdeadh e cèol, gus an d' thugadh e

as a' ghaisgeach a bhuail an dorn air an righ an cridhe smaointich sin a dheanamh. Ach rinn da mhac an righ 'tàir agus tailceis' air, 's cha leigeadh iad 'nan cuideachd e, ach dh' fhalbhadh esan ge b' oil leò. Dh' fheuch iad sèol no dhà air a chumail air ais, ach a dh' aindeoin gach ni a dh' fheuch iad bha esan 'gan leanntainn. Mu dheireadh dh' aontaich iad a leigeil leotha, gun fhios nach fhaodadh e bhi feumail dhaibh fathast; 's mar sin rainig iad le cheile taobh na mara.

'S e mo bheachd gu bheil againn ann am Mac an Earraidh Uaine, no Chochaill Uaine, an t-Earrach a' leantainn a' Gheamhraidh fad as. Cha do dhearbh e fathast a ghaisge, ach tha e air a thurus a chum na faiche am faigh e cothrom air sin a dheanamh. Cha 'n 'eil meas aig Mic an righ air aig an àm, ach chi sinn mu 'n dealaich sinn ris gur e fein Treun-laoch an sgeòil. Tha 'n t-ainm Mac an Earraidh Uaine, no Chochaill Uaine, (green habit or mantle) glé fhreagarrach dha, oir 's e 'n t-Earrach a sgeadaicheas le trusgan uaine gach sliabh is srath, machair is coill.

'Now in her green mantle blyth nature arrays,'

arsa Raibeart Burns, 's an t-am so bhliadhna 'na bheachd, no mar thuirt ar fear-dùthcha fein,

'Bidh gach doire dlùth, uaigneach
'S trusgan uain' uimp' a' fàs.'

Faodaidh sinn, mar sin, a bhi làn-earbsach gur ann ris an Earrach fein a tha ar gnothach.

'Nuair rainig Mic an righ agus Mac an Earraidh Uaine taobh na mara, thachair Gruagach nan Cumha orra. [Cha'n 'eil iomradh air Gruagach nan Cumha an leabhar a' Chaimbeulaich.] Thuirt iad ris a' Ghruagaich gu 'm bu mhiann leò an t-aiseag fhaotainn. 'Cha bhi chion oirbh,' ars' esan, ''s leams' an long is fearr a chuireas tonn na déigh.' Chuir iad a mach an Iubhrach Bhallach; 'thug iad a toiseach do mhuir, 's a deireadh do thir,' 's dh' fhalbh iad.

Tha e air innseadh dhuinn an so gu 'm buineadh an long —an Iubhrach Bhallach—do Ghruagach nan Cumha. 'Nis,

tha fhios againn far am bheil luingeis air an ainmeachadh 's na sgeulachdan so,—luingeis nach iarr stiùir, no ràmh, no taoman, 's a theid direach an taobh a chuirear an aghaidh—gur iad na neòil a tha air an ciallachadh. Tha e soilleir dhuinn aig a' cheart àm, an uachdaranachd a th' aig a' ghaoth air na neòil; cho umhal 's a theid iad an taobh a chuireas i an aghaidh, 's a sheòlas iad luath no mall an co-sheasamh r' a h-òrdugh. Tha ghaoth dol fo iomadh ainm 's na sgeulachdan so, math a dh' fhaoidte fo dhà no thri ainmean anns an aon sgeulachd, dìreach mar a tha i ciùin no garg, tlàth no fuaraidh. Chi sinn sin anns an sgeul Ghreugach anns am bheil a' ghaoth-chùbhraidh Chéit a' dol fo 'n ainm Pan, agus a' gharg ghaoth tuath fo 'n ainm Boreas. Anns an sgeul so bha Pan a' suiridh air Pitys (A' chraobh ghiubhais). Rinn Pan ceòl binn do Phitys, 's thaitinn an ceòl rithe cho math 's gu 'n do thog i co-sheirm leis. Chunnaic Boreas ciod a bha dol air adhairt, 's dh' fhàs e eudmhor. Mu dheireadh las fhearg, 's thainig e 'na dhian-chorruich 's thilg e Pitys bhàrr bearradh na creige. Faodar a bhi cinnteach 'nuair thainig Pan an rathad a rithist 's a chunnaic e cor a leannain gu 'n d' rinn e tuireadh air a son; co dhiù, bhiodh a cheòl aig an àm as eugmhais co-sheirm Phitys. Ach ciod sam bith a' cheart ni a bha 'm bàrd a' ciallachadh le Gruagach nan Cumha, tha e coltach gu leòir gur i ghaoth is bonn-steidhe dha, oir ciod sam bith ainm fo 'n teid am fear-ciùil 'san sgeulachd, 's i ghaoth is mathair-aobhair d' a cheòl. Math a dh' fhaoidte nach robh Ghruagach ach a' cumha na h-aimsir a chaidh seachad; aimsir anns an robh machair fo bhàrr, 's coill fo dhuilleach, a' deanamh co-sheirm r' a cheòl; tha cho-sheirm sin a nis a dhìth, 's tha gaoth chaoin an apachaidh air tionndadh gu gaoth ànrach an deireadh Fhoghair.

Chunnaic sinn dà Mhac an righ agus Mac an Earraidh Uaine air bòrd na h-Iubhraich Bhallaich, ''s soirbheas beag, laghach aca, mar a thaghadh iad fhein, a bheireadh fraoch á beinn, duilleach á coill, 's seileach òg as a fhreumhaichean, 's a chuireadh tugha nan tighean an claisean nan iomairean.' Foghnaidh a ràdh gu 'n d' rainig iad Eilean na Fiacais an

ceann seachd làithean na seachdainn, ach bha cearcall teine mu 'n cuairt air an eilean. Dh' fheuch Ridir' a' Chuirn agus Ridir' a' Chlaidhimh ri dol troimh 'n teine, ach dh' fhairtlich orra sin a dheanamh. 'Chaidh Mac an Earraidh Uaine na threallaichean-catha agus cruaidh-chòmhraig, agus leum e o bharraibh a shleagha gu barraibh ordag thar na teine. . . . Bha 'n sin an aon eilean a bu bhoidhche chunnacadh o thùs an domhain gu deireadh na dìlinn.'

Faodaidh mi thoirt fainear an so, gu bheil am bàrd gu tric, anns na sgeulachdan so, a' gnàthachadh modh-labhairt a tha gun mhoran brìgh ann fein, ach a tha iomchuidh a chum snas agus àrdachadh a thoirt d' a chainnt, 's a bhi co-fhreagarrach do ghluasad an sgeòil. Saoilidh mi gu bheil cuid de 'n mhodh-labhairt so anns a' chunntas a tha e toirt duinn air turus-cuain nan gaisgeach, 's gu faodar, mar sin, brìgh an iomlain dheth a chur am fìor-bheagan fhacal. 'S e sin gu 'n robh àm na buana, agus àm tionail an toraidh, mar-ris na beagan làithean a bha gun ruith de 'n Fhoghar, a' dol a mach air neòil bhallach, ghruamach an deireadh Fhoghair. Bha Mac an Earraidh Uaine 'nan cuideachd, 's ged a bha àm-san fathast gun teachd, agus an àm-san air dol seachad, cha 'n 'eil sin 'ga dheanamh mi-fhreagarrach dhasan an t-aiseag a ghabhail leò, oir tha ghrian, a tha riaghladh amannan na bliadhna, a' gleidheadh air a cùrsa, gun éis, gun mhàirneal, 's am feadh a tha i toirt cùl ri aon àm, tha i toirt àm eil' air aghaidh.

'Nuair ràinig na gaisgich Eilean na Fiacais bha cearcall teine mu 'n eilean sin. Tha 'n cearcall teine glé chumant' anns na sgeulachdan so, 's tha e coltach gur e 'n crios teine a tha ghrian a' cur mu 'n talamh 'na cuairt bhliadhnail a bha 'n tùs air a chiallachadh leis, ach thainig e gu bhi air a ghnàthachadh an seadh no dhà; ach saoilidh mi gur e bha 'm beachd a' bhàird 'san earrainn so, an Aimsir a rinn e na h-aon de phrìomh-chuspairean a sgeòil, 's a bha aig an àm fo thainistireachd chruaidh a' Gheamhraidh, a chomharrachadh a mach air mhodh sonraichte, 's bha 'n riomball teine a' cumail a mach gach cuspair ach esan a mhàin aig an robh còir air faotainn a stigh. B' e

sin aig an àm an t-Earrach, a thainig a chumail cogaidh ris a' Gheamhradh. Chi sinn a mhac-samhuil so anns an sgeulachd Lochlannach anns am bheil Odin a' cur seun cadail air Brynhild, 's a' cur cearcall teine mu timchioll; 's nach gabh i dusgadh ach leis a' churaidh d' am b' urrainn dol troimh 'n teine g' a h-ionnsaidh.

'Nuair a thog Mac an Earraidh Uaine mach ri aodann an eilein, b' e cheud ni a thachair air Oglach Mor 's e 'na shuain chadail, le cheann air glùn Ailleagan nam Ban,—no 'n Ionmhuinn Mhnatha, mar a tha e 'n leabhar a' Chaimbeulaich. 'S e so an riochd 'san do chuir am bàrd an taobh marbhanta sin de 'n Gheamhradh anns an teich fiadh-chreutairean d' an garaidhean air son dìdein o' n fhuachd; 's anns am paisg a' choill a clàrsach rìoghail, bho 'n a sgap an doireann a Còisirchiùil; 's na sruthain a bha ri borbhan ceòlmhor ré an chòrr de 'n bhliadhna nis air an tùchadh 's air an tachdadh le reothadh 's le sneachd gus nach cluinnear fuaim an guth. Gach ni mar so ann an staid turra-chadail, 's a' gabhail dreach duaichnidh na h-Aimsire. 'S e 'n t-Oglach Mor, mata, an Geamhradh, le cheann an uchd an Earraich; Samson le cheann an uchd Delilah.

Tha 'n t-Earrach a tigh'n a stigh mar an leòmhann, ach ged a tha ghiùlan garg an toiseach tha taobh eil' air a theisteas; an taobh sin a tha tlusail, tlàth, bàigheil do dhuine 's do bheathach, 's a tha toirt:—

> 'Air an t-snodhach bhi dìreadh
> As gach friamhach as ìsle
> Troimh na cuislinnean sniomhain,
> Gu miadalach blàth.'

Tha fhios againn gu bheil na cuspairean nàduir ris am bheil gnothach a' bhàird 'gan nochdadh fein fo iomadh dreach, 's gu bheil e mar sin feumail do 'n bhàrd gach atharrachadh dreach air a' chuspair a chur an atharrachadh riochd 'na sgeulachd. 'S e so an t-aobhar gu bheil dà thaobh an Earraich air an toirt duinn an so, aghaidh ri aghaidh, ann an riochd Mac an Earraidh Uaine agus Ailleagan nam Ban. Chi sinn a' cheart ni ann an sgeulachdan na Gréige agus na

Roimhe, mar a tha 'n sgeul mu Helios (a 'ghrian) a bhi 'n gaol air Eos (camhanaich na maidne), ach 'nuair a sheall Helios le mor-ghràdh air Eos, theich Eos. 'S e sin ri ràdh, thuit a' ghrian an gaol air camhanaich na maidne,—am faileas a bha i fein a' tilgeadh air aghaidh na speur,—ach 'nuair a dh' éirich i os cionn cuairt na speur 's a sheall i le mor-spéis air an fhaileas, theich am faileas. Tha lethbhreac eile 'n sgeòil so air aithris mu Apollo 's mu Aurora. 'Nuair a theann Apollo ri Aurora phògadh, fhuair Aurora bàs. Chi sinn gu bheil gach caochladh dreach a tha tigh'n thar a' Gheamhraidh air an laimhseachadh leis a' bhàrd air a' mhodh cheudna.

'Ciod is dùsgadh do 'n òglach?' dh' fharraid Mac an Earraidh Uaine de'n Ionmhuinn Mhnatha. 'Tha,' ars' ise, 'rud nach dean thusa, no aona ghaisgeach anns an domhan mhor, ach Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge, d' an robh e 'san tairgneachd tigh'n do 'n eilean so agus an carragh cloich' ud thall a bhualadh air an duine so ann an carraig an uchd.' Chaidh an Gaisgeach air thapadh, 's thog e an carragh cloiche 'na dhà laimh, 's bhuail e air an Oglach Mhor e ann an carraig an uchd, 's dhuisg sin e. Tha so a' daingneachadh an ni a thuirt mi cheana nach robh e comasach gu faigheadh gaisgeach sam bith eile an taobh a stigh de 'n chearcall theine ach esan a mhain d'am bu dleasnas a bhi ann aig an àm. B' e sin Mac an Earraidh Uaine, a bha pearsachadh an Earraich. Thainig esan mar a bha e 'san tairgneachd, 's bhuail e 'n carragh cloiche air an Oglach Mhor an carraig an uchd. Am briathran eile, thainig an t-Earrach mu 'n cuairt mar a bha e suidhicht' an cùrsa nàduir gu 'n tigeadh e, 's rinn e ni nach b' urrainn séasan eile dheanamh,—an talamh a dhùsgadh á cadal a' Gheamhraidh.

Ma sheallas sinn air an dòigh dhùsgaidh so, chi sinn gu bheil e cho nàdurra ris a' chòrr. Tha fhios againn 'nuair a thionndas uisge gu eigh, gu bheil a thomad moran na 's motha na bha e 'na uisge. 'Nuair a reothas, mar sin, an t-uisge tha faotainn aite-taimh am measg chòsan nan creag, tha e ag at na h-uidhir 's gu bheil e gu tric a' sgàineadh a mach roinn de 'n chreig; ach fhad 's a mhaireas an reothadh, tha 'n eigh a' gleidheadh cruaidh-ghreim air an earrainn a chaidh a

bhrùchdadh a mach á aodann na creige, gus an tig aiteamh an Earraich; 's ann an sin a tha Mac an Earraidh Uaine a' fuasgladh greim na h-eighe, 's a' leigeil leis a' charragh chloiche tuiteam air uchd an fhearainn a tha fathast an trom-chadal a' Gheamhraidh.

'S e so a thug a' cheud mhosgladh air an taobh mharbhanta so de 'n Gheamhradh, 's a rinn e mothachail air a' chùis gu robh an t-Earrach gu deimhin air teachd, mar a bha 'san fhàisneachd gu 'n tigeadh e. 'Nar latha-ne cha ghabhadh e moran de spiorad na fàisneachd a chur an céill roimh-laimh gu 'n tigeadh an t-Earrach mu 'n cuairt 'na àm, ach, a réir coltais, cha robh iad idir cho cinnteach 's na linntean a dh' fhalbh. Tha sinn a leughadh anns na Veda na ceistean iomagaineach a bhidhte' farraid mu àm laidhe na gréine,—'An éirich a' ghrian a rìs?' 'An tig ar seana charaid, camhanaich na maidne, air ais?' 'Am bi cumhachdan an dorchadais air an clòsnachadh le dia an t-soluis?' 'S an uair a dh' éireadh a' ghrian, bhàtar a' cur fàilt oirre le iolach ghairdeachais. 'Nar Bìobull fein, tha sinn a' leughadh mu na mnathan Iudhach a bhi gul 's a' caoidh air son Thamuis; 's e sin 'nuair a bha 'n dia sin air a chuairt gheamhraidh, 's gun iad cinnteach, a réir coltais, co dhiù thilleadh no nach tilleadh e.

'Nuair a bhuail Mac an Earraidh Uaine an carragh cloiche air an Oglach Mhor an carraig an uchd, thug am fear sin blaomadh air a dhà shùil 's dh' amhairc e air. 'Aha!' ars' am fear a bha 'na chadal, 'an d' thainig thu, Ghaisgich na Sgeithe Deirge? 's ann an diugh a tha 'n t-ainm air a thoirt ort.' Tha sinn a' faicinn leis so, gur gann a bha Mac an Earraidh Uaine 'n taobh a stigh de 'n chearcall theine 'nuair a thugadh ainm eil' air. Tha so a' daingneachadh an ni a thuirt mi cheana, gu faod cuspairean an sgeòil dol fo iomadh ainm a réir na pàirt a tha iad a' cluich 'san sgeul. Tha 'n t-Earrach air tigh 'n g' a sheilbh fein, 's tha e mar sin feumail tiodal ùr a thoirt da. 'S ann air a' ghrein a bha e air a shloinneadh; air an sgeith dheirg sin o 'n robh e tarruing a neirt; a' ghrian a bha 'n sùilean Oisein, cruinn mar sgiath a shinnsear. Tha sinn

a' faicinn mar an ceudna, gu bheil am bàrd a' comharrachadh a mach gu sonraicht' a' cheart latha air an d' thugadh an t-ainm air a' ghaisgeach: ''s ann an diugh a tha 'n t-ainm ort,' ars' an t-Oglach Mor ris. Tha 'an diugh,' saoilidh mi, a' ciallachadh an latha air am bheil a' ghrian a tigh'n thar an roinn sin d' a cùrsa ris an abrar an *equinox*; 's e sin air an aona-là-fichead de 'n mhìos Mhàrt, 'nuair a tha 'n latha 's an oidhch' a cho-fhad. Tha, mar sin, Mac an Earraidh Uaine tigh'n thar a' chearcaill theine, agus a' ghrian a' tigh'n thar an *equator* aig an aon àm.

Mar a leadair Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge 's an t-Oglach Mor a cheile; mar a thug an Gaisgeach an ceann de 'n Oglach; mar a fhuair e tri fiaclan an righ, mar shaoil leis, ann am pòca 'n Oglaich, 's mar a thill e thun a' chladaich, a' toirt leis Ailleagan nan Ban, no 'n Ionmhuinn Mhnatha, chi sinn sin uile 'san sgeulachd mar a tha i air a h-aithris an leabhar a' Chaimbeulaich a dh' ainmich mi cheana.

'Nuair rainig Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge 'n cladach, thainig Ridir' a' Chuirn agus Ridir' a' Chlaidhimh 'na chòdhail le boil is buaireas 'nan sùilean, 's a' farraid co e an gaisgeach mor a bha tigh'n 'na dhéigh 's a thill 'nuair a chunnaic e 'n leithid-san de dhà ghaisgeach a tigh'n 'na choinneamh. Cha b' fhios do Ghaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge co an gaisgeach a bh' ann, ach dh' iarr e orra cùram a ghabhail do 'n Ionmhuinn Mhnatha 's do fhiaclan an athar, 's gu 'n tilleadh esan 's nach fàgadh e fuigheall sgeòil anns an eilean. Thill e, 's sheall e sios 's a suas, ach cha robh duine no beathach r' a fhaicinn an àit ìseal no àrd. Mu dheireadh chunnaic e seana chaisteal an ìochdar an eilein, 's ghabh e g' a ionnsaidh. Chunnaic e tri òganaich a' tigh'n gu trom, airsnealach, sgìth, thun a' chaisteil. Thainig iad am briathran seanachais air a cheile, 's co bha 'n so ach a thriùir dhearbh-chomhaltan. Chaith iad an oidhch' an deagh thoilinntinn, ach 's a' mhadainn ciod a chual an Gaisgeach ach gliogarsaich arm, 's daoine dol 'nan éideadh. Co bha 'n so ach a chomhaltan? Dh' fharraid e c' àit an robh iad a' dol. 'Tha sinne 'san eilean so o chionn latha 's bliadhna,' ars' iadsan, 'a' cumail cogaidh ri Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir 's r' a shluagh, 's a h-uile h-aon a mharbhas sinn an

diugh bidh e beò am màireach.' 'Theid mise leibh an diugh, 's theagamh nach misde sibh mi,' ars' esan. 'Tha gheasan oirnn,' ars' iadsan, 'nach fhaod duine dhol g' ar cuideachadh mur an teid e ann leis fhein.' 'Fanaibh-se stigh an diugh 's theid mise mach leam fhein,' ars' esan.

Thog e air, 's dh 'amais MacDorcha MacDoilleir 's a thrì mic dheug air, 's cha d' fhàg e ceann air colainn aca; ach bha e fein air a mhilleadh 's air a reubadh cho mor 's nach b' urrainn da 'n àraich fhàgail, 's cha d' rinn e ach e fein a leigeil 'na laidhe am measg nam marbh. Bha tràigh mhor gu h-ìseal foidhe, 's ciod a chunnaic e tigh'n air tìr air meadhon na tràghadh, ach cailleach mhor fhiaclach nach facas riamh a leithid. Ghabh i 'n àird thun na h-àraich, 's thoisich i air ath-bheothachadh nam marbh. Thainig i far an robh esan, 's chuir i a meur 'na bheul, agus sgath esan am meur dhith o 'n alt. Bhuail i buille de bhàrr a coise air, 's thilg i thar seachd iomairean e. Chrom i 'n sin air fear eile, chum ath-bheothachadh, ach thilg an gaisgeach an t-sleagh ghearr a bh' aig a mac fein m' a tuairam 's chuir sin an ceann dith. Mhothaich e 'n so a thriùir dhearbh-chomhaltan 'ga shireadh feadh na h-àraich. 'Tha mise 'n so,' ars' esan, ''s fuil is feòil is feithean air an dochann.' 'Nam biodh againne 'n stòpan ìocohlaint a th' aig a' chaillich mhoir, mathair MhicDorcha MhicDoilleir, cha b' fhada bhiomaid 'gad leigheas,' ars' iadsan. 'Tha i fhein marbh shuas an sin, 's cha 'n 'eil ni aice nach fhaod sibh fhaotainn,' ars' esan. Thug iad a nuas an stòpan ìocshlaint, 's nigh is dh' fhailc iad a chreuchdan leis an rud a bha 'san stòp, 's dh' éirich e suas cho slàn, fallan 's a bha e riamh.

Anns an earrainn so, tha 'm bàrd a' cur f'ar comhair taobh eile de 'n Gheamhradh; an taobh dorcha, doilleir sin air am bheil sinn glé eòlach. Tha 'n cogadh a tha MacDorcha MacDoilleir 's a shluagh a' cumail ris an triùir chomhaltan, a' samhlachadh na gnè thuasaid a tha, réir coltais, a' dol air a h-aghaidh gun stad eadar cumhachdan an t-soluis agus cumhachdan an dorchadais. Ged a tha ghrian aig an àm air taobh eile 'n t-saoghail, tha i deanamh a cumhachd aithnichte an tomhas àraidh air an taobh so. Tha 'n cumhachd so air a

phearsachadh leis an triùir chomhaltan. Tha trì mic dheug Mhic Dorcha Mhic Doilleir a' riochdachadh nan trì seachduinean deug a tha deanamh suas ràidh a' Gheamhraidh. Tha a' chailleach mhor fhiaclach a' seasamh air son gach gaillinn is cranndaidheachd a tha tighinn an lorg a' gheamhraidh, 's an aghaidh am bheil na comhaltan a' cathachadh. Theagamh gur i so a' cheart chailleach a bha strì ris an fheur a chumail fo chois, 's an uair a dh' fhairtlich oirre sin a dheanamh, a thilg uaipe 'n slacan druidheachd ag ràdh :—

'Dh' fhàg e shìos mi 's dh' fhàg e shuas mi,
Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà chluais mi;
Dh' fhàg e thall mi 's dh' fhàg e bhos mi,
Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà chois mi.'

Riamh o 'n thainig an duine gu staid creutair reusanta, tha e cur mor-earbsa am buaidhean cungaidhean leighis, ach anns na sgeulachdan so tha sinn a' faicinn gu bheil na buaidhean sin air an aibhiseachadh cho mor 's gu faodar a bhi cinnteach gur ni eigin eile a tha air a chiallachadh. Ciod a' ghnè ìocshlaint a bha 's an stòp cha 'n 'eil am bàrd a' cur an céill, ach tha amharus agam nach robh ann ach anail reodhta na gaoith-tuath a bha 'g ath-chruadhachadh 's an oidhche na thaisich fann-ghath na greine 's an latha. Ann an làmhan nan comhaltan bha 'n ìocshlaint cho éifeachdach a chum creuchdan caraid a shlànachadh, 's a bha i 'n làmhan na cailliche a chum nàmhaid ath-bheothachadh.

Bha aon chath eil' aig Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge r' a chur mu 'n do chrìochnaich e gu buileach an obair a chaidh a shonruchadh dha, agus b' e sin còmhrag a chumail ri Macaibh Mor Mhacaibh an Domhain. Thachair iad air a chéile, 's mu 'n robh a bheag de sheanachas eatorra :—

'Bhuail iad air a chéile shadadh,'

mar a tha e air innseadh dhuinn 's an sgeulachd.

Mar a chunnaic sinn, tha 'n sgeul a' fosgladh leis a' Gheamhradh a' tighinn a stigh an riochd Marcaiche Fàlaire Duibhe a thug tàmailt do 'n rìgh, agus tha gluasad an sgeòil gu h-iomlan a' tionndadh air an tòir a tha as déigh a' Mhar-

caiche. Tha sinn a nis 'g a fhaicinn ann an cùil chumhainn, 's Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge cumail gleachd is cruaidh-chomhrag ris. Chaidh an latha leis a' Ghaisgeach mar a bha nàdurra gu 'n rachadh. Thug e 'n ceann de Mhacaibh Mor; fhuair e trì fiaclan an rìgh 'na phòca 's thug e leis iad.

'S e Macaibh Mor Mhacaibh an Domhain an t-ainm a fhuair sinn air a' Mharcaiche. Tha amharus agam nach 'eil an t-ainm uile gu leir ceart, ach tha mise 'g a thoirt seachad mar a fhuair mi e. 'S e mo bharail gu bheil Macaibh Mor Mhacaibh an Domhain a' samhlachadh suim an iomlain de dheanadais a Gheamhraidh, agus, a réir coltais, lean e ris a' mhor-chuid d 'a uachdranachd gus an robh e dlùth air deireadh an Earraich, ni a tha glé chumanta 's na cèarnan so 'nar latha fein.

Cha luaithe thug Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge an ceann de Mhacaibh Mor na chaidh e dh' ionnsaidh a chomhaltan, 's thuirt e riu seòl a dheanamh dha air an eilean fhàgail. Thuirt iad ris nach robh de sheòl iomchair acasan leis am faodadh e 'n t-eilean fhàgail ach coite bheag a bh' aig a mhuime 's aig oide, 's gu 'm b' e làn dì a bheatha a toirt leis; nach iarradh i seòl no stiùir ach rùn a chridhe fein, 's gu 'n tilleadh i dhachaidh leatha fhein mar a thilleas an fhaoileann do chladach a h-èolais. A réir na doigh aithris Cholasaich, thug iad dha trì calamain a chumail àirdeachd ris air an rathad. Chuir e mach a' choite 's cha do rinn i tàmh no clos gus an deach i air tìr an Eirinn. Air fàgail na h-eitheir dha, leig e air falbh na calamain, ach bu duilich leis sin a dheanamh a thaobh cho binn 's a bha 'n ceòl aca. Cha 'n 'eil iomradh air na calamain 's an doigh aithris Eigich.

Tha sinn a' faicinn an so an Earraich, ann an riochd Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge, le obair crìochnaichte, a' gabhail a thuruis air neòil chléiteach, shoilleir a' mhìos Mhàigh, 's gaoth chùbhraidh Chéit mar cheòl binn 'na chluais; dìreach mar a chunnaic sinn e an riochd Mac an Earraidh Uaine, no Chochaill Uaine, a' gluasad an déigh a' Gheamhraidh air neòil bhallach, ghruamach an deireadh Fhoghair. Faodar a bhi cinnteach gur i ghaoth a bha cumail àirdeachd ris, 's aig

a' cheart àm a' toirt ciùil dha; co dhiu dh' ainmichear am fear-ciùil, Orpheus no Apollo; Hermes no Amphion; no, mar a th' againn an so, trì calamain nan Comhaltan,—'s i ghaoth a th' air a ciallachadh.

'Nuair a fhuair Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge air tìr an Eirinn, ghabh e lorg na lacha suas o 'n chladach. Co a thachair air ach Gruagach nan Cumha? Dh' innis e do 'n Ghruagaich gach ni mar a thachair, 's dh' fhalbh iad le chéile gu Caisteal an rìgh, 's ma bha 'n rathad buan bu bhuaine na sin ceòlagraich Ghruagaich nan Cumha. Fhuair iad an rìgh an trom-thrioblaid le coireannan a dhithis Mhac, Ridir' a' Chuirn agus Ridir' a' Chlaidheamh. Bha iadsan, bho 'n a thill iad dhachaidh, a' strì ri trì fiaclan sean eich a sparradh an ceann an rìgh an àite nan trì fiaclan a chuir Marcaiche na Fàlaire Duibhe as. Liòn Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge cupan làn fiona, 's chuir e na trì fiaclan a thug e á pòca Mhacaibh Mor 's a' chupan, 's dh' iarr e air an righ am fiòn òl. Rinn an rìgh sin, 's chaidh na fiaclan 'nan aite fein gu socair, sàmhach; gun nimh, gun dòruinn. Dh' òrdaich an rìgh, air ball, bearradh eòin agus amadain a dheanamh air Ridir' a' Chuirn 's air Ridir' a' Chlaidhimh, 's an sguabadh a mach as a bhaile. 'Na biodh a' chùis mar sin idir,' arsa Gruagach nan Cumha, 'ach thoir dhomhsa do dhà Mhac, 's cha chuirinn mo gheall nach faod iad seasamh air cnoc àrd fathast.' Dh' aontaich an rìgh leis a so. Phòs Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge agus Ailleagan nam Ban mar a bha e nàdurra dhaibh sin a dheanamh. Tha so a' cur a h-uile gnothaich ceart. Tha bhliadhna slàn aon uair eile. Tha dà thaobh an Earraich air tighinn ri cheile. Tha Mic an rìgh an dùil ri seasamh air cnoc àrd fathast, 's gun teagamh ni iad sin. Thig an latha-san mu 'n cuairt a' cheart cho cinnteach 's a thig àm curachd agus buana.

'S éigin stad; cha cheadaich Deasaiche 'n *Review* dhomh dol na 's fhaid' aig an àm. Tha mi mothachail air a' chùis, nach do shoirbhich leam mo mhìneachadh a dheanamh cho soilleir 's a bu mhath leam, ach a chum sin a dheanamh bhiodh e feumail eisimpleirean a thoirt seachad bho sgeulachdan aithnichte a mhìnich 's a leudaich daoine tòghluimte, ach

cha 'n 'eil cothrom air sin a dheanamh aig an àm. Theagamh gu foghainn na thubhairt mi a chum na slighe chomharrachadh a mach air am bheil seadh nan sgeulachdan so r' a fhaotainn; 's e sin ri ràdh, gur e gluasad chuspairean nàduir a tha air a riochdachadh annta, 's nach e deanadas duine no beathaich. Mar sin tuigidh sinn ciod is ciall do na h-euchdan do-chreidsinn a tha gaisgich an sgeòil a' cur an gniomh. Tuigidh sinn gur e 'n reothadh am Famhair mor a chuireas drochaid thar na h-aibhne ann an aon oidhche; gur i ghaothtuath an Curaidh feargach a spìon a' chraobh ghiubhais á bun, 's a thilg i bhàrr bearradh na creige; 's gur i ghrian a' Chlachmhuilinn a tha Sisyphus, gach aon là, a' rolladh o bhonn gu mullach na beinne, 's nach luaithe ruigeadh i am mullach na tha i rolladh le leathad air an taobh eile; agus mar sin 's an sgeul a tha f'ar comhair, gur e Cùrsa na gréine agus Deanadas na h-aimsire ré ràidhean a' Gheamhraidh agus an Earraich a tha air an riochdachadh le Treun-laoich an sgeòil.

SOME STORIES OF HEISKEIR

To the south-west of the island of North Uist lies a small island called Heiskeir, or Monach Isle, *i.e.* the Isle of the Monks, by which name it is known in the Admiralty Chart to distinguish it from a group of rocks in the neighbourhood called Hashkeir. Heiskeir is low-lying, and is composed principally of sand exposed to the turbulency of the wild Atlantic, and little to be coveted for a habitation except by seals, sea-birds, or any such monsters as the one about to be described. Inhabited, however, it is. It has so been from time immemorial. Five or six families of small tenants have always lived there (and formerly double or treble that number) in the enjoyment of plenty, comfort, and ease, who would be very sorry to exchange their 'ocean home' for any other place. Solitary they never find it, even in winter when they are shut out almost exclusively from the world.

The soil produces excellent crops in great abundance, and they have also good black cattle; indeed, the little lone island is something of an elysium to its small population. At one time it was the abode of a gentleman of no mean standing among the gentlemen of the outer islands—Mr. MacDonald, a grandson of Clanronald, who, for one humane act in particular, is spoken of with admiration wherever his name is mentioned. Having learned about the massacre of Glencoe, he was so shocked by the atrocity of the deed, and so moved with compassion for the suffering widows and orphans of the murdered clan, that he got his sixteen-oared galley at once equipped and laden with barley grain—the produce of the little fertile isle—which he despatched to their relief,—a deed, be it observed, more worthy of its length and breadth upon the page of history than that royal one which gave occasion to it.

The stone coffins which are at times exposed by sand-drift and by the action of the waves, show that this island, which at one period was much greater in extent than it is at present, was inhabited by the ancient Caledonians. Nay, if I may credit living witnesses, there are indications of its having been inhabited by an earlier race than even they. Be that as it may, however, certain it is in the minds of the inhabitants that, at a period dating many generations back, Heiskeir was not a very desirable place to live in, or to die in rather; for live they could not there, and death did not come in the course of nature. A reign of terror threw its gloom over the mind of man and beast, occasioned by the too close proximity of a very ugly neighbour—a neighbour who would seize upon, tear up, and devour any living creature that he could lay hold of. His depredations occasioned many a wail of woe for several years. So powerful was this scourge that no means of destruction devised against him was of any avail.

I have heard of many terrible fellows of the EACH-UISGE tribe; but never did I hear of a more relentless, more destructive, more voracious rascal than the Heiskeir Each-Uisge. Others that I heard of in story could at times be soft,

feeling, even noble, and it was not an uncommon thing for them to go a great length in order to enjoy the smile of a fair one of the human race. In this they sometimes succeeded through the stratagem of metamorphosing themselves into the shape of a handsome young man. As for the Each-Uisg' in question, however, he was a monster amongst his monstrous race; for the only question that rose within him at sight of any object, however fair or lovely, was, Is it eatable? There are monsters of the human family who to this question add just another, Is it pocketable? But the Heiskeir Each-Uisge had only one receptacle for all things.

When their calamities had come to their full height from the ravages of this fearful, remorseless brute, the poor Heiskeirians—such of them as remained that is to say—held a solemn council to determine what steps they ought to pursue in order to rid themselves of the enemy or to rid the enemy of them. After much unprofitable discussion—long vain deliberation—they at length came to a deadlock. Their wits were completely baffled. They were as wise at the end as at the beginning. Their enemy was too formidable for any machinations they might contrive for his destruction. The only resource that remained was 'to make good flight by timely speed,' and leave their little all to be devoured by the huge monster. At this juncture a bold woman of the name of Nic Leoid came forward and volunteered her advice, which was readily listened to. 'Well,' says she, 'I have been revolving this matter in my mind these seven years back. I have been feeding and pampering a powerful bull during all that time, and for some years he has not set foot on green grass. He is as wild as the very enemy of mankind. Let us set him against the foe, and see whether his horns may not have some effect with our tormentor.' All applauded, all were eager for a trial of the experiment, although they were not very sanguine as to the result. They thought it worth while to put the matter to the test at any rate. No time was lost. The monster had his abode in a small lake near their dwellings. Nic Leoid led forth her

black, sleek-piled, long-horned giant from his confinement to do battle. She stood at a short distance while her favourite grazed quietly by the brink of the lake. He was not long engaged in this peaceful pastime when he was disturbed by a commotion of the waters beside him. Nic Leoid no sooner observed him begin to exhibit signs of fury than she commenced to urge him on, as she knew well how to do. As the enemy was emerging out of the water covered with weeds and mud, the champion, unaccustomed as he was to the sight of any living creature except that of his nurse, as Nic Leoid might be called, began to tear up the ground with his hoofs and horns and to utter fearful roarings and bellowings. The combat was not long in commencing—a combat not to be described. The marks of it are to be traced upon the ground on the margin of the lake till this day. For a long time victory could not be observed to incline to either side. At length signs of exhaustion began to betray themselves in both, and the Each-Uisge, cunning by nature and finding that he had met with too powerful an antagonist, was seen to begin a retrograde movement towards the element which was natural to him. This seemed to inspire additional courage in the bull, who followed him closely, but, unfortunately for himself, followed him too far. By this stratagem the Each-Uisge got upon vantage ground. He was at home in his own element, but the bull was out of his. The combat raged, however, with the greatest fury. They so dashed the water about and raised it in such splashes into the air that they could only be seen occasionally, and at last they disappeared altogether. For a short while, however, the water was in the most awful commotion, an occasional glimpse of a foot or a horn appearing for an instant above the troubled waters until, after the whole lake had been turned into one thick mixture of mud, sand, and weeds, all became silent, and it was evident that all was over. Nothing more was seen of either the bull or the Each-Uisge. A pair of lungs floated ashore the following day; but they were so mangled that it could not be conjectured whether they belonged to the bull or not.

The Each-Uisge was not the only enemy that disturbed the peace of the Heiskeir people. At times they found enemies, and cruel enemies enough too, amongst their own species. Remote from any friendly aid, unaccustomed to warlike exercises, and possessing some worldly substance in the shape of sheep, cattle, etc., they offered a tempting bait to the rapacity of some of their more powerful neighbours. Upon one occasion a party of Lewismen organised an expedition against them. After due preparation these marauders launched upon the deep in a large galley, and sailed along the west coast of Harris and North Uist, with the view of ravaging Heiskeir, and despoiling it of everything they could carry away, their destination being, of course, unknown to all who observed their progress. The weather turning out less favourable to their undertaking than they had calculated upon, it was anything but agreeable to them to recollect that they had no efficient pilot, particularly since they were well aware of the extremely dangerous character of the coast all around Heiskeir, and that there were no harbours. Portroy is the only place (except in the finest summer weather) where a boat can land with any degree of safety. Even this is inaccessible except in tolerably fair weather, and whatever the state of the weather may be, the precaution is invariably taken of hauling up boats above high-water mark, as they cannot ride at anchor without constant risk. Under the circumstances the Lewismen were obliged to land in North Uist, in order to procure a pilot. They were fully alive to the great difficulty and risk of securing such a convenience, since the object of their cruise could not but be too clear to any one they might come in contact with, wherefore they resolved upon kidnapping the first likely individual they met. A short distance from the place where they landed—Portscolpeg on the shores of Balranald—they noticed a lonely, miserable hut, which had the appearance of being inhabited, and towards it they directed their steps in the first place. On entering this humble domicile they found it contained but one solitary inhabitant, and such a

pale, poverty-stricken skeleton that it would be the direst necessity that would make them turn him out to act as their pilot. Finding, however, that there were no people near at hand, and knowing how dangerous it would be for them to venture inland, or present themselves amongst houses, they made up their minds to make the best of the subject before them. If the wretch could spin out the thread of his existence until they arrived at their destination that was all they cared for. For the sake of his personal safety they thought he would pilot them faithfully and to the best of his knowledge and skill. So to this anatomy it was proposed that he should accompany them as their guide to Heiskeir, with the promise of a share of the booty that would reward their expedition if he did his duty well. The reason why the poor fellow had been banished to this spot of loneliness was that he had typhus fever, from which he was now slowly recovering. With all the strength and earnestness he could summon to his aid he pleaded his sad case, and begged of them not to urge him to accompany them, as it would be the very death of him, the weather, too, being so intensely cold. 'You will not die until we reach Heiskeir at any rate,' said they; and with that they seized upon him and dragged him along with them into their boat. Anchors were up, sails were spread, and in a trice the galley was scudding away before the gale at a rapid rate. Niel, as the young man's name was, was stationed in the bow, on the look-out, and—well admonished as to his duty—there he sat, an unwilling fixture, like any other figure-head—quite as hard too—his teeth discovering only too well with what reluctance his emaciated limbs embraced the uncongenial, cold wind. His body was somewhat idle, certainly, but not so his imagination—his mind; and we shall see, by and by, what the results of his lucubrations were. The galley was little more than half way across the channel when a very heavy and thick fall of snow came on. Niel was constantly urged to vigilance, and notwithstanding his familiarity with the neighbourhood wherein he was now making his way, he

was as constantly at his wits' end. He succeeded in piloting the boat well notwithstanding, till at length his quick ear detected the roar of the sea breaking upon the shore of the small islet of Stockay, lying close to the east end of Heiskeir and not far from Portroy, whither they were bound. His care now was to steer clear of a zigzag, dangerous rock that lies in the way of one making direct for the port from the head of Stockay, and called the Eel on account of its tortuous turnings. This he succeeded in accomplishing, not without great difficulty, for the snow fell so thick that he could scarcely see the man at the helm when he turned round to give him instructions. During the voyage Niel had his thoughts much engrossed with his own unfortunate circumstances. He was calculating upon the all but absolute certainty of a relapse, and, if a relapse, the equally certain issue in death. Revenged he would be upon his oppressors, if he only knew how or by what means. He devised a bold scheme for their destruction, the execution of which the thick fall of snow favoured vastly, while it allowed a chance, bare as it was, of his own escape at the same time. All knew that they were now close to some shore; but Niel had persuaded them that the entrance to the port, which he represented as very narrow, was still some distance ahead. Lulled in their security, and wrapped up in their plaids, the easy Lewismen were sitting upon the ballast, waiting until the call should be given, acting upon the instructions of the pilot, the steersman was quietly sitting at the helm, and the latter, perched upon the bow like a cormorant upon his rock, was all in readiness for the emergency which he had predetermined in his own mind, when crash! suddenly comes the boat against the wild rocks, a little to the south of the entrance to the port. But before she had actually struck Niel was already clinging desperately to the crags of the rough shore. As soon as the wave receded he rushed up to dry land, and was out of the reach of all immediate danger. On turning round he could see the ill-fated Lewismen struggling in the surge amidst masts, sails, ropes, oars, and

miscellaneous pieces of the wreck; but he wanted all inclination to render any assistance, even if it were possible. So the unfortunate crew all perished, and perhaps it was as well for poor Niel's carcase that such was the case. The most of the bodies were, sooner or later, cast up by the sea, and were interred by the people of the island, without much ceremony, close by the shore, and a little above the place where they lost their lives. A few erect stones still mark their graves.

As for Niel—the treacherous guide, the unfaithful pilot—he received such attention at the hands of the grateful people whose property, if not lives in many cases, he was the means of saving, that he was far better off than if he had been left in his old hut. He speedily recovered his health, having experienced no evil effects from the voyage. Ever after this adventure he went by the soubriquet of *Niall a Chabhaidh* (properly *Cathaidh*) which means Niel of the snow-drift.

In the course of time Niel married and became the father of a family, and the head of a tribe known in North Uist as *'Sliochd Niel a Chathaidh'* (the race of Niel of the snow-drift). Many of them emigrated, but not a few of them are still to be met with in North Uist. Niel is a family name amongst them.

The men of Lewis have at all times been celebrated as seamen. They take to the sea as to an element that is, in a manner, natural to them. It would appear that they retain in their veins, especially in the northernmost parts of the island, a large mixture of the blood of those famous marauders of the north, who, for so many generations, were the terror and the scourge not only of the British Isles, but of the whole of the western sea-coast of Europe. The trade was only natural, therefore, to their kinsmen or descendants in the island of Lewis, whom we find every now and then indulging in the same discreditable, though to them noble and enjoyable pastime upon a small scale. In those good old times, known to us now only through the uncertain channel of tradition, any gentleman of notoriety, or any daring fellow who could command influence among his neighbours, could have no difficulty whenever

he so desired in organising a marauding expedition into the territories of those whom he considered a likely prey for his rapacious villains. These were always ready, and waited only for the signal to start upon any cruise that promised them booty. Donald Cam[1] (Donald the one-eyed), the son of Dougall, who is so intimately associated in Lewis traditions with the strong old fort or Dùn of Carloway, near the famous 'Druidical temple' at Callernish, affords a notorious instance of this class of genius; and the well-known 'Britheamh Leoghasach' (Lewis Brieve or Judge) himself could not always boast of going about in the world with clean hands. It is alleged of him that he had a finger in many a dirty pie. The name of the others of the same class is legion. Expert at sea, fearless and bold, the Lewismen possessed great advantages over their neighbours of the Long Island, who, brought up as they were to the more peaceful occupation of cultivating the soil, were, comparatively speaking, but mere 'land-loupers,' with the exception of the Barra men at the other extreme of the Long Island. The want of good harbours on the west coast of the two Uists, along which, as affording the only soil suitable for crops, the inhabitants were scattered, may account to some extent at least for their disregard for that 'unstable element the sea.' Not that they were altogether unaccustomed to boating upon a small scale, but they have always fallen vastly behind their neighbours farther north in everything that appertains to seamanship. Bolder or better seamen than the Lewismen could not be found in this country or perhaps in any other.

Upon one occasion a party of these gentlemen concocted an expedition of the kind above referred to, and fixed upon

[1] Donald Cam was as brave as he was turbulent and cruel. He carried the blood of many a hero on the blade of his sword. The writer who was so much struck by 'the unaccountable sport of nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs,' might have observed another sport of nature, namely, the number of *one-eyed* people, who, from the days of Polyphemus to those of Archibald the Grim, from the days of one-eyed Odin, to those of his country-woman, the Muirchertach, are reputed to have been of a similar temperament—cruel, turbulent, and wicked in disposition.

the island of Tarinsay, situated without the entrance to the harbour of West Loch Tarbet, in Harris, then under cultivation, and well stocked with sheep, black cattle, and horses, as a place where they could, without fear of any great opposition, it being wholly unprotected, reap a good harvest. How many boats and men the expedition consisted of the story does not record, but of the latter there could not have been less than forty or fifty. They met with little or no inconvenience on the voyage, and reached the island whither they were bound somewhat early in the morning. They dropped their anchors near the east end of it, in a small exposed creek or 'port,' as it is called, where boats are always hauled up high and dry, even in the most peaceable weather in summer, unless their stay is to be of but a few hours' duration. This 'port' is neither so exposed as Portroy in Heiskeir, alluded to in the story preceding, nor is it so dangerous in its approach. They effected an easy landing, no opposition being offered, and lost no time in setting about the accomplishment of the object of their visit. The pillaging commenced. Sheep, cattle, and whatever they considered it worth their while to lay hands upon, were being gathered into one place at the port for shipment. At first they were somewhat surprised at the passive behaviour of the Tarinsay people, who looked on, 'silent and sullen,' while strangers were despoiling them of their little all. But their surprise subsided when they recollected that they themselves, well-armed, and pretty strong in numbers, looked formidable enough to their victims, whom they now set down for a parcel of poor, inoffensive islanders, unaccustomed to the sight of such invaders, as well as to the use of arms. But they calculated entirely without their host, for there was one genius on the island, John Mòr Mac Rory, who was actively engaged in planning a fearful retribution, all unobserved. He was keeping out of sight with the main strength of the island, until the spoiler should be off his guard, and the tide should rise at the port, for it had been low water when the Lewismen came to anchor; the latter circumstance, not less

than the former, being calculated to aid them in asserting their right to their own property by force of arms. The time they were waiting for at length arrived. The invaders were scattered in small bands, unconcernedly, all over the eastern portion of the island and the tide had risen to near the full, when suddenly rushed out of their concealment John Mòr with his myrmidons, well equipped with bows and swords, and stoutly determined to punish the spoliators in a manner they were now not very well prepared for. John Mòr was soon joined by those who had hitherto been to all appearance but mere weak spectators of all that was going on. The carnage commenced. Those attacked gave the alarm, and began to form themselves into such order as their circumstances enabled them. A number of them were slain before the fray could properly be said to have assumed the character of a battle. They were taken quite by surprise, and during the whole time the engagement lasted they could not be said to have regained their confidence. They fought, however, with great bravery, though circumstances plainly showed that they fought not so much with a view to victory, as to the preservation of their lives, and flight; for they were gradually falling back in the direction of their boats, while at the same time they fiercely contended with their opponents. John Mòr was too wide awake for them. All along he had been alive to the importance of securing the port. Their best stand the Lewismen made a little to the west of this place; but alas! in spite of all they could do, they found after a severe and bloody struggle that retreat to their boats was hopelessly cut off, and even if not, the tide being now high, the attempt must end in their almost utter extermination. Opposite the spot where, as has been observed, they had for some time held their ground so firmly, there is a rock with a few yards of green grass on the top of it, which is joined to the land at half tide, but is cut off from it at high water; and finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, and so unmercifully dealt with, they fell back, step by step, into the waves towards this rock, hoping there to defend themselves the more successfully, still fighting,

however, in good order, and with the courage of despair. Once on this rock they could get nearer their boats than was otherwise possible. The contest now raged with terrific fury in the water. Many of the Lewismen fell here, as did some of their opponents also. The retiring party, once they gained a footing on the rock, regained courage and galled the boldest of their pursuers; but, alas! though they fought like demons, and, for a considerable time kept the enemy at bay, yet their numbers were so woefully reduced that they could only look to being cut off to a man. The last half-dozen of them scorned to ask for quarter—probably because they thought it would be in vain—and, with the exception of one of their number, shared the same fate with their comrades.

The rock upon which this action terminated has, from this circumstance, been ever since called Sgeir a Bhualt, that is, the rock of strokes or blows. It is to be presumed that those of the invading crew who fell on land were treated with a decent burial (some of them indeed fell in a burying-ground, and all fell within bowshot of it), but of those who fell in the water it is said that their bodies were disposed of in shallow pits—graves they could hardly be called—among the sand and shingle in the very spots where they were found when the tide receded.

NOTES

Notes on the Study of Gaelic—*concluded*

It will serve as a useful conclusion to these notes to give a list of Bursaries, Grants, and other encouragements to the study of Gaelic. The list is doubtless incomplete, and the writer will be obliged for a note of any omissions.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH—BURSARIES IN ARTS. *Argyllshire Bursary.*—One of £20 for 3 years. Candidates (male or female) must be natives of Argyllshire, Bute, or Western Islands. Examinations in English, Latin, Mathematics, and any one of the following:—French, German, Greek, Gaelic. Application to George A. Munro, Esq., S.S.C., 6 Rutland Square, Edinburgh.

Ardvorlich Bursary.—One of £15, 12s. for 4 years. Open to students of Arts, natives of the parishes of Comrie, Balquhidder, Callander, or Killin; failing whom, to natives of Perthshire; failing such, to the best qualified

candidate. Subjects—Latin, Greek, French, and German, with Preliminary Gaelic.

Mackinnon Bursaries.—Three of about £20 for 3 years. Open to Gaelic-speaking natives of Argyll, Bute and Arran, Inverness, Ross, or Sutherland. Subjects as in the University Bursary Competition, with an additional examination in Gaelic.

Macdougall Bursaries.—Four of about £30 for 3 years. Open to students of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews Universities. Students attending the Gaelic class to be preferred. Application to Mr. W. C. Young, Solicitor, Perth.

London Inverness-shire Association Bursary.—One of £18 for 3 years. Open, in the first place, to natives of the county of Inverness. Examination as for First Year Open Bursaries, with Gaelic (full marks, 100) as an additional subject. Application to Eric Mackay, 24 Haldon Road, West Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

The Blackie Celtic Prize of about £60. Open triennally in October to matriculated students of the University, and to graduates of any Scottish University, under the age of 30 and within 6 years of their graduation. The Examination is in the Gaelic Language and Literature. The prize will be open in October 1908.

The Macpherson Scholarship of £80 for 1 year. Awarded annually to the student who has, within 6 years of the date of the competition, completed the examination for M.A. of the University of Edinburgh, who has included in his examination the subjects of Latin and Greek, and who has attended the class of Celtic and attained distinction in that subject.

DIVINITY. *Colquhalzie Bursary* of about £13 for 3 years. Preference is given to Gaelic speakers.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN—ARTS. *Munro Bursary.*—One of £20 for 4 years. Open to Gaelic-speaking students from within the Synods of Glenelg, Sutherland, Caithness, or the Presbytery of Mull.

Macpherson Bursaries.—Three of £20 for 4 years. Open to Gaelic speakers.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW—THEOLOGY. *Brown or Ettles Bursaries.*—Two of £28 for 3 years. A preference, *caeteris paribus*, to such as can speak Gaelic.

Bursaries not exclusively connected with one University :—

Gillian Maclaine Bursaries.—Two of £50, tenable for 3 sessions in Arts and 3 sessions in Divinity. Open to Gaelic-speaking students in any of the four Scottish Universities studying for the Ministry of the Church of Scotland. Application to Rev. P. N. Mackichan, Manse, Inveraray.

Highland Society's Bursary of £50 for 4 years. Open to natives of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness, Nairn, Moray, Aberdeen, Perth, Forfar, Dumbarton, Stirling, Argyll, Bute. Subjects of Examination—Gaelic, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Scottish History. Tenable at any Scottish University.

The Queen's Bursary for Gaelic Scholarship.—£15 for 1 year. Open to students in the Faculty of Arts of one of the Scottish Universities who are natives of or have resided for 2 years within the Synods of Aberdeen, Moray, Glenelg, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, or in Perthshire, and who are studying with a view to becoming clergymen of the Church of Scotland. Application to H. W. Cornillon, Esq., S.S.C., 130 George Street, Edinburgh.

THE HIGHLAND TRUST.—By their constitution 'the Governors may expend a sum not exceeding £500 per annum in paying to teachers of public or State-aided schools within the counties of Orkney and Shetland, Sutherland, Caithness, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness and Argyll, and such portions of Moray and Nairn, Banff, Aberdeen, Perth, Dumbarton, and Bute, as the Governors may from time to time determine, Capitation Grants for children taught by such teachers who shall satisfy the governing body that they can read Gaelic. The amount of Grant shall not exceed the sum of 5s. per child, and no teacher shall receive a sum exceeding £10 in any one year.' For the numerous Bursaries awarded by the Trust, Gaelic is one of the optional subjects. *Secretary*—C. C. Nisbet, Esq., 11 Alva Street, Edinburgh.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.—This Society has voted for many years an average sum of about £160 per annum towards the education and maintenance of Gaelic-speaking students in attendance at Universities or High Schools. A Bursary of £20 is annually awarded to a Gaelic-speaking lad at a High School preparatory to the University. Two University Bursaries of £15 tenable for three years. In addition, additional Grants of £10, 10s. are made to the next most deserving candidates. The Bursaries and Grants are awarded on written testimonials. *Honorary Secretaries*—J. Ronald; M. Macdonald; Malcolm Macnaughton. *Assistant Secretary*—James A. Chisholm. *Address*—Scottish Hall, Crane Court, London, E.C.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—This Society pay Capitation Grants of 2s. 6d. per head for passes in Gaelic reading. Silver Medals are given for papers in Gaelic written under supervision. Book prizes are given so far as funds allow to all the schools that come under the scheme. Special Grants and Prizes may be awarded to authenticated private classes whose pupils pass the required examination. (The Gaelic Society of London has no endowments or bequests.) *Address*—7 Crane Court, London, E.C.

ROYAL CELTIC SOCIETY.—One Bursary of the annual value of £25 awarded in the examination of the Highland Trust, Gaelic being an obligatory subject.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.—Prizes in books and money are given for written and oral competitions held in connection with the annual Mòd. *Secretary*—John Mackintosh, Solicitor, Queensgate, Inverness.

THE PORT ELIZABETH HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—*Sir Hector Macdonald Memorial Bursary.*—About £20 per annum tenable for one or more years at Dingwall Academy. Open to all boys between 15 and 17 years of age who are natives of Ross and Cromarty. Subjects—English, Mathe-

matics, and any two of the following, viz., Latin, French, German, Gaelic; or, one language and one Science subject (Chemistry or Physics). Applications to—The Clerk, School Board of Dingwall.

SCOTTISH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.—Gaelic is recognised by the Department as a subject counting toward the Leaving Certificate. The Gaelic paper has been hitherto set on the Lower Grade (v. *Celtic Review*, ii. 92; iii. 94). A Grant of £10 is paid for each teacher engaged in giving instruction through Gaelic to Gaelic-speaking children. At the entrance examination to the Training Colleges, a paper in Gaelic (value, 80 marks), is set in addition to other subjects, thus increasing by 80 the total possible marks of Gaelic-speaking candidates.

UNITED FREE CHURCH.—The Education Committee of the U.F. Church grant Bursaries of £2 tenable for two years, to students in Training Colleges who pass an examination in Gaelic. *Secretary*—A. Mackenzie, U.F. Church Offices, Edinburgh.

UNIVERSITIES.—Gaelic is recognised as a subject for the degree of M.A. in Edinburgh and Glasgow. In Edinburgh it may be taken as one of the subjects for the preliminary examination in Arts. The fees of students attending the Celtic classes in the University of Edinburgh who required assistance were for many years paid by the late Sir William Mackinnon, and in so far as they are not met from the Carnegie Trust, are now paid by his nephew, on application through Professor Mackinnon. W. J. WATSON.

The Honour of a Gaul

At the time when the Gauls over-ran Ionia and were sacking its cities, the Thesmophoria (*Demeter's festival*) was being held in Miletus. On this occasion the women were assembled in the temple, which stands a little way from the city, when a division of the barbarians which had broken from the main body came through to the land of Miletus, and captured them by a sudden onfall. Some were ransomed by their friends in exchange for much gold and silver, but others found favour among the barbarians and were carried off. Among the latter was Herippe, wife of Xanthus, a man of high repute, and of the first family in Miletus; she left behind her a babe two years old. In his sore longing for his wife Xanthus realised part of his possessions, and so providing himself with two thousand pieces of gold, he crossed first into Italy; thereafter he was conveyed by some of his private correspondents to Massilia, whence he arrived in the land of the Celts. He came to the house where his wife lived with a man of the highest repute among the Celts, and craved entertainment. The people in their hospitable manner received him readily. He went in and saw his wife; she embraced him, and welcomed him most kindly. Anon the Celt appeared. Herippe told him of all her husband's travel, and how for her sake he had come to pay down a ransom. He admired Xanthus's spirit, and forthwith summoning his nearest relatives entertained him hospitably. As the cups went round,

he caused Xanthus's wife to sit by her husband, and through an interpreter asked how much he possessed in all. Xanthus named a thousand pieces of gold, whereupon the barbarian bade him divide it into four portions; three he bade him take for himself, his wife, and his child; the fourth part he was to leave as his wife's ransom. At last they went to rest, and Xanthus's wife blamed him much for having promised the barbarian so much gold, not having it by him; he would be in danger, she said, if he failed to make good his offer. Xanthus told her that he had another thousand besides concealed in his servant's boots, for he had not thought to find the barbarian so reasonable, but that he would demand a heavy ransom. Next day the wife discovered to the Celt the full amount of her husband's wealth, and advised him to slay Xanthus, saying that she far preferred himself to her country and her child; as for Xanthus, she loathed him utterly. The Celt, far from being pleased with this advice, was minded to punish her. So when Xanthus made to depart, he escorted him most kindly, taking Herippe along also. When they came to the bounds of the land of the Celts, he said that before they parted he desired to make sacrifice. A victim was brought, which he bade Herippe lay hold of. She did so, as she was wont at other times also to do. The Celt raised his sword, and with the downward sweep cut off her head. He told Xanthus of her treachery, and bade him not take his action amiss. The gold he gave all to himself to carry home.

The above is translated from the Greek of Parthenius, who collected *Erotica*, Love Stories, and taught Vergil Greek. The same story is told by Aristodemus of Nysa; who, however, calls the woman Euthymia and the Gaul Cavaros. It appears in Holder's *Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz* under *Celtae*.

Bramble Water

A coincidence that has escaped Celticists is the appearance of 'brambles' or 'bramble water' in the submerged cities of Liban and Aes, in Ireland and Brittany respectively, as well as the recurrence of 'brambles' in the *name* of the legendary *Ronce*vaux or *Roncesv*als (*Roncesv*al, *Ronce*val). One knows that, historically, on 15th August 778, *die xvii. Kalendas Septembrias*, the Gascons destroyed the rearguard of Charlemagne's army, returning from Spain, among the dead being the great Roland, prefect of the Marches of *Brittany*, Anselme, and Eggihard. But the legend, probably *Norman*, and written up as the 'Chanson de Roland' (in England), recks little of the facts. Of the name Roncesvaux the more than doubtful derivation from *Roscida vallis* is given generally. If by *roscida* is here meant *rosea*, as in Vergil's 'rosea rura Velini,' the word means 'marshy,' and is Celtic 'rhôs,' W. for 'rough scrub with gorse and water.'

Hugo Meyer wants, naturally, to compare this Pyrenees (Celtic) legend with the 'valley of thorns' in the Scandinavian mythology. But Celtic 'brambles' are better, and we have them already in two Celtic city submersions. At Aes town the brambles grew up about the disused churches,

and the dogs gnawed the bones of the poor just before the city was whelmed. Lough Neagh was caused by the bramble water that rose.

Besides, the Pyrenees are absolutely Celtic, as such writers as Appian plentifully show. Meyer's 'thorns' are more classical—*e.g.* on the head of the Attic boy at weddings calling out the Eleusinian phrase, 'Ill have I fled, (and) found good'—than Celtic. Brambles in W. are 'mieri,' possibly connected with the name 'Mererid,' that of the wicked 'well-minister' of Seitheuin's submerged estates. Another Celtic name in the 'Chanson de Roland' is 'murgleis' or 'murglais,' 'cleddyx,' 'mawr,' 'claymore,' the sword of the traitor Ganelon, though the French editor, L. Gautier, can make nothing of the word:—

'Ceinte Murgleis s'espée a sur costet' (v. 346).
(Bound Murgleis, his sword, to his side.)

'Sur les reliques de s'espée Murglais
La traisun jurat' (v. 607).
(On the relics of his sword Murglais swore (Ganelon) the treason.)

H. H. JOHNSON.

QUERIES

Ashig

When St. Kentigern was in Wales he founded a monastery at Llanelwy—now St. Asaph—in Flintshire, six miles from Rhyl. Dr. W. F. Skene remarks (*Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 188): 'It is in the vale of Clwyd, at the junction of the river Elwy with the Clwyd, a name possibly given to it by Kentigern from some fancied resemblance to the river and valley in the north where he had his original seat.' When Kentigern returned to Scotland he installed as the head of the Llanelwy monastery his disciple, St. Asaph, regarding whom little is otherwise known. We find a trace of Asaph's influence on Scottish topography in *Cill Aisaim* in Berneray, off Harris, and in *Kilassie*, near Loch Rannoch, both signifying the church of St. Asaph. In Strath parish, Skye, we have *Ashig* and *Tobar-Ashig*, *i.e.* 'the well of Ashig,' named after St. Asaph, according to the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* (Inverness, p. 305). Is this explanation correct?

J. M. MACKINLAY.

Killinaline, Mull

Mr. T. S. Muir, in his *Characteristics of Old Church Architecture* (p. 144) remarks: 'Whilst taking this round (from Tobermory to Craignure) you see not far off, on the moorland slope, the burying-ground of Killinaline, marked from the surrounding nakedness by a few trees. In it are the foundations of an ancient chapel, and two or three slabs bearing swords, foliage, etc.' Has Killinaline the name of any saint embedded in it?

J. M. MACKINLAY.

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A GREAT CYMRIC BARD

ARTHUR HUGHES, B.A.

ALTHOUGH a knowledge of Celtic literature is becoming more general among people of culture, we are still often startled when we come into contact with the vagueness of the ideas which exist. Even in regard to modern Welsh literature the notions of most people who are not conversant with the language are exceedingly hazy. By many the Celts themselves are blamed for this state of things—they should make their literature known to the world by translating it into the most widely spoken languages of modern civilisation; they should write in a foreign language in order that the foreigner may understand. But why, may I ask, should the Celt be an exception to the general rule that a people by whom a literature is produced hardly ever translate it themselves into a foreign tongue? It was not an Englishman who gave Germany her best translation of Shakespeare, nor an Italian who gave England her best translation of Dante. Our modern renderings of Vergil and Homer are not by Romans and Greeks; nor were the Hebrew writings put into so many different languages by Hebrews. It is, then, not right to blame the Celt for not doing that which no other nation has done. The fault is really the fault of the foreigner himself, of the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman. It is *their* apathy, *their* indifference, which keeps people from becoming acquainted with Celtic literature and learning to appreciate it.

Poetry has always flourished amongst the Celts, and in none of the Celtic lands has this form of literature been more cultivated than in Cymru. When, in the twelfth century, the great revival of Cymric literature took place, a number of bards arose, the remains of whose works show them to have been thorough masters of their art. In particular the mastery of language displayed is often something to be wondered at by our less deep modern minds. Most of us could with benefit take a lesson in the handling of language from many of those old Cymric bards. Of this galaxy of singers who flourished during the time of the Cymric princes none rose greater than Gwalchmei ap Meilyr, Gwalchmei the son of Meilyr. He belonged to a family of poets. His father sang to the 'Old Lion of Gwynedd,' Gruffudd ap Cynan, as Gwalchmei himself tells us in an ode to Owein Gwynedd, the son of Gruffudd ap Cynan :—

'Ardwyrews vyn tat
Y vreisc vrenhindat.'

'My father extolled
His mighty king-father;'

while his son Einiawn ap Gwalchmei composed a beautiful ode on the death of a granddaughter of Owein Gwynedd, and sang the praises of Llywelyn the Great. Gwalchmei was the finest poet of the family. He sang to Owein Gwynedd, but he has other pieces besides the odes to his chieftain, the most famous being *Gorhoffedd Gwalchmei*, or *Gwalchmei's Delight*, which is also perhaps in some respects his best composition. A warrior born and bred, like every Cymro in those stirring days, he tells us how he was keeping watch by night near the fords of Dygen Freidin, and of the thoughts which reflection brought to his mind as he stood alone and observed the beauties of nature around him. It was the spring; all nature was bright and full of life, while the soldier mind would call up memories of fiercely fought battles against the Saxon and the Norman in defence of the mountain land, and think of the strong arm of Owein of Gwynedd that now kept the intruder away. The poem is a

fascinating commixture of the poetry of nature and the poetry of war. It must not, however, be imagined that translation can do anything like justice to the original.

'Mochddwyreawc huan haf dyffestin,
Maws llafar adar, mygr hear hin.

Gorwylieis nos yn achadw ffin
Gorloes rydieu dyfr Dygen Freidin.

Gorlas gwellt didryf, dwfr neud iesin,
Gorddyar eaws awdl gynefin.

Gwylein yn gware ar wely lliant,
Lleithrion eu pluawr pleidieu edrin.

Pellynig fy nghof yng nghynefin
Yn ethryb caru Caerwys febin.

Llachar fy nghleddyf lluch i anwyd-yng nghad,
Llewychedig eur ar fy ysgwyd.

Ac er bod llywy lliw eiry ar goed
Pan fu aer rhag caer cyforieis waed.

Caraf fi eaws Fei fore hun ludd,
A golygon hwyr, hirwyn i grudd.

Caraf fi'r ednan a'i llarian lleis,
Cathl foddawg coed, cadr i etheis.

Gweleis yn Rhuddlan ruthr fflam rhag Owein,
A chelanedd rhein a rhudd fyhyr.

Gweleis yno ym mro yn amrygyr
Tewi ganllyw a wyr o anystyr.'

'Early-rising is the sun of the swiftly-coming summer,
Melodious is the voice of birds, glorious the resounding air.

I watched throughout the night, guarding the boundary
Of the murmuring water-fords of Dygen Freidin.

Of brilliant green is the untrodden grass, limpid is the water,
Common are the notes of the nightingale's song.

Seagulls are playing on a bed of waters,
Gleaming the plumes of the clamouring flocks.

Far are my thoughts, in my accustomed place,
Because of my love for the youth of Caerwys.

Glittering is my sword of flashing temper in battle,
Resplendent is the gold upon my shield.

And though I love the fair maid of the hue of snow on the trees,
In the fight before the fort I caused the blood to flow.

I love the nightingale of May, that hinders morning sleep,
With her tranquil eyes, and her long grey cheek.

I love the bird with her clarion voice,
In the solacing lay of the wood, on her beautiful seat.

I saw at Rhuddlan the rush of the flame before Owein,
And carnage from spears and ruddy onsets.

I saw there on the plain in the conflict
A hundred chieftains silent from loss of consciousness.'

The *Delight* is full of the polished gems of literature; it is one of those pieces that one never gets tired of reading over and over again. It is not a connected poem, but a collection of fine thoughts and striking references. In the above examples such expressions as 'gorloes rydieu dyfr,' 'golygon hwyr,' 'cathl foddawg coed,' will strike the reader as peculiarly beautiful and appropriate; they are the expressions of a master mind. Gwalchmei was a great lover of nature, and in showing his love he has chosen words which are seldom paralleled.

Another of Gwalchmei's famous poems is that from which Gray gave English literature the *Triumphs of Owen*. It describes a battle on the coast of Anglesey, and is one of the strongest battle pictures ever drawn in words. The poem opens with a eulogy of Owein Gwynedd; the fleets of the enemy are described coming against him; then follows a wonderful description of the fight.

'Teir lleng y daethant, liant lestri,
Teir praff prif lynges wy bres brofi;
Un o Iwerddon,
Arall arfogion
O'r Llychlynigion
Llwrw hirion lli.

A'r drydedd dros fôr o Norddmandi
Ar drafferth anferth, anfad iddi.'

'In three squadrons they came, the vessels of the flood,
Three mighty prime fleets to attempt him with fierceness;
One from Ireland,
Another of armed men
Of the Danes,
On the long waves of the tide.

And the third over sea from Normandy
With mighty toil,—the curse attend her.'

Then comes the conflict; the 'dragon of Mon' was waiting:—

'A rhagddaw rhewys dwys dyfysgi
A rhewin a thrin a thranc cymri.

Ar gad gad greudde,
Ar gryd gryd graendde,
Ac am dâl Moelfre
Mil fanieri.

Ar ladd ladd lachar, ar bar beri,
Ar ffwyr ffwyr ffyrfgawdd, ar fawdd foddi,
A Menei heb drei o drallanw gwaedryar,
A lliw gwyar gwŷr yn heli.'

'Before him swept the furious tumult
And ruin and strife and loss of glory.

Gory conflict upon conflict,
Anguished shrieking upon shrieking,
And around the head of Mœlfre
Stand a thousand banners.

Fiery slaughter upon slaughter, spear upon spear,
Frenzied onset upon onset, drowning upon drowning,
And Menei without ebb from the overflow of the blood-torrent,
And the hue of men's gore in the surge.'

In his rendering of these last lines Gray follows close upon the sublimity of the original:—

Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menei rolls his flood.'

But Gwalchmei is hard to equal on his own ground.

We will now leave him. Suffice for the time what has been written, to give some little idea of the pearls that still wait to be brought up to the sight of the world. They are none the less pearls, and of great price, because they have not hitherto glittered before the eyes of the multitude. Another time we may return to Gwalchmei the son of Meilyr.

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

GAELIC TEXT

Dala b-fer n-Erenn. O rangatar Dun Fliduisi ro gabadh sosad agus longport aca ann. Is ann sin do deónaigetar cetri trein-fhir thogaidhe trom-gnimach do muinntir morcalma Meadba dol do denam echt agus aitius ar in Gamanraid. Agus ba h-iat a n-anmanda, .i. Carra mac Charra Chongna agus Mongach Milidh agus Letriach Laimdherg agus Cuillend *cur*ad[1] garb. Agus fa h-iat so na treín-fhir ro togsat do chómrac cuca, .i. Carra mac Carra Congna do dol go Dun Coirrsleibhi go h-Aed mac Echtaig, agus Mongach Milidh co Dún Letriach, co h-airm ar raibe Muredach mend mac Oilella Finn, agus Cuillend coscrach go Dún Flainn mic Fidaigh go Leit*ir*, agus[2] Letriach Láimderg co Dún-os-Loch co Muincend Milidh.

Cid tra acht bá h-e cet fer innister gnimartha ann so, .i. Carra mac Carra Congna. Ranic sein go dunad Aedha mic Echtaigh, agus tarla Aed mac Echtaig dó. Agus ro gab sein (ag) acall*aim* in fir moir, agus adubairt an laidh ann :—

'A[a] fhir tanic ar mo múr,
Can*as* a tutchas do m' dún,
Cia do comainm, tólaib tor,
Dena go luath do slonnadh.'

'Ainm teglaich rom torba tra,
Carra[b] mac Carra Congna,
Is aire tanac ó m' thoig
D' iarraidh Aedha mic Echtaigh.

'Ro fhágbus Meadb, mór a buaidh,
Ac Dun Flidais', lin a slúagh,
Ac forbus[c] ar Oilill ann,
'S ar ogaib Irruis Domnann.'

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[a] Here begins the parallel version in Y.B.L., p. 331. The more important variants are noted.

[b] Corrad. [c] forbaisi.

(*Continued from pp.* 136, 137.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

As to the men of Ireland. When they arrived at Flidais's Dun they halted and pitched their camp there. It was then that four select mighty men of prowess of Meave's very brave people set forth to win renown and fame among the Gamhanraidh. These were their names,—Carra son of Carra Congna, and Mongach the warrior, and Letriach Red-hand, and Cuillend stalwart champion. And these were the warriors whom they selected to fight against, viz., Carra son of Carra Congna against Aodh son of Echtach in Dun Round-hill, and Mongach the soldier against Muiredach the stammerer, son of Oilill the Fair, in Dun Letriach, and the victorious Cuillend against Flann son of Fidach in his Dun in Letter, and Letriach Red-hand against Muincend the warrior in Dun-above-Loch.

Now the proceedings of Carra son of Carra Congna are the first recorded here. He went to Aodh son of Echtach's castle, and Aodh son of Echtach met him. And he (Aodh) began to address the stout man and recited the lay:—

'Thou who hast come to my walls,
Say what has brought thee to my Dun,
What is thy name, so please you?
Declare at once who you are.'

'My family name, I take pride in it (?),
Is Carra son of Carra Congna;
What has brought me from my home,
Is to seek Aodh son of Echtach.

'I have left Meave, great her renown,
At Dun Flidais, numerous her host,
Challenging Oilill there,
And the warriors of Irrus Domnann.'

---

[1] Or cruad.

[2] MS. co, corrected to 7 (= agus).

'Mairg tanic o tinol mór,
'S do sgar ré socraide sloig;
An toisg tuc tú ó d' thig,
Is let bus aithrech, a fhir.'

A *fhir.*

Ahaitli na laide sin ro comraicset in da[1] churaidh sin. Agus do ronsat comrac[a] crodha[b] curata cumfhuacdha aindfercach ainíarda, gor brisiter a sceith agus gor cám-lubtar a cloidme is in comlainn. Acht ata ní c(h)ena[b]: ro fortamlaigh Óedh mac Echtaigh an t-airsid ar Carra mac Carra Congna gor ben a cenn de is in comlainn ar sin.

Do chuaidh Mongach[c] do cuingid comraic ar Muiredach menn mac Oilella Finn, agus do raidh Muiredach nach erf*ad* am comrac[d] an deg fer, agus do ronsat an laeidh iar tain:—

'A f(h)ir[e] moir is mo d' feruibh,
Ni d' érf*a* tu im debaid;
Cid ad seghainn, slicht amne,
Ni-d-fia cor[f] na comairci?'

Column 68.

'Da n-dernta mo t(h)oisg a stoigh,
Ro-d-fia maitheam anacail,
A radh re Muiredach menn
Comrac re[2] Mongach Mailcenn.'

'Is misi Muiredach mor,
Lem an dun-sa con a slogh[3];
Maithem ort ni sirfi sinn,
Ni targa aein fer etraind.

'A Mongaig(h) is mor do grain,
Ni ma tangais i m' dáil,
Do bhadha bhid badh[g] fir baeith
A derim rit is fir.'[h]

A *fhir.*

Do ronsat iar sin comlonn fergach fortamail fedhmannda, agus urrlin[i] ogla fhaebar-cruaidh ainiarmartach, agus debaid dichra di-fregra do-eistechta, gur ba lír fuil agus feoil tesga ar

[a] comlonn. [b-b] Y.B.L. omits. [c] Moach.
[d] im debaid. [e] laich. [f] cuir.
[g] bagha bid baidh. [h] a laich. [i] urrlaidi.

'Pity to have come from the great muster,
And to have parted from the huge hosts;
The quest that brought thee here,
Thou shalt rue it, O warrior.'

Thou.

After reciting this lay the warriors fought. And they made a brave heroic stern wrathful angry fight. They broke their shields and bent their swords in the conflict. In the event the veteran Aodh son of Echtach mastered Carra son of Carra Congna and cut off his head in that duel.

Mongach went to challenge Muiredach the stammerer, son of Oilill the Fair, to combat. Muiredach said that he would on no account decline to fight the stout warrior, and they made the lay thereafter:—

'Thou biggest of big men,
I shall not decline your challenge:
Why should I avoid you, as matters are,
The fixing of conditions does not lie with you[1]?'

'Should you carry my message to the castle,
You will have assurance of protection,
Seek from Muiredach the stammerer,
A duel with Mongach Bald-head.'

'I am the great Muiredach;
Mine this fortress and its hosts;
I assure you we shall not be sought after,
No one will offer to separate us.

'Mongach, great is your arrogance,
In seeking a meeting with me,
Your boasts are those of a vain man,
I tell you of a truth.'

O man.

They then fought an angry valorous and well-sustained duel, and a fearful indecisive contest with steel blades, and a fierce reckless unheard-of quarrel, until the combatants were one mass of gore and hacked flesh. Eventually Mongach

[1] MS. in da na. [2] In MS. *re* is written on the top margin. [3] MS. sluagh.

na feraib, go torchair Mongach le Muiredach is in móir-gliaidh, agus do ben[a] a cenn d' á cholainn.

Do chuaid Letriach, laech-milidh do muinntir Medba, ar amus Muincinn milidh, .i. búachaill na Maili Flidaisi. Agus is ed ba menmarc do Letriach co m-berad an Maol Fhlidhaise con a búachaill leis; úair do commaidh re muinntir go m-beradh leis h-í. Agus tanic a timchell na h-alma[b] co h-ainhíardha. Agus eirgis Muinceinn do'n milidh, agus ro aguill e, agus abert an laeid :—

'A fhir do ní an reim curad,
Mor do laechaib do rubadh;
Mh' ealua fuil is in choill,
Ni bera let gan comroinn.'

A áthaig fuil ag na buaib,
Uathad[c] duit in diaigh in buair;
In b-fuil agad, tolaib tor,
Do muinntir acht tu a t' aenar?'

'Atú-sa sunn, slicht imne,
Ag ingaire na Maile;
Nocha n-fuil laech, lith gan choll,
Ro-s-bera uaim gan comlond.'

'"Ni troitfinn rit fa t' alma,"
Or*sat* milidh mor calma,
"Da n-imthighe ród do d' thig
'S da fagtha[d] (t)h' alma,[e] a fhir."'

A *fhir.*

Adubairt Letriach re Muincenn an Máel Fhlidaisi do dilsiugadh agus co tibrad fein maithem n-anacail dó. Nír bó miad lé Múincend an ni sin, .i. aon laoch is in doman do breith a ealua agus a innile uadha d' a ainndeoin. Agus do cuat*ar* achetoir a crislaig*thibh* a sgiath, agus a m[1]-bolgánaib[f] a sleg rinn-gér ro fhada, agus a n-urrdornaib a cloideam cruaidh-ger clais-lethan. Agus do rónsat in dá cathmílidh sin comlond calma curata, gur cám-lubtar a cloidme is na clar-sgiathaib, agus do sníetar[2] na slegha ris na sír[g]-sháitaib, agus do

[a] go tobacht Muiredach.
[b] h-albha. This word is almost invariably written in Y.B.L. with *b* instead of *m*.
[c] t' aenur. [d] faca. [e] t' alba. [f] bolgsenaib. [g] sith.

fell in the fierce onset, and Muiredach cut his head off his body.

Letriach, a valorous soldier of Meave's army, went forth to meet the warrior Muincenn (Hairy-head) who was the herd of the Maol Flidais. Letriach's great desire was to carry away the Maol Flidais and her herdsman; for he boasted among his people that he would do so. He viewed the cattle in angry mood. Muincenn met the warrior, and had speech with him, when this lay was recited:—

'Thou who pursuest a champion's career,
Many warriors hast thou overcome;
(Still) thou shalt not carry away without a struggle,
My herds that are in the wood.'

'Churl in charge of the cows,
You seem to have but few to assist you
Have you, indeed, any,
Or are you alone at your task[1]?'

'I am here, as you see me,
Tending the Maol;
No warrior, with pleasure unmixed,
Shall take her away without a struggle.'

'"I would not quarrel with you about your herds,"
Said the great valiant warrior,
"If you would go straight to your home
And leave your cattle here."'

Thou.

Letriach told Muincenn to surrender the Maol Flidais, and that he would give him quarter. But Muincenn was too proud to allow any champion in the world to carry away his herds and cattle by force. The warriors forthwith buckled on their shields, and grasped their long sharp-pointed spears in the centre, and their steel-hard broad-grooved swords by the hilts. And the two battle-soldiers fought a sturdy valorous duel; and their swords were bent against the wooden shields,

[1] The Y.B.L. variant *bolgsenaib* shows the word to be that now written *builleagan*, meaning 'the centre of.' Cf. for S.G. Ps. xlvi. 2 (metr.); *Ossian* (ed. 1818, p. 7); *John Morrison*, i. p. 165.

[2] I take the word to be the modern *maidheadh*, 'hacking,' 'whittling'; in S.G. specially applied to cutting and carving of stones and wood.

cromatar a cinn ris na colg-beimennaib,[a] agus gur corcrait a
Column 69. cinn do na cath-fersdib,[1] agus gur tesgait a táib trés na trom-lúirechaib, gur dibad an airm fá na h-anradaib as a h-aithle. Agus do siniter[b] a lamha tar laech-formnaibh a chele. Agus tucatar treas[c] con*faid* agus coingleca, mell-*gaile* agus mulla-craide,[2] gur cuiretar snadmanna curad ar na corpaib, gur sínetar a n-asnadha agus a n-airbech,[3] gur lubatar a tosaige go troigthib[4], agus gur geinetar srotha doirbe der-troma dluth-allais a h-aightib na n-anrad, agus a formnaib na fer-oclach, agus a taobaib na trein-miled do'n *trea*s sin. Cid tra acht ro tráeth*ad* agus ro trascrad agus ro troim-legad Muincinn do'n mell-gail sin. Ro cúradh[5] agus ro cengladh agus ro cuibh-rigedh in curaidh do'n caingin sin. Agus ro tógaibh Letriach ar a formna[d] é as a h-ait(h)li. Agus ro gab ic áisc agus ag acullaim fair, ag fochuidmead agus ag fanamhad faei. Agus adubairt go m-bérad a fiadhnaise Medba an milidh. Agus ro raid-sium co n-dingn*ed* re h-aimsir 'n a fecmuis. 'Nocha[e] i d' lain-ched legfiter,' uar Letriach. Agus adrubatar an laeid ann :—

'Tarr, a Muincinn, suas
Go luath air mo muin ;
Da m-berar tu soir
Beidídh broin fa t' fhuil.'

'Conair beri mi,
A Letriach go lúas ?
Ro b*udh* ferr lim tís,
Gid oibhni dam túas.'

'Do cífi[f] tu Meadb
Is Oilill an ri ;
Cus a n-iug re m' ré,
Ita[g] me ar do thí.'[6]

[a] Y.B.L. *adds* gur brisit an lanna do na laec-bhemendhaibh. [b] désedar.
[c] Y.B.L. *adds* crisgaili agus. [d] ais. [e] nochon.
[f] chithfea. [g] Ataime. Y.B.L. p. 332.

[1] Now *fearsaid*, and meaning 'spindle' both in S.G. and I.G. In topography, the word is applied to 'a sandbank formed near the mouth of a river,' whence Joyce (i. 348) derives Belfast (Bel-feirsde). So in Lochaber (*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 17) :—

''S ann a bha cuid de m' shinnsribh
Eadar an Innse 's an Fhearsaid.'

[2] *mullacrad*. The word is obscure to me. A collective from *mullach* ?

and their spear-(shafts) whittled by the perpetual thrusts, and their heads were bowed by the sword blows, and wounded by the battle maces, and their sides were cut through the heavy coats of mail, until finally their weapons were rendered useless. Then they stretched their hands across each other's mighty shoulders. And they had a wrestling bout, furious, sustained, and strong, so that they twisted each other's stout bodies, and strained ribs and sides, and pulled each other's heads to the ground. Rough streams in big drops of thick sweat poured from the faces of the champions, and from the shoulders of the brave warriors, and from the sides of the mighty soldiers in that struggle. At length Muincenn was overcome and prostrated and heavily thrown in that stout encounter. The hero was bound and tied and fettered in the issue of the contest. Letriach raised him on his shoulders thereafter. He spoke to him in upbraiding scornful derisive language. He said that he would bring the warrior into the presence of Meave. Muincenn replied that for a season he could do well without that honour. 'Your leave will not be asked in the matter,' said Letriach. And they recited this lay then :—

'Come quickly, Muincenn,
Aloft on my back,
If I bring you eastwards
Ravens will drink your blood.'

'What road will you bring me,
O Letriach, with speed?
I would prefer to be on my feet,
Though it be pleasanter to be carried.'

'You will see Meave
And Oilill the king;
Till this day, during my career,
I have been on your track.

---

[3] *airbech*: evidently a by-form of *airbe*, 'ribs,' 'fence,' 'phalanx' (K. M.).

[4] Alliteration no doubt caused the use of *tosach*, now *toisach*, in this phrase for *ceann*. Why not, however, *gur lubatar a cinn gu cosaib?*

[5] Still in use but rather in the sense of mental distress, 'torture.'

[6] Nowadays one would write *air do thòir*; but for this use of *tí* cf. vol. i., p. 118, *n.* 5.

'Berud-sa tu lem
Go beraib noi rend;
Dergfuider do cru;[1]
Teilcfeat tu 'na cend.

'Ac sin duid do dil;
Olc do t' din do sbairn;
Fann a nocht do treoir,
Beid eoin ar do tárr.'

Tarr a Muincinn.

A h-aitli na laeide-sin ro gluais Leitriach go lan-dedla do lathair, agus Muincinn milidh ar a mhuin.

Agus tuc Muincinn d' a úidh agus d' a aire ar sin nach raibhe lucht a cumairci d' á cairdibh 'n a comfocus, ná lin a fhostoid d' a urradhuib in a fiadhnaise. Agus do tuic fos go firinnech go fuighbedh fein go tenn a traethad, madh do roiched le Leitriach a luath-imchar. Agus nir cian ranic Leitriach do'n lathair sin an uair[a] tuc Muinchenn milidh
Column 70. clisiud sprancdha sbindamail[2] go calma curata d'a ballaib[b] uadha is na cenglaib agus is na cruadh-cuibhrigib bui fair,[c] go raibi luamairecht a lam agus cothugadh a chos ar comus do'n curaidh. Agus ar rochtain na talman co tenn d' a troigthib, ro iadastar a da doít-righ degh-lamaig a muidh tar rigthib an rígh-miled go ro calma, co n-ár leig impodh[d] na cothugadh[e] na caraighecht na clesamnacht do'n curaidh, acht ro chuir a glun a filliud[3] a coisi, agus ro leg tar a ais síar an saer-milidh co raibi faén fo tharrsna[f] fáei. Agus ro cocraidh[g] agus ro cengail co calma an cath-milidh, agus adubairt iar sin co tibrad cumaéin a imchuir do'n áirsigh. Do fiarfaig Letriach gá conair gus a n-ímarcuirfed h-é. 'Nocha d' fis Oilella na Meadbha imarcuirfet-sa thú,' ar Muincenn, 'acht síar co

[a] tan. [b] cruaidhengaibh.

[c] Y.B.L. *adds* gor bris na téda go tindesnach, agus gor bruidh na h-ialla co h-arrachta, go nach roibe fedhm ar eill na ar téd na ar tren-lomain dar choraidh in milidh ar Muinceann (and quickly broke the cords, and strongly burst the thongs, so that the thongs and cords and stout ropes with which the warrior bound Muincenn were of no avail). [d] fossud. [e] fathugud. [f] fortrasna. [g] crapaill.

[1] Is *cru* for *cró*, 'pen,' etc., metaphorically applied to Muincenn's bed of torture? *cró* is masc., and one would expect *chend* in the next line. It would be a bold

'I shall carry you
To the nine-pronged spits;
Your bed will be made red hot,
You will be cast into it.

'That will be your lot,
Your efforts will be of no avail;
This night your pith is feeble;
Birds of prey will peck at your entrails.'

Come, Muincenn.

After this lay Letriach moved from the scene of the conflict full speedily, with Muincenn the warrior on his back.

Muincenn was fully alive to the fact that his friends who could protect him were not nigh him, nor a sufficient number of supporters within reach. He felt besides quite convinced that should Letriach manage to carry him away speedily, a violent and certain death awaited him. Letriach did not proceed far when Muincenn the warrior by a sudden vigorous spring freed his limbs bravely and valorously from the cords and hard fetters by which he was bound, so that the champion was able to fling his hands about and struggle with his feet. When his feet caught a firm footing on the ground, he wound his powerful well-trained arms most firmly around the arms of the royal warrior, so that the champion could neither turn nor fight nor wrestle nor struggle. He then planted his knee to intercept the other's foot, and pressed the noble warrior backwards so that he fell under him prone. He fettered and bound the battle-warrior securely, and said that he would now give a return ride to the veteran. Letriach inquired in what direction he meant to carry him. 'I shall not bring you to Oilill and Meave,' said Muincenn, 'but back

metaphor to say that his blood (*cró*) or even his raw flesh (*crú*) would be made red, and the following line would, by such rendering, lose point.

[2] *clisiud sprancdha sbindamail*: a graphic phrase,—*clisiud* is the verbal noun of *clisim*, cf. S.G. *clis*, 'quick'; *sprancdha* is not in use now, but the first John of Ardnamurchan, from whom that sept of the Macdonalds was called *Clann Iain*, MacIan's, was known as John *Sprangach* because of his activity; *spionnadh*, 'strength,' is common both in I.G. and S.G., but the adj. *spionnamhail*, retained in I.G., has been disused in S.G.

[3] This feat in wrestling is known in some districts as *cas bhacain*.

bordaibh an dub-loich-sa[1] do t' dían-badudh, indus co m-*bad*[a] uait sluinnfider an loch-sa co lán-deimin, uair ni ticfair d' iarraidh buáir[b] co bráth a rís.' Agus adubratar in láid :—

'Glúais a Letriach oromsa,
Ro-d-fia cumaein th' imarch*uir*;
Do gebar[c] do corach*adh*,
Ma do ronus a imarc(*h*)*or*.'[d]

'Ca slighe téigi-se,[e]
A Muincinn, gan míniugadh?
'Nocha d' fis do cur*ad*-sa,
Imatsa co lithidur.

'Táidherad go teicemadh,
Gu fréceruinn t' fhiarfoig*edh*,
Fo imlibh an lacha-sa
Rachad-sa do t' dian-oid*edh*.

'Do geb*ha* do deg-báthadh[f]
Fa tonnaib na *tur*lach-sa[2];
As uáidsi go loim-deimin[g]
Sluinnfider an dub-loch-sa.

'Do icfa do crechairecht,
A Letriach, re d' leth*an* cluáis,
Ar cinn buair *tre* tachar báes,
A truaigh credh, ro trethan gluáis.'

Gluais.

A h-aitli na laeidhe sin togbais Muincinn Letriach go h-ard ar a formna, agus ráinic reime go bord an locha go láin-dian. Agus ro gab Letriach go lan-prap[4] ind a dí láimh, agus ro dibr*aich* is in loch an rig-milid, gor báithetar dobur-linnti duaibhsecha an dub-locha an deg fer, conad uad ainmnigter an loch re lenmain. Agus ro h-imthigh Muincinn roime iar sin, agus ro coraig a elmha agus a indili go h-urmaisnech.

[a] gomahuait. [b] Y.B.L. *adds* ar baesrach. [c] gebha da corachaind.
[d] ceart ronchad m' imarchair. [e] Y.B.L. *adds* anuis.
[f] dian-báthadh. [g] laech.

[1] MS. loingus, corrected to loich-sa.

to the margin of this dark lake, and speedily drown you, and the lake will assuredly be named after you, for you will never again come in search of cattle. And they said the lay:—

'Come, Letriach, on my back,
You will now, in turn, be carried;
You will receive such treatment
As you have given to me.'

'What road will you take,
Muincenn, answer briefly?'
'Not to the presence of your champions
That they may rejoice at seeing you.

'But, to reply to your inquiry,
We shall quietly go forward
To the borders of this lake,
And to your swift destruction.

'You will be effectually drowned
Under the waves of this winter lake;
From you most assuredly,
The dark loch will be named.

'Your plundering career,
Letriach, will come to a close (?),
In quest of cattle, a mad venture,
Wretched man, speed through the waves.

Move.

After this lay Muincenn raised Letriach aloft on his shoulders, and went to the edge of the lake full swiftly. And in a twinkling he seized Letriach in his two hands and flung the royal warrior into the lake, so that the stout soldier was drowned in the dangerous water-pools of the dark lake, which was afterwards named after him. Muincenn thereafter wended his way to his herds and cattle which he tended right carefully.

[2] *turlach* from *tur*, 'dry,' and *loch*, 'lake,' is not in use in S.G. We have *tùrlach*, quite a different word, meaning 'a large fire,' as in the couplet:—

'Shéidinn sop is dheanainn tùrlach,
Loisginn Apuinn mhic Iain Stiubhart.'

[3] Cf. S.G. lom-làn, 'full to the brim.'

[4] *prap*. From *prap*, 'sudden,' came the I.G. phrase *le praib na súl*, S.G. *am briobadh na sùl*, 'in the twinkling of the eyes.'

Is ann sin rainic reme Cuilenn, cath-milidh do muinntir Medba agus Oilella, d' fuaccar comraig agus comloind ar Flann
Column 71. Fhoda mac Fidaigh. Agus ránic reime go dunadh Flainn,[a] agus ro ingant*aich*sed lucht an dunaidh a indiull agus a écusc agus a forgruamdhacht. Ro fiarfaig an doirrseoir sgela, de .i. ca h-inadh gus a m-bui a tosca[b] agus a turas. Agus ro indesium gurab d' fuagar comraig tánic ar Flann Fada mac Fidaigh. 'Agus erich-si, a doirseoir,' ar se, 'agus indes do Flann aein fer[1] sunn[c] ag iarraidh comraig fair.' 'Ca h-ainm-si?' ar an doirseoir. 'Cuilenn[d] m' ainm-si,' uar eisium, 'agus as dam ata an dán Flann Fada do marbadh. As aire sin tanuc d'fhuacar comraig agus comloind fair.' Agus do ráid an laeidh ann :—

'A doirrseoir ud dunaid[e] Flainn,
Nech[f] sunn ag iarraidh comloinn,
Treín-fer do muinntir Meadbha,
Indeis tall do t' tigerna.'

'A óglaich an gotha gairb,
Abair rimsa caidhe(t)h'ainm,
Go n-inniser tall a sticch[g]
Do Flann Fhoda mac Fhidhaigh.'

'Misi Cuillenn cruaid mogha,
Is mi marbus Flann Fada;
Marbuim ced a lo gaili,
Nocha[h] breg, a doirrsiri.'

A doirr*seoir*.

Ar sin do erigh Flann Fada[i] a mach a coinde Cuilinn agus adbert fris[i]: 'A Cuilinn,' ar sé, 'má ata do nirt nó do níaachas[2] indad frithoil mo comlann-sa.' 'Frithoilfet c(h)ena,' bhar Cuilenn. Agus ro fersad comrac dicra dur-croidech. Ro gab cach dib ag tuarcain a sceith ar a ceile, go clos go nellaib nime brisc-bruan a m-bocóidedh[3] 'g a m-bris*iud* do

[a] Y.B.L. *adds* agus gus an deg bhaili. [b] canas tanic nocha *con*air bai a thosca.
[c] Y.B.L. *adds* do muindtir Medba agus Oilella. [d] Y.B.L. *adds* caith-milidh.
[e] A doirrsiri duna. [f] Laech. [g] istaig.
[h] Dam ni. [i-i] Y.B.L. omits.

[1] I take *aen* (*aon*), 'one' here to mean not 'one man,' but a 'man of renown,' a not uncommon idiom. [2] Cf. vol. i. p. 14.

Then also Cuilenn, a battle-warrior of Meave and Oilill's people, fared forward to challenge Flann the Tall son of Fidach to fight and combat. He proceeded to Flann's castle and the people were startled at his array, his appearance, and exceeding uncouthness. The doorkeeper asked tidings from him,—whence he came, and the purpose of his visit. He said that he came to challenge Flann the Tall son of Fidach to a duel. 'And you go, doorkeeper,' said he, 'and tell Flann that there is a man of renown here inviting him to combat.' 'What is your name?' asked the doorkeeper. 'Cuilenn is my name,' replied he, 'and I am the man destined to slay Flann the Tall. It is because of this that I have come to challenge him to battle and combat.' And they said the lay :—

'Doorkeeper of Flann's castle,
One is here seeking combat,
A stout warrior of Meave's army;
Say so to your lord yonder (in his castle).

'Warrior of haughty speech,
Tell me your name,
That I may report it within, yonder,
To Flann the Tall son of Fidach.'

'I am Cuilenn, big and stern,
'Tis I will slay Flann the Tall;
I kill a hundred in the day of battle,
No lie, doorkeeper.'

Doorkeeper.

Flann the Tall thereupon went forth to meet Cuilenn and said to him: 'Cuilenn, if you possess sufficient strength and valour bide a fight with me.' 'I shall certainly do so,' replied Cuilenn. The two fought fiercely, sternly. Each of them struck at the other with his shield, and the crashing sound of the shield bosses as they were broken by the stout

[3] *bocóid* is strictly a *spot*, a *stud* or *boss* of a shield, frequently as here 'a shield.' In Gaelic tale the adj. *bucaideach* occurs,—*a sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach, bharrachaol air a laimh chli* (*West Highland Tales*, ii. 459). *Bucaideach* is evidently from *bocóid*, while *bacaideach* is only a variant with change of vowel, 'his embossed (embossed) tapering shield on his left hand.'

bailc-beimennuib na prím-curadh. Ro tógaib Flann Fada mac Fidaigh an laim n-duaibsich n-denmaich deis, agus do rad béim do'n loirg-fersaid íarnaidi ro bui 'n a laim ar amas cinn Cuilinn cruad-gairb. Do bert Cuilenn toirnedh agus trén-claenad ar a cenn, agus togbáis an scíath go h-urard ar[a] a formna, go tarla an loirg-fersad lethan lan-mór[b] sin a cobraid a sceith agus a mullach na maéili[1] do Cuilenn, gur scoilt an sgíath con a sceimhlibh, agus co n-derna cilar[2] combrúighte[c] d' a cend, co n-ar fágaib urrdail airni dia incinn a n-én inadh, co n-dorchair Cuillenn do'n cruadh-béim sin. Agus tuc beim cloidme dó as a h-aithli, go tobhacht a cend d' á colainn.

Is ann sin ro comairlicestar milidh mor calma, agus airsid imgonda, agus tuaircne[d] trén catha d' uaislib Erenn, .i. Uaithne Uchd-sholas mac Conaill Cernaig dul d' íarraidh echta agus áithesa ar an Gamanraid. Agus[e] as edh ro imráid aige dol[e] d' innrud agus d' arcain dunaidh agus deg longp*uirt*[f] Fraich
Column 72. mic Fhidhaigh. Agus ba fiadhnaise d'Oilill agus do Meidb an ní sin. Agus rainic-sium reime d'indsuige[g] criche agus caimh-ferainn cloinde fraech linmaire[3] Fidaigh. Agus ro gab crech mor, agus do rinne échta imda ortha. Agus rucatar cáoca macaem do macaemhaib cloindi Fidaigh fair, agus do gab-sum 'g a fobairt go forgruamdha foisdinech. Agus an tan ro bo tressi[h] dó 'g a marbadh agus 'g a mudhaghad,[i] as ann rucastar an féinnid fortamail forlann-cr*íaidh*[j] fair .i. Fraech mac Fidaigh. And ro aigill iad ar sin, agus ro fiarfaig[k] ar torrachtain do[k] cia do bui ann. 'Uaithni Ucht-solus mac Conuill Cernaig,' bhar eisium. 'Mac carad damsa sin,' bhár Fraec(h), 'agus do ronsum cadach agus caradrad[4] fecht n-aill. Agus tuca-sa do m' breithir nach gonfainn Conall na nech dia cloinn go brath,[l] agus tuc sesium mar an cétna rimsa. Agus o tarla mar tarla mar sin sinn, fagaib-si

[a] os. [b] Y.B.L. adds laech-thuairothi.
[c] cilur agus combrudh. [d] Y.B.L. (333), tuairgnidh.
[e-e] Y.B.L. omits. [f] baili. [g] Y.B.L. *adds* dunaidh agus baili.
[h] Glenmasan tīsi, Y. B. L. tressi. [i] ig malart-mughadh na macraide.
[j] Y.B.L. *adds* foistinech. [k-k] Y.B.L. omits. [l] caidhche.

[1] *maoil*, 'temple,' from *maol*, 'blunt,' 'bald.' Cf. *Theid a' chluas thoirt o'n mhaoil*, *Cuairtear nan Gleann*, ii. 119.

blows of these foremost champions was heard to the clouds of heaven. Flann the Tall son of Fidach raised his dangerous active right hand and aimed a blow at the head of the rough champion Cuilenn with the iron mace which he had in his hand. Cuilenn bent and turned aside his head and raised his shield high above his shoulders. The large and broad mace came down on the centre of Cuilenn's shield and on the top of his skull. The blow cleft the shield with its trappings, and crushed Cuilenn's head into fragments so small that not a bit of his brain of the size of a sloe could be found together. Cuilenn fell by that terrible blow. Thereafter (Flann) by a stroke of his sword cut off his head.

At the same time a great brave warrior and a wound-dealing veteran and a mighty commander among the nobles of Ireland, Uaithne Bright-breast son of Conall Cernach, resolved to seek fame and renown among the Gamhanraidh. And he purposed to go and attack and plunder the castle and good stead of Fraoch son of Fidach. Oilill and Meave were made aware of this resolve (of Uaithne). He fared forth to the territory and kindly land of the numerous and fiery clan Fidach. He seized great spoils, and committed many deeds of violence among them. Fifty of the youths of the clan Fidach fell in with him, and he attacked them savagely, relentlessly. While he was at his hardest slaying and destroying them, Fraoch son of Fidach the stout sternly-avenging champion came upon him. He addressed them and at once inquired who they were. 'Uaithne Bright-breast son of Conall Cernach,' said he. 'A son of a friend of mine,' replied Fraoch. 'We two at one time made alliance and friendship. I passed my word that I would never attack Conall or any of his family, and he did likewise to me. And seeing things have happened thus, do you leave my herds and

[2] I have not met *cilar* elsewhere. But Dineen has *ciolrach*, a collective noun, 'shreds,' 'fragments,' evidently formed upon this *cilar*. The context leaves no doubt as to the meaning.

[3] A rather remarkable phrase. Strictly construed *fraech* qualifies *linmaire*. Cf. infra *fraech fledi firmoire*.

[4] *cadach* and *caradradh* are not now in use in S.G.

na h-elmha agus na h-innili agumsa, agus na marb an macrad ni bus[a] mó. Agus do ráid an laid and :—

'Trec, a Uaithne, an imairec,
Agus an re comairli ;
Imda na laoich ar lín n-gal,
Is na ben re ro gairbhe.

'Sad mac coidi[b] is comhalta,
Adfiadhut fir nar tub*adh* ;
Ni imeor ort mo cles n-áidh,[c]
Ar baigh re h-ógaib Ulad.

'A mic Conaill cóscaraidh,
Fagaib m'elbha is m' éide ;
Rugsad ort ar sl*oig* ma sech,
Fuil sunn nech da n-ab treicthe.'

Trec.

Et ni derna Uaithni ar (Fh)ráech ina ar a cinedh an comairli sin, no go n-dechaid fo'n macraid, agus gor cuir ár adbal mor orrta. Agus do gab Fraech a ris 'g á comhairlechadh agus 'g á acallaim. 'Scuir do gnim catha do m' muinntir,' ar se, 'oir ticfaid m' ferc-sa friut, agus ferc na fine ferrsidhe[d] fir-beodha-sa do craidhe-si im á crechaib, agus do mudaighis 'm á macraid. Agus treic an cennairc ar a fuile, agus maithfidher dit a n-dernas a m' eniuch-sa agus a n-enech clainni Fidaigh.' Do frecair Uaithni é, agus as edh adubairt : 'Ni coisceph-sa[e] mo coscar no mo crodhacht,[f] agus ní mill*fe*[f] mo baigh no mo breithir re h-Oilill agus re Meidb agus re ceitri h-ollchuigedaib Erenn.' Ro ling[g] fo'n macraid agus do marb íad. Do lonnuiged an milidh mor calma[h] Fraech fris as a h-aithli, agus ro fer gliadh n-gairb ris con n-orcair Uaithni
Column 73. do'n n-imaireg.

[a] is. [b] coigni. [c] n-air. [d] fergaidhe.
[e] caisgium-sa. [f-f] Y.B.L. omits. [g] scend.
[h] in t-ard-mhilidh f̄chonta .i. Fraech.

cattle unmolested, and cease slaying the youths.' And he said the lay :—

'Leave off the conflict, Uaithne,
And abide by prudent counsel;
Many the heroes of great valour,
Do not practise excessive cruelty.

'Son of a friend and foster brother,
I declare a truth not to be gainsaid,
I shall not inflict my slaughter-feat upon you,
From my regard for the warriors of Ulster.

'Son of victorious Conall,
Leave my herds and property,
Our hosts have in turn overtaken you,
Here is one who will not desert you.'

But Uaithne would have none of that counsel at Fraoch's entreaty or that of his clan. He fell upon the youths and slew a very great number of them. Fraoch again addressed and advised him. 'Cease slaying my people,' said he; 'otherwise you will incur my wrath and that of this angry and spirited clan, whose cattle you have harried and whose youths you have slain. And leave off this strife in which you are engaged, and I shall forgive what you have done against my honour and that of the clan Fidach.' Uaithne answered and thus spoke: 'I shall not restrain my triumph nor my valour, nor shall I go back on my promise and vow to Oilill and Meave and the four great provinces of Ireland.' He sprang upon the youths and slew them. The great brave warrior Fraoch was furious at this, and he made a fierce attack on Uaithne who fell in that encounter.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MACNEILS OF BARRA

Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair

The Macneils of Barra were descended from Gilladamnan, son of Cormac, son of Airbertach, and were originally known as Clann Ghilladhamhnain, or Clan Gilladamnan. They had their earliest home in one of the Western Islands, probably in Iona, Coll, or Tiree, but certainly not far away from Mull. They had apparently a different origin from the Macneills of Kintyre and Gigha. Gilladhamhnain, also written Gillaghamhnain, was changed to Gillānain or Gillaunain and became in English Gilleonan or Gillownan.

Gilladhamhnain was born probably about the year 1140. He was succeeded by his son Nicail, who was succeeded by his son Duncan. Murdoch, grandson of Duncan, was the grandfather of Neil—the Neil from whom the Macneils of Barra have derived their surname.

I. Neil Macgillāgamnan, or correctly Macgilladamnan, was born about the year 1320.

II. Murdoch, son of Neil, was chief of the Clan Gillagamnan in 1385.

III. Roderick, son of Murdoch, was born about 1380, and was the first Macneil who possessed the Isle of Barra. He gave up Macgillagamnan as a surname and adopted Macneil in place of it. He married, about 1409, a daughter of Ferchar Maclean of Glen Urchart, son of Terlach, son of Hector Reaganach of Lochbuie, and had by her Gilleonan and other sons.

In 1409 Donald of the Isles gave to Hector Roy Maclean of Duart a charter of certain lands in Coll and Tiree. The witnesses were Michael, Bishop of the Isles, Malcolm, rector of the church of St. Columba in Mull; Neil, rector of the church of St. Columba in 'Keneavadean'; Lachlan Macfingon, and Roderick Macneil.

IV. Gilleonan, eldest son of Roderick, received in 1427,

from Alexander, Lord of the Isles, a charter of the island of Barra and of the lands of Boisdale in South Uist. The charter was granted to Gilleonan, son of Roderick, son of Murdoch Macneil, to him and the longest liver of his brothers procreated between Roderick Macneil and the daughter of Ferchar Maclean, and failing them to the heirs male whomsoever of the said Roderick. Among the witnesses to the charter were Lachlan Maclean, Lord of Duart, John, son of Murdoch Maclean of Lochbuie, and Terlach, son of Ferchar Maclean. Gilleonan took possession of the Island of Coll and resided at Grisipol for a short time. He was attacked, defeated, and slain by John Garbh Maclean, second son of Lachlan Bronnach of Duart. The fight in which he fell took place in all probability about the year 1433. He was succeeded by his son Roderick.

V. Roderick fought under John, fourth Lord of the Isles, at the battle of Bloody Bay in 1484 or thereabouts. He was succeeded by his son Gilleonan.

VI. Gilleonan received from James I., in 1495, a charter confirming the grant which had been made to his grandfather by Alexander of the Isles in 1427. He received a precept of remission in 1517. He was succeeded by his son Roderick.

VII. Roderick was succeeded by his son Gilleonan.

VIII. Gilleonan was one of the men who in 1547 joined the alliance, in favour of restoring the Lordship of the Isles, under Donald Dubh, son of Angus Og. He appears on record in the Register of the Privy Council in March 1579. He had at least three sons, Rory Og, his heir, a son whose name is illegible, and Gilleonan.

IX. Roderick, Ruairidh Og, was a man of great strength and activity, and a fearless and fiery warrior. He was a devoted follower of Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, and under that accomplished chief found ample scope for displaying his fighting qualities. He married Mary, daughter of William Macleod of Dunvegan, grand-daughter of Lord Lovat, and widow of Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck. He had four children by

her, Roderick, John, Murdoch, and Flora. He was killed at the battle of Glenlivet, October 3, 1594. Roderick, his eldest son, succeeded him in Barra. John and Murdoch were hostages for Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, in the hands of Angus Macdonald of Islay, in 1587. They were liberated in 1589, and allowed to return to Barra. Flora was married to Charles Maclean, great-grandson of the famous Ailein nan Sop. Roderick died before his father.

X. Roderick, son of Rory Og, is described in the Macfarlane MS. as 'a valiant and stout man of war.' Gregory calls him Rory the Turbulent. In a bit of an old song he is referred to as Ruairidh Tartar, or Rory the Tartar. It is tolerably certain that he was really known as Ruairidh 'n tartair, or Rory of the noise, bustle, or ostentation. He may of course have been spoken of as Ruairidh tartarach; but Ruairidh tartarach and Ruairidh 'n tartair mean the same thing. If he were living to-day, it is quite possible that he would be known as Rory the Hustler. He had a legal claim to the lands of Boisdale as well as to the Island of Barra. About the year 1604 Donald Macdonald of Moydart entered Boisdale with a strong force, attacked Murdoch Macneil, Rory's brother, and defeated him. By this defeat Rory was deprived of the lands of Boisdale. He seized an English ship near Barra and carried off its cargo. He was arrested by the Tutor of Kintail in a mean and tricky manner, and taken to Edinburgh to answer for his piratical operations. After a short detention he was pardoned and allowed to return to his island home. He handfasted with a Maclean woman by whom he had two or three sons, the second of whom was known as Niall Og. He married Marion, daughter of Allan Macdonald of Moydart, and grand-daughter of Hector Mor Maclean of Duart, and had by her Niall Uisteach and other sons. About the year 1612 the sons of the first and the second family quarrelled bitterly and fiercely with regard to the chieftainship, and caused a great deal of annoyance and trouble to their father. According to one account Rory was succeeded by Niall Og, whilst Niall Uisteach received Skirval

and other lands. According to another account, he was succeeded by Niall Uisteach, and this, I presume, was the case.

XI. Neil, son and successor of Rory the Turbulent, was laird of Barra in 1634. He married Margaret, daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardtornish, and by her had Gilleonan, Murdoch, John, Hector, Neil, and two daughters. Gilleonan succeeded his father in Barra. Murdoch is described by Macvurich in 1648 as a large, handsome, accomplished, and well-brought up man. John married Catherine, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Torloisk. One of the daughters was married to Ranald Macdonald, second of Benbecula, and had Donald, who became chieftain of the Clan Ranald in 1725. The other daughter was married to Donald, brother of Ranald of Benbecula.

XII. Gilleonan, or Gailleon, married in 1653 Catherine, daughter of John Macdonald of Moydart, and had five children by her, Roderick, John, Margaret, Catherine, and Janet. Roderick succeeded his father; John settled in Kintyre; Margaret was married to James, second son of Alexander Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart; Catherine was married, in 1684, to Captain John Macdonald of Borniskittaig, son of the famous Ciaran Mabach; Janet was married to Hector Og, second son of Donald Maclean of Brolas. The present chief of the Clan Gillean is descended from Janet.

XIII. Roderick obtained a crown charter of Barra in August 1688. He married Isabel, daughter of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera and grand-daughter of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, and had by her Roderick, Gilleonan, Donald, James, and Penelope. The daughter was married to Angus Macdonald of Balfinlay, brother of Flora Macdonald.

There is a Barra tradition to the effect that Gilleonan was the eldest son, but that his father did not look upon him as possessing the ability required for managing the estate, and consequently gave it to Roderick. Gilleonan may or may not have been the eldest son. If not the eldest, he was at any rate the second son. He was married and left a

son named Roderick. This Roderick lived at Brevaig and was known as Rory of Brevaig.

XIV. Roderick, Ruairidh Mac Ruairidh, was born in 1693. He did not join Prince Charles, but he gave him all the assistance in his power when wandering from place to place in the Western Islands. He married his first cousin, Alice, daughter of William Macleod of Luskintyre, and had by her Roderick, his successor, and Margaret. He died at Borrough in Barra, May 7, 1763. Margaret, his daughter, was married to Norman Macleod of Unish, who became tacksman of Bernera in 1781.

XV. Roderick, only son of Roderick of Barra, was a lieutenant in Fraser's Highlanders. He married Ann, only daughter of Hector Macneil of Vaslan—Eachann Mac Eachainn—and by her had one son, Roderick. He was killed at Quebec in 1759.

XVI. Roderick, son of Lieutenant Roderick, succeeded his grandfather in 1763. He married in 1787 Jean, daughter of Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, and had Roderick, Ewen, Ann, Louisa, Catherine, and Jane. He possessed, in addition to Barra, the lands of Ashfield in Knapdale. He died in Manchester, England, in 1822. He was succeeded by his elder son, Roderick. Ewen, his second son, died unmarried in Trinidad.

XVII. Roderick entered the army, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. He was married twice, but had only one child, a daughter. Barra was sold by his creditors in 1838. It was purchased by Colonel John Gordon, who paid $180,000 for it. General Macneil died in London, October 22, 1863. He was the last Macneil of Barra. He was succeeded in the chieftainship by Lachlan Macneil of Brevaig Farm, Vernon River, Prince Edward Island.

XVIII. Lachlan Macneil—Lachlainn Mac Ruairidh Oig mhic Ruairidh mhic Ghilleonain mhic Ruairidh Bharraidh—was born in 1819. He married Isabel Macpherson, by whom he had four sons, Roderick, Angus, Lachlan, and Murdoch. He died, October 24, 1892.

XIX. Roderick, eldest son of Lachlan, succeeded his father in the chieftainship of the Macneils of Barra. He was born, March 10, 1845. He owns an excellent farm at Vernon River and is in comfortable circumstances. He is a tall, good-looking, kind-hearted, and pleasant man. He paid a visit to the island of Barra three or four years ago. He married Catherine Ann Campbell and has five sons by her. He has probably just as much peace of mind and real happiness as if he were laird of Barra.

BRANCHES OF THE MACNEILS OF BARRA

I. Hector, fourth son of Neil of Barra and Margaret Maclean, was tacksman of Vaslan. He was married and had Hector and others. Hector, Eachann Mac Eachainn, was married and had a daughter who was married to Lieutenant Roderick Macneil, son and heir of Macneil of Barra.

II. John, second son of Gilleonan of Barra, removed to Kintyre about 1680. John, grandson of this John, settled in Ireland about 1750, married Anna Kearney and had one son by her. John's son was an officer in the 9th regiment and served under General Burgoyne in the American war. He was taken prisoner at Saratoga. He married Blair Spence, returned to Britain, and went to live in Edinburgh, where Gordon, his only son, was born. After his death Gordon was taken to Ireland by his grandfather, John Macneil, and educated at the University of Dublin. Gordon married Anna Maria Swift, and had by her one son, John Gordon Swift, and a daughter named Blair. J. G. Swift was a minister in the Irish Episcopal Church. J. G. Swift Macneil, M.P., is his son, and is the only known descendant in the male line of the John Macneil who settled in Kintyre.

III. Gilleonan, son of Roderick Macneil of Barra, and Isabel Macleod, lived at Brevaig. He was married and had one son, Roderick, his successor. Roderick of Brevaig married Catherine Macdonald, and by her had Rory Og, Gailleon, Lachlan, Catherine, and Margaret. He came to Prince

Edward Island, with his family, in 1802. He purchased a farm of 300 acres at Vernon River in 1803 and settled on it. He died about 1825. Gailleon, his second son, married a daughter of Hector Og Macneil in Ensary, and had two sons, James and Roderick. Lachlan, third son of Roderick of Brevaig, enlisted in the army at Quebec, and died unmarried.

Rory Og, eldest son of Roderick of Brevaig, was born in Barra in 1777. He taught school for several years. He received 200 acres of his father's land and gave up school teaching. He was for some time a member of the House of Assembly. He was a well-educated and intelligent man, and was highly respected for his good sense and manliness. He married in 1811 Catherine MacEachern, by whom he had Margaret, Roderick, Marjory, Lachlan, Catherine, Janet, Ann, and Donald. He died in 1850. Roderick, his eldest son, died unmarried about 1851. Donald, his youngest son, also died unmarried. Lachlan, his second son, succeeded General Macneil as chieftain of the Macneils of Barra.

IV. Donald, third son of Roderick of Barra and Isabel Macleod, was tacksman of Vatersay. He married a daughter of Norman Macleod of Greshornish, by whom he had at least two sons. His eldest son, whose name was probably Roderick, succeeded him in Vatersay. There are two poems by Macneil of Vatersay in Ranald Macdonald's Collection. It is pretty certain that they were composed, not by Donald, but by his eldest son, whose maternal uncle was a man of good poetic ability. Donald's eldest son died at a comparatively early age, and apparently unmarried.

Angus, second son of Donald of Vatersay, was born about 1728 and graduated at the University of Aberdeen in 1747. He was ordained to the ministry, and inducted into the pastoral charge of South Uist in 1756. He was translated to the parish of Barra in 1771. He was tutor to Roderick Macneil, son and heir of the Roderick who was killed at Quebec. He married Ann, daughter of the Rev. William Macleod of Bracadale, and had one son, Donald. He died in 1773. Donald, his son, died at Jersey without issue in 1724.

V. Roderick Macneil, apparently a son of Lieutenant Roderick Macneil, was tacksman at Pabbay and Kyles. He married Christina, daughter of Archibald Maclean of Boreray, and had William, his successor. William was tenant in chief of St. Kilda in 1805, but lived at Pabbay. He was factor for John Maclean of Boreray for a number of years. He married, without issue, a daughter of John Macdonald, tacksman of Scolpaig.

If any person possesses additional information respecting the branches of the Macneils of Barra I shall be glad to hear from him.

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

Rev. Charles M. Robertson

(*Continued from p.* 113.)

The features already dealt with seemed to require to be grouped together as they have been and perhaps were so arranged to advantage. In what remains to be said concerning the vowels they will be taken in order with the usual and, in Gaelic, important division into broad and narrow. Translations of Gaelic words cited are not given as a rule except where they seem called for by risk of ambiguity or other cause. Generally the lack of English equivalents will present no great difficulty to one who knows Gaelic or to any one who makes use of Dr. MacBain's *Dictionary*.

au and *à* for *a*

The points to be observed in regard to the change of *a* into the diphthong *au* before *ll*, *nn*, and *m* in words like dall, fann, cam, need be but briefly recapitulated. The vowel that becomes *au* is not long though marked long in some cases by the authorities; it is the following liquid that is long. The long liquid becomes short if through inflection or

word-formation a vowel comes to stand immediately after it and *au* then becomes *a* again; as ann (in) and annta (in them), both with long *nn*, and so respectively 'aunn' and 'aunnta' in the north, but annam (in me), annad (in thee), etc., all with short *nn* and so have not *au*. In the words affected *a* always becomes *au* in northern Gaelic but never in southern. The dividing line between the two dialects has been described as running up Loch Linnhe to the opening of Loch Leven and then following the county march between Inverness on the one side and Argyll and Perth on the other. The change to *au*, however, found to the north of this line before all three long liquids, is found to the south of it before the two *ll* and *nn* as far as the middle of Argyllshire and eastwards to the middle of Perthshire. Thus in Argyllshire there is the complete absence of the change to *au* in the southern half of the county; there is the occurrence of it before two of the liquids from the middle of the county to Loch Linnhe, and there is the full development before the three liquids in the part beyond Loch Linnhe. It is not at all unlikely that the change to *au* before long *r* prevailing in Glenlyon and Rannoch may extend also into the Black Mount district and that so a fourth though somewhat irregular stage may be found in the same county. It should be noted that in such words as Alba, calpa, balbh, balg, calma, farmad, etc., though the liquid is long *au* does not appear.

A strange-looking instance of this diphthongisation is in the word adhlac (burial). The terminal variations of the word in different dialects, viz., adhlacadh, adhlaic, adhlaiceadh, may be disregarded here. It is pronounced 'àllac' in the south and 'aullac' in the north with *à* and *au* nasalised, and, if written according to the analogy of words similarly pronounced, as annlan, connlach, innleachd, it would be annlac. In Manx it is anlaky and oanluckey and in old Irish adnacul and adnocul. What has happened in Scottish Gaelic in this instance is that spelling and pronunciation have followed different courses. Our spelling retains a trace of *d* and none of *n* while the reverse is the case with our pronunciation; it

retains trace of *n* but none of *d*. The modern Irish, from which our spelling has been taken, is adhlacadh.

Before long *r*, *a*, though here also it was short originally, is now a long vowel, *à*, in Scottish Gaelic generally. This is the rule before long *rr* or *rd* as in bàrr, àrd. In other cases there is irregularity. *A* may be lengthened in certain words or in certain districts and not in others. Carn (a cairn) is càrn in Arran, Sutherland, etc., but carn in parts of the central Highlands. The long liquid here also becomes short if made to stand immediately before a vowel, and the lengthened vowel—*à*—then becomes short again—*a*.

In Glenlyon, Rannoch, and Badenoch *a* tends to become *au* before *r* whenever that liquid, whether it be long or short, is followed by *l*, *n*, *d*, *t*, or *s*, as in ardan, bard, MacPharlain, carn, and also in Artair, mart, Cars. *Au* is heard also for *ai* (the function of *i*, itself silent, being only to indicate the slender quality of the following consonant group) in such words as airde (higher, etc.), cairt (bark), fairsing (wide), fairslich (baffle). Before *rr*, as barr, etc., *a* is long in those districts.

e, *è* for *a*, *à*

Another pronunciation of the vowel both long and short is heard in Arran and in Kintyre. In a number of words in these districts *a* gets the sound of open *e*. That is the sound of *e* in English 'bell,' 'less,' 'get,' but lengthened when the Gaelic vowel is long, and nasalised in contact with *m*, *mh* or *n*. The difference between the usual sound and that of Arran and Kintyre is like that between the ordinary Scottish and the high English pronunciations of the vowel in such words as 'man,' 'cat,' 'gas,' as when the familiar line is rendered:—

'E men 's e men for a' thet.'

The peculiarity is well exemplified in the popular Arran rime:—

'Nevertheless
Na bris do chas
A' ruith do chearc
Di-Dòmhnaich.'

in which 'chas' as pronounced locally gives a perfect rhyme to '—less.' A similar pronunciation of the vowel in the preposition a (out of) with its derivatives asam (out of me), asad, as, asainn, etc., is given by MacAlpine, viz., e, easam (e'sam), easad (e'sad), etc., and is widespread in Scottish Gaelic. So cnatan (a cold) is cneatan (cne'tan) in some districts and farasda (easy) in Ross and Sutherland is fearasda (fe'rasda). A similar change to *e* (*ea*) prevails in Waterford in Ireland when *a* is the initial letter or the second letter with *t* as the first in words accented on the first syllable. The character of the flanking consonants is not affected either in Ireland or in Scotland by the change from *a* to *e*. Though the vowel is changed from broad to slender the consonants on either side of it, though they be mutable, are still sounded as if the vowel remained broad. As no clear and simple rule can be given governing the change to *e* in Arran and Kintyre, it may be well to have a somewhat full list of examples. These are arranged in groups to show those that have *e* in both districts, and those that have *e* only in one district, and a few that keep *a* in both districts are added.

Arran and Kintyre *e*:—

Màl, bàn, dàn, dàna, làn, slàn, cnàmh (chew), làmh, nàmhaid, ràmh (oar), sàmhach, snàmh, tàmh, gnàth, nàdur, màg (paw), màgairt (creeping), màs, snàth, snàthat; anail, anainn (eaves), anam, anart, canach, fan, fanaid, glan, tana, cnap, anbhfhann (for anfhann, weak), marcaich, math (good), a (out of), asam, etc., and MacThàmhais (MacTavish or Thomson).

Arran *e*, Kintyre *a*:—

Càl, clàbar, blàr, clàr, fàradh (ladder), làr, làrach, bràth, cràbhach, cràdh, gràdh, gràs, tràth, bàth (drown), bàs, bàta, càch, càs, dà (two), dà (to him), dàth (singe), fàg, fàs (grow), fàs (waste), fàth, gàbhadh, gàg, Pàpa, sàbhail, sàs, sàsaich, sàth (thrust), spàg, thà; aran, arbhar, barail, car, caraid, carbad, darach, fada, gar (warm), garbh, garg, marag, marbh, pac, padhadh, sgarbh, tarbh, tarann (nail), thar (over), tharam,

tharad, etc., agam, agad, againn, agaibh (but not aca), and the island name Arainn.

Arran *a*, Kintyre *e*:—

Àmhghair, smàl, amhaich, amhairc, amharus, damh, damhsa (dance), amadan, annamh (rare), Samhradh, Samhuinn.

Arran and Kintyre *a*:—

Àbhaist, àlainn, Sàbaid, abaich, abhainn, athais, labhair (speak), latha (day), rabhadh, falamh, talamh, etc.; words in which *a* becomes *au* in the north, and those with long *l* which do not show *au* in the north, Alba, balbh, etc.

The capriciousness of the change is shown by its occurrence in so many words in one district and not in another, and also by such details as that àlainn has *è* at the north end of Arran, the lists above being from the south end, and that aca (at them) has *a*, while agam (at me), etc., and faca (saw) have *e*.

The presence, or introduction through inflection or otherwise, of the vowel *i* in the same syllable prevents the change to *e*, or causes the sound to revert to *a* again. For example, *à* is changed to *è* in the nominatives càl, nàmhaid, but not in càil (gen.), nàimhdean (plu.). It is *è* in slàn, nàraich, càramh, but *à* in slàinte, nàire, càirich. It is *e* (open) in agam, asad, againn, agaibh, in asam, asad, as, asainn, etc., but not in aige, aice, aiste, and in thar, tharam, tharad, etc., but not in thairis. The influence of *i* may be exerted even from the following syllable. In blàth (warm) and blàthas (warmth) *à* sounds *è*, but is *à* again in blàthaich (to warm). So in the nominatives athair, màthair, bràthair, nathair the vowel of the first syllable is *a* (*à*), but in the genitives athar, màthar, bràthar, nathrach it is *e* (*è*). In amhach (neck) the first vowel is sounded *e* in Kintyre, but in Arran, where the word is amhaich, it is sounded *a*. In a number of cases in which *a* is not changed to *e* in Arran, it may be observed that *i* is the sounded vowel of the following syllable. So incompatible with *i* is the

change of *a* to open *e* in Arran as to be sufficient of itself to show which of two alternative spellings should be followed. The fact that the vowels, for example, of the first syllables of nàirich or nàraich, and of bainis or banais, are respectively *ẹ̀* and *e* in Arran shows that, for that island at least, the correct forms are nàraich and banais. In other districts the contrary is the case; the same pronunciations *ẹ̀* and *e* in those words show, in Lochaber for example, that the right forms for that district are nàirich and bainis. Similarly math or maith (good) is pronounced 'me' ('mwe') in Lochaber and in Arran, therefore maith is the right form in Lochaber, where math would not become 'me,' while math is the right form in Arran, for there maith would not become 'me' ('mwe').

Another instance of the way in which the pronunciation may be a check upon the orthography is the word for a nail given by Dr. MacBain as tarrag and tarrang. But *a*, which never becomes *e* before *rr* in Arran, does become *e* there in the first syllable of this word, and thereby goes to show that *rr* should be *r*. It is *r*, moreover, and not *rr* that is heard not only in Arran and in Kintyre, where the word is tarann, but also in Perthshire, Skye, West Ross-shire, and Sutherland, where it is tarag. As final *ng* is liable to become *nn* in some districts and *g* in others, as in cumhann and cumhag for cumhang, those pronunciations would point to 'tarang' as the form of the word. The plural, however, tàirnnean in Arran, tairgean in Perth, tairnean in Skye, tairgnean in Sutherland, etc., is nearer to the more literary and Irish form tairnge, as is also the corresponding verb in the districts named. Tairnge is apt to suggest that taireang would be more correct than tarang, but a form with *ai*, even if it were admissible in other districts, is forbidden by the *e* sound given in Arran. In Perthshire an alternative plural, taragan, is also used.

we for *a*

Another peculiarity of Arran Gaelic is associated with this change of *a* to *e*, and also with the change, yet to be noticed, of *ao* to *é*. After *b*, *f*, *p*, *m*, *l*, and *n* a sound like that of *w* is

heard before this *e* for *a*, as bà 'bwè,' fàg 'fwè'g,' Pàpa 'Pwèpa,' màg 'mwè'g,' làn 'lwè'n,' nàdur 'nwè'dur.' So also fàl (peat-cutter), Pàtair (Patrick), màm (two handsful), and with short vowels, bad, bata, blad, blas, mach, marg, and others already mentioned. Aspiration of the consonant, except in the case of *f*, makes no difference in this respect; *w* remains, as bhà (was) 'bhwè,' mhàg 'mhwè'g.' When consonant and vowel belong to different words *w* is sometimes heard; 'g am fhàgail (leaving me) is sometimes 'ga mwè'gail,' and air m' fhàgail 'air mwè'gail.' The use of *w* is perhaps liable to give an exaggerated impression. Especially in the cases of *l* and *n*, and in all cases when the vowel is short, the sound is more nearly a very short *u*. On the other hand, the short *u* may be heard after *l* and *n*, at least occasionally in Kintyre.

a in *ia*, *ua*

The sound given to *a* in the diphthongs *ia* and *ua*, and also in *uai*, is generally *a* in the south and *ao* short in the north, but varies in certain districts according as the diphthong is followed by :—

mh, *l*, *n*, *r*, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *t*, *th*, as fiamh, ial, grian, miann, iar, iarraidh, fiacaill, fiach, dias, fiata, sgiath; ruamhair, cual, buan, fuar, cnuac, luach, suas, fuath; suaimhneach, tuaileas, suain, fhuair, stuaic, cruaich, duais, luaithe.

Or by :—

m, *ll*, *dh*, *gh*, as ciall, fiadh, liagh; gruamach, uallach, ruadh, sluagh; fuaim, uaill, buaidh, truaighe.

In East Perthshire, Strathspey, and Sutherland *a* is sounded *a* in the first class of words and *ao* in the second class. In Arran and Kintyre it is sounded *a* in both classes. In Badenoch, West Ross-shire, and Skye it is *ao* in both classes. Fiar (awry) and fuar (cold) for example are pronounced as written in the five districts first named; in the three others they are fiaor and fuaor, and, in West Ross and Skye at all events, the *ao* scarcely needs to be marked short. The *a* sound prevails in a great part of Argyllshire and in

West Perthshire, and is that given by MacAlpine. He has *ao* in truagh, but *a* in truaghan and in truaighe. *Ao* appears also once in Arran in uaigneach, though it is not heard, so far as known, in that word in the north. In East Perthshire and in Strathspey biadh when it is the noun (food) is 'biao'; when it is the verb (feed) it is 'bia.'

What has been said above holds good generally in similar circumstances in regard to diphthongised *eu* (*èa*, etc.). Ceutach, for example, is 'ciatach' in the one group of districts and 'ciaotach' in the other. *Io* also becomes *ia* or *iao* in different positions, as stated above (p. 112).

ai

The digraph *ai* is variously sounded as a single vowel *a*, *a* nasal, *e* open, close, or nasal, or *ao* short, or as a diphthong composed of any one of those vowels along with *i*. Any distinctions are more local than general. The most prominent of them is that before *n* as in gràin, thàinig, ainm, gainmheach, raineach the digraph receives the sound of *à* or *a* in some districts as 'grà'n,' 'a'nm,' etc., and that of *è* or *e* in others, 'gr'èn,' 'enm.' Two prominent words that follow this analogy are màthair, 'mèhir,' or 'mèr,' and Gàidheal 'G'è-al.' Perhaps nowhere is *e* for *ai* so frequent as in North Argyll and Lochaber. It is more frequent in Strathspey than in Badenoch; it may be heard on one side of the Tay in Perthshire while *a* is found on the other, and prevails in Kintyre while *a* holds the field in Arran. Raineach, however, is roineach in Kintyre, and gives the local name Ronachan, Gaelic Roineachan, meaning place of bracken or 'brackenry.' It is the same name as Ranachan, of which there are several in North Argyll and Inverness, and is a diminutive form of the Perthshire name Rannoch. When *e* does occur for *ai* in Arran it is not open *e* to which *a* changes as above, but close *e* as in gairbhe, mairbh; in several words in which *oi* is written for an older *ai* as coileach, coille, goil, doire, goid; in airean (ploughman), and in air (on). In all those instances except air, however, *ai* or *oi* gets the sound of *ao* short in a

number of districts, and it may be argued that the close *e* here simply follows the Arran pronunciation of *é* (*i.e.* long close *e*) for long *ao*. Aig (at), which has close *e* almost universally, has *ai* in Arran and open *e* in Kintyre. Two words that have *ai* in place of *a* in those districts are ainnleann for annlan, in Arran à'lleann, in Kintyre eileann (eilleann ?), and baintreach for bantrach, with *ai* as *a* in Arran and as *e* both in Kintyre and in MacAlpine's *Dictionary*.

a and *o*

The Rev. John Forbes in his *Grammar* gives a preference for *o* as against *a* as one of the features of the northern as distinguished from the interior and southern dialects of Gaelic. More recently a partiality for *a* has been claimed as a feature of the Gaelic of Sutherlandshire. So far as that county is concerned the question has been discussed in full in the papers already mentioned on its dialect. All that can be said is that *a* does take the place of *o* in a number of instances in that county, and that *o* on the other hand in nearly as many instances displaces *a*, but somehow the latter do not strike the observer as the former do. A distinct feature is the substitution of close *o* for *a* before *l*, as in alt, altruim, allt, call, etc., also in dealt, pailt, etc.

Coileach, coire (fault), goil, and some others, it may be remarked, have *ai*—caileach, etc.—in Sutherland as in Arran.

o

The two sounds of *o* are distinguished as open and close and in writing, when long, as ò and ó. When short they are not distinguished in writing. The open sound *ò* is like that of *o* in English cot, lord, and the close sound *ó* like that of note, quote. In printing care has not been taken always, even in dictionaries, to distinguish ò and ó. Bó (cow), for example, is often given as bò. Mór (great) also generally appears as mòr. In this case there are in fact two pronunciations, the one 'mór' for ordinary use and the other 'mòr' kept for emphatic

use. Móran and mòran (many) are distinguished in the same way.

Before long *r* it is ó that is heard in Sutherland as córr, tórr, órd, Górdan (Gordon), dórn, sgórnan, elsewhere còrr, òrd, etc.

ou and *ò* for *o*

As to *o* becoming *ou* or *ò* before long liquids, all that has been said regarding the corresponding changes of *a*, applies, *mutatis mutandis*, also to *o*, both in the general features and in the peculiarities associated with *r* long or short. Some of those peculiarities stated (p. 103, *supra*) as occurring in Rannoch extend also to Glenlyon. This has been indicated under *a* and holds also for *o*, as dorn, 'dourn,' sgornan 'sgournan.' Eorna (barley) is heard in Glenlyon both with a triphthong 'eourna' and the diphthong 'eurna.'

u for *o*

A preference of *u* to *o* seems to be a feature of Sutherland Gaelic. Cnò, còmhradh, Nollaig, Cromba (Cromarty), Obair-eadhain (Aberdeen), for example, all have *u* (*ù*) for *o* (*ò*). Even pòs (marry) is 'pùs' in the Reay Country (the north of the county).

u and *ù*

The standard sound of *u* in Scottish Gaelic resembles the *u* in English 'rule' 'Yule.'

Except in the digraph *ui*, *u* has that sound almost invariably. The lengthening of this vowel is found generally in Scottish Gaelic before long *rr* and *rd*, and more variably before *rl*, *rn*, etc. Burr (pout, protrusion of the lips, for + borr) is 'bùrr,' surd is 'sùrd,' uird (gen. and plu. of ord) 'ùird.' Ciurrta (for ciurrte, hurt) is 'ciùrrte,' and ciuirteach (for ciurrteach, hurtful) 'ciùrrteach.' Similar lengthening before other long liquids is peculiar to the mainland of Ross-shire and to Sutherlandshire, where null is 'nùll,' tum 'tùm,' grunn 'grùnn,' and, with the like lengthening of the slender vowels,

distinguishes the Gaelic of those districts from the rest of Northern Gaelic as well as from Southern Gaelic.

ui

Ui is sometimes sounded Gaelic *u*, as in cuid, dùisg. More often it is a diphthong composed of that *u* and *i* or of French *u* and *i*. In other instances it has the sound of Gaelic *i*. The last pronunciation is characteristic of Arran and Sutherland, *e.g.* in suidh (sit), tuig (understand), cluinn (hear), cruinn (round), ruith (run), ruig (reach), etc. In many of the instances, of course, *ui* has taken the place of an earlier *i*.

wi for *ui*

In Sutherland and in Skye the sound of *w* is heard in place of *u* after an initial *c*. Cuibhrionn, cuigeal, and cuingean are respectively cwibhrionn, cwigeal, and cwingean both in Sutherland and in Skye. This *cwi*—like quee in English queen—is heard also in the words cuibheas, cuimhne, cuing, cuidhteag (the little finger), cuibhill, cuibhrig, cuidhtich, and cuilc in Skye and also in the local name Cuidh-Fhraing (Quiraing). Though not so frequent after *c* in Sutherland, it is heard there occasionally in the words guidh 'gwi' and suim 'swim.' The latter word, as heard there, sounds quite like the Scottish pronunciation, 'sweem,' of English swim.

ao

The vowel *ao* as it now appears in Gaelic is broad. Mutable consonants on either side of it are sounded as when in contact with broad vowels. This holds true through all the variations of sound given to the vowel in Scottish Gaelic. It represents at the present day, especially, *óe*, *ói*, and *ái* of Old Irish. In some cases it stands for *a* or *o* before *dh* or *gh*, and in a few instances for *an*, *en*, or *in* where *n* has been assimilated to the following consonant and compensatory lengthening has taken place. Where the vowel represents old *óe*, *ói*, *ái*, it generally gets the sound of *ao* to which, as

MacAlpine has said, the nearest sound in English is that of *u* in Burns, throughout Argyllshire with the exception of Kintyre, and in the west of Perthshire. In Arran it has the sound of *é* and also in Kintyre. Another sound given to the vowel is that usually called French *u* or the Scottish *u* in such words as 'mune' moon, 'shune' (or 'shoon') shoes. In Aberdeenshire, it is well to observe, the vowel of such words is like *ee* in English been, seen, and accordingly they are written there 'meen,' 'sheen.' The spelling 'shoon' represents yet another pronunciation, viz., that of *oo* in English moon, soon. *Ao* gets this *ȗ* sound in a great part of Gaeldom, as in East Perthshire, Badenoch, and Strathspey, Skye, West Ross-shire, and Sutherland. For the old *óe*, etc. the *ȗ* sound is much more widespread than the *ao* sound. Caol, aom, raon, daor, fraoch, laogh, gaoth and many others generally show those various pronunciations in the different districts mentioned. Some words are apt to be exceptions. Caomh, naomh, caomhain and aon with their derivatives have *ì* in Arran and Kintyre and *ȗ* in Argyllshire (Ardnamurchan and also MacAlpine) as well as in the eastern and northern districts. In East Perth, West Ross and Sutherland, it may be remarked, *mh* of naomh is now represented by a Gaelic *u* so that a diphthong is formed of *ȗ* and *u*, 'nûu.' The same thing (without nasalisation of the vowels of course) has happened to craobh and taobh in East Perth and to craobh in West Ross, 'crûu,' 'tûu.' Taobh has gone a stage further in West Ross and Sutherland as has also craobh in the latter district; both vowels have coalesced into one long Gaelic *u*, 'tù,' 'crù.'

Another instance of *ì* for *ao* in Arran and Kintyre appears in maoth, 'mì.' The name Aonghas, in which *ao* is short and *n* long wherever that is the form, takes the form 'Naoghas' in Arran and Kintyre (and Skye) and has short *i* for *ao*.

When *ao* is for *a* or *o* before *dh* or *gh*, it is long in a few instances as aobhar, aobrann, aoradh, fòghlum or faolum, and is short in many in which it is heard but not written. When short as in aghaidh ladhar, Foghar roghainn, it is sounded

ao short as a rule everywhere except in Arran and Kintyre where it is short *e* close. The same close *e* is heard in one or two instances such as adharc, fradharc, in Sutherland. In Foghar old Foghmhar *ao* is slightly obscured in some districts by a *w* coming from the old *mh*. Where *ao* is long it also becomes *é* in Arran and Kintyre. Elsewhere it is unchanged in most districts but occasionally becomes *ú*. For example, *ú* is found in aobhar and fòghlum in Sutherland and sometimes in East Perthshire, and is given by MacAlpine in aobrann (faobrann).

Foghlum has *ò* in MacAlpine and in Arran 'fòlum' but *é* in Kintyre.

In the other group of words which includes aodach, aodann, aog, aogasg, aotrom, *ao*, which again has become *é* in Arran and Kintyre, is more apt to become *ú* outside of Argyllshire as in aodach, aodann, etc., in Skye, Perth, etc. Those words have sometimes been written with *eu* in lieu of *ao* as eudach, eudann, and eug seems to have been preferred to aog by Dr. MacBain. In North Argyll a distinction is attempted in regard to this word, aog being used for the noun (death) and eug for the verb. MacLeod and Dewar give eug as verb and noun, but aog only as a noun.

Aoi is generally the same as *ao* with *i* either forming a diphthong with it, or showing the 'slender' character of the following consonant. Aois for example is 'és' in Arran and Kintyre. A few irregularities occur here also. MacAlpine gives ûi (diphthong) for *aoi* in aoine as in Di-h-aoine and in naoi. The latter has ûi in North Argyll. Both have *i* in Arran and Kintyre as has also maoin. Naoidhean has *i* in Kintyre but seemingly short *i* in Arran. Maoidh is mì in Kintyre, mài in Arran, and mòidh with MacAlpine. Maois (Moses) and chaoidh or choidhche (ever) and also oidhche have *i* in Arran and the first *û*, the others *ûi*, with MacAlpine. Caoin (weep) is cóin in East Perth and in Sutherland. In the latter county *aoi* often gets the sound of *i* as in gaoith, MacAoidh (Mackay) and the parish name Claoin (Clyne).

As when *a* is changed to *e*, so also when *ao* is sounded *é*

or *i*, a *w* or very short *u* is heard sometimes in Arran. It is very slight in this case, however, is found only after *l* and *n* as in laogh, glaodh, lagh, naomh, naoi, and is perhaps to be regarded properly as the passage from the 'broad' sounds of those liquids to the narrow vowel. The *w* or *u* in the case of *e* for *a* has arisen no doubt from the effort to pass from a consonant, associated as it was with a broad vowel, to a now slender vowel, as it is found only before those attenuated vowels in Arran and in Kintyre.

The identity of the pronunciation of *ao* in aon, caomh, naomh, with that of *aoi* in aoine, maoin, naoi, etc., in Arran and Kintyre might lead to the supposition that there the oblique case, as in so many instances, has usurped the place of the nominative, and that the forms in which *ao* is sounded *i*, are really aoin, caoimh, naoimh. The occurrence of the same pronunciation in caomhain, and of distinct pronunciations of oblique cases is, however, rather against the supposition. While naomh, for example, is 'n'ìmh,' or rather 'n'ìf,' in Arran, naoimh strangely enough is there 'nûimh.' Except in two instances, chaoidh and oidhche, in which *oi* generally has the sound of *aoi*, the vowels which get this *i* sound are in contact with nasal liquids *m*, *mh*, or *n*, and are themselves nasalised. In other cases, though in contact with nasals, *ao*, however pronounced, is not nasalised. So in Argyllshire generally it is where nasalisation is found that *ao* gets the sound of *û*. What we have then is this: where *ao*, with or without *i* following, is nasalised, it has been changed from *ao* to *û* in the great part of Argyllshire, and from *é* to *i* in Kintyre and in Arran. In other districts no apparent trace of such divergence is found; the sound of *û* nasal or not, as the case may be, is given to *ao* beside all consonants. Whether the Arran and Kintyre sounds (*é* and *i*) are modifications of the Argyll sounds (*ao* and *û*), or whether the sounds in both cases are modifications of older sounds, may be a moot question, but there need be no doubt whatever that the starting point of the divergence from *é* to *i*, and from *ao* to *û* has been in both cases nasalisation. The cause of the divergence is

the difficulty or impossibility of nasalising the sound of *ao*. The difficulty is such that when *a* gets the sound of *ao* in the diphthongs *ia* and *ua* in the west of Ross-shire, for example, though *i* or *u* is nasalised, *ao* is not, in such words as fiamh, buan. The attempt to nasalise *ao* changes more or less the character of the vowel; hence the nasal *ũ* for *ão* in Argyll and perhaps also the universal *ũ* nasal or not for *ao* in other districts. The sound that at first, or, at all events, at one time took the place of *ao* only when nasalised, has since taken the place of that vowel entirely.

In Irish *ao* in general gets the sound of *u* in Ulster, of our Gaelic *ì* in Connaught, and of our *é* in Munster, but apparently there are more exceptions and more varieties of sound than in Scottish Gaelic.

e

The vowel *e*, like *o*, has an open and a close sound. The open sound, when short, is like that of *e* in English 'bed,' 'less,' 'met,' and when long is like the same sound lengthened, and is then written *è*. The close sound is like the vowel in English 'whey,' short or long as the case may be, and in the latter case is written *é*. It rarely stands alone as the vowel of a syllable. On the other hand it is the only vowel that may be followed by any of the others and preceded by none. The only exceptions are Gael, Gaelig, etc., which are unusual and bad renderings of Gàidheal, Gàidhlig, etc. The lengthening of short *e* before long liquids and the change of a long *e* (*eu*, etc.) into *ia* have been fully dealt with, but some other changes affecting the vowel or digraphs into which it enters remain to be noticed.

ea

In the digraph *ea* the vowel that is sounded in some cases is *e* and in others *a*. In East Perthshire *a* is heard when the digraph is followed by *l*, *nn*, *rr* or *rd*, and *e* in other cases. The exceptions are few, *e.g.*, seachd (seven) and Geamhradh (winter). In Arran *a* is somewhat more

frequent and is heard before *chd* and in a few other cases. It is *e* there before *ch* except in deachaidh and seach, seachad and seachran. MacAlpine gives *a* in Geamhradh, seachd, seach, seachad, neach, reamhar, but *e* usually in the positions in question. In breac (spotted), breac (trout), breac (to spot), with breacag, breacan, etc., leac (stone), seac (withered), and deachd (indite) he gives *e* and French *u* short as alternative pronunciations of the digraph. About Inverness *a* is noticeable before *ch* and in other cases; each (horse) for example is there 'yach.'

In North Argyll and the adjoining parts of Inverness, Lochaber, etc., *e* is the vowel sounded in this digraph before *l*, *nn*, *rr*, and *rd*, and gives the dialect in those parts perhaps its most distinctive peculiarity of pronunciation. Geal (white) is there 'ge'l,' cearr is 'ce'rr,' fearr 'fe'rr,' ceard 'cè'rd, fearna 'fè'rna,' and so on. As has been indicated already *ea* is diphthongised before long *l*, *n*, and *m* in the north, much in the same way as the single vowel *a*. Sometimes the resulting diphthong is *au*, and *e* is represented by a *y* sound preceding *au* or by its influence upon the preceding consonant, as Bealltuinn 'Byaulltuinn,' seann 'shaunn.' That is what takes place in the north generally before long *l*, and in Badenoch, Strathspey, etc., before long *n* also. In other cases the diphthong is formed of *e* and *u* in place of *a* and *u*, as ceann 'ceunn,' gleann, 'gleunn,' meall 'meull,' teampull, 'teumpull.' This is the rule in North Argyll and Lochaber, and extends in the case of *nn* as far as Rannoch, West Ross, and Skye, and in some instances to Sutherland. Before long *l* it extends in the case of meall (deceive) and meall (lump) to Rannoch and West Ross. In some cases *ea* is changed into *eo* before *ll*, e.g. geall 'gyoull'; so seall, steall also in Lochaber, etc. In Rannoch *ea* is similarly changed to *eo* and diphthongised before *rn* as cearn 'cyourn,' etc. In Glenlyon *ea* becomes the *eu* diphthong in cearn, fearna, etc., in teàruinn and teàrnadh, in ceard, feaird, and in Peairt (Perth), in which *r* is short. The same diphthong is heard there also in peurda (flake of wool in first carding) as though the word were pèarda.

eo for *ea*

A substitution of close *o* for *a* is general in Northern Gaelic in such words as eallach 'yollach,' geall, seall, steall, dreall, greallag, sgeallag, and recalls the liking remarked in Sutherland for the same *o* before *l*. In other cases also, but without giving any great distinction of dialect, *o* (open, however) occurs for *a*, as feabhas, seabhag, treabh, treabhaire (houses), dreathan-donn, sreathart. 'Feobhas' for feabhas seems to be universal. Seagal generally has close *o*. Leabhar (book) and leabhar (wide) usually have *o*, but open in some districts and close in others. What happens in these—feabhas, seabhag, etc.—and other instances is that *ea* in place of getting the single sound of *e* gets that of *o* or *yo*. Feabhas instead of being 'fe-as' is 'fyo-as.' So lèabag (flounder), in some places liabag, is 'lèbag' in Arran, etc. and 'lyòbag' in West Ross, in Sutherland 'lyóbag.' Seòmar (chamber), which is 'shòmar' in most places, ought strictly to be sèamar, and is 'shèmar' in Perthshire and in Lewis.

INNIS IN PLACE-NAMES

W. J. Watson

Of the two Gaelic words for 'island,' *innis* and *eilean*, the former is native (Welsh *ynys*), the latter is borrowed from Norse *ey-land*, appearing in Irish as *oilean*, and in early Irish as *ailén*. The two words must have had a struggle for existence which would be interesting to trace. The result of it was a victory for the foreigner. The only word for island now and for centuries, in common speech, is *eilean*. Its native rival, however, entered on a new phase of activity in the sense of river-meadow, the Scots 'haugh,' and as such it forms an important element in our place-names. Very few islands round our coasts contain *innis*, Inch—Inchkeith, Inchmay, Inchcolm, Inchaddon, and some small isles in lakes,

chiefly Loch Lomond and Loch Awe almost exhaust the list. On the west coast, the Hebrides were, indeed, as a whole, known as Innse-gall, the isles of the strangers, but only two or three islets retain *innis* as an element. The Orkneys, of old Innse Orc, have now become *Arcaibh* in Gaelic, a dative plural like *Cataibh*, Sutherland. Innse Cat, the Cat Isles, are mentioned by old chroniclers as supplying helpers to the Norse at Clontarf (1014); their location cannot be determined with certainty. The plural, *na h-Innsean*, is specially applied to the Indies, *e.g.* Anns na h-Innsean is fhaide thall, In the furthest Indies. But it is in the sense of 'haugh' that *innis* appears most widely in Scottish topography. Even in early usage there was probably a tendency to this meaning. Temporary islands are often formed by flooding, or by the forking of streams, and from this to 'river-side haugh,' 'meadow,' the transition is easy. The Inches of Perth form a case in point. Inchaffray, Insula Missarum, 'Mass Isle,' is now an isle no longer, though it is considered to have been one of old. It may be noted in passing that *innis* is rendered into the Latin of the charters, etc., by *insula*, even where it has never meant anything other than 'haugh,' a habit which sometimes has given rise to needless searchings of antiquarian hearts.

At the beginning of names *innis* is usually easy of recognition, appearing in English as 'inch.' Even here, however, being from the nature of the case unaccented, it sometimes gets debased to *i's* (ish), *e.g.* Isteane in the Black Isle is for *an innis dian*, the sheltered haugh. On the east coast this shortening is general, *e.g.* Inchberry is pronounced in Gaelic *I's a' bhàraidh*. No real difficulty, however, results. In terminal position, coming after a qualifying adjective, noun, or even preposition, *innis* assumes a variety of forms, and is often puzzling. Here also, of course, it is unaccented, the stress accent falling on the qualifying word.

1. It may appear as *-nis* (-nish), *e.g.* Brecknish, Mucknish, in Gaelic Breacinnis, Dappled Haugh; and Mucinnis, Swine Haugh, respectively. Other examples are, Mornish or Morenish, Big Haugh; Slignish, Shell Haugh; Craignish, Rock

Haugh. Here it is apt to be confused by the unwary with Norse *nes*, a cape, thus giving rise to bad hybrids. This difficulty is easily got over if we keep in mind that the qualifying word prefixed to *innis* is always Gaelic; that prefixed to *nes* is always Norse. Thus Mishnish, Minginish, Tresnish, and such must be Norse, because their first parts are Norse.

2. Sometimes it becomes *-i's* (-ish), *e.g.* in Blarish, for Blàrinnis, Spotted Haugh; cf. Brecknish above. Another example is Shinness, G. *Sinneis* for *seaninnis*, Old Haugh, occurring twice in Sutherland. Also I take it now that Farness in the Black Isle is *Fearninnis* (pron. Fearnais), Alder Haugh. Here old spellings are serviceable. Both these latter places have often been wrongly derived from Norse *nes*; the criterion, apart from old spellings, is whether the first part is Gaelic or Norse.

3. *Innis* seems to appear not infrequently as *-isi* (ishie). Morangie, near Tain, appears in 1487 as Morinchy, in 1507 Morinch, 1618 Morinschie; the modern Gaelic is *Mòristidh* with *t* developed. This name, which undoubtedly means Big Haugh (cf. Morenish above), gives a clue to the ending in such names as *Caoilisidh*, *Cruoisidh*. They most probably contain the old locative case (*innse*), and mean (in the) Narrow Haugh and (in the) Hard Haugh, respectively.

4. Sometimes, but rarely, it becomes -age in the English forms. Connage, near Inverness, is in 1532 Conysche, showing the transition stage: Hound-Haugh. Broomage (Larbert) is cited as Bruminche in 1458, and may be for *braoninnis*, damp meadow; cf. Loch Broom in Ross and in Perth, both in Gaelic *braon*. With these may be compared Dunstaffnage, 1309 Dunstaffynch, 1322 Ardstofniche, 1455 Dunstaffage, Gaelic Dun-sta'inis. This has been derived as Gaelic *Dun is dà innis*, a fort and two isles (the two isles are there), but, apart from accentual difficulties, the old forms make it clear that in this case we are dealing with a Norse name *Stafanes*, Staffpoint. In the spelling of 1322, *Ard* is a reduplication of *nes*, forming the typical legitimate hybrid

Point of Staffpoint. Dunstaffnage, again, is the Fort of Staffpoint.

5. In composition with the preposition *fo* used adjectivally, *innis* gives *Foineis*, sub-meadow, small meadow, or possibly, under-meadow, appearing in English as Foynes, Phoineas, Fynes. This rather difficult name has been explained as from *eas*, a waterfall; *fo an eas*, under the fall; but in point of fact, in two of the three places bearing the name with which I am familiar (Nairn, Beauly, Abriachan), there is no waterfall, and there never was one. For the sense may be compared the common Fowlis, G. Fólais from *fo-ghlais*, sub-stream; also Foyers, Gaelic *Foithir*, in plural *na Foithrichean*, flat land lying under a steep declivity. In Stratherrick there are two or three places of this name, apart from the famous waterfall, which is in Gaelic *Eas na Smùid*, Sprayfall.

THE CELT AND THE SEA [1]

KENNETH MACLEOD

PROBABLY the Islesmen owe their love of the sea even more to their Norse than to their Celtic blood. The old Celts regarded the sea as a dark, mysterious power, cruel as an evil woman,[2] but most effective as a protection against their enemies. The Norsemen, on the other hand, thought of the sea rather as 'the path to glory'; beyond the waves were strange lands and boundless wealth, waiting to be claimed by men of the necessary daring. In short, in their attitude towards the sea, the Celt was the better poet, the Norseman the better sailor. In their common descendants the two traits are combined; the Norse love of the sea has been deepened and variegated by Celtic fervour and imagination. Thus, of all subjects, the one dearest to the Hebridean poet

[1] It has been thought unnecessary to give the Gaelic text of the quotations used in the above paper, as the poems from which the extracts are taken will be published in full in future numbers of the *Review*.

[2] See Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*.

is 'the ship at sea'—the ocean in its ever-changing moods, and the ship in its eternal contest with the waves. The descriptions of this contest are, as a rule, delightfully exaggerated, but graphic as only a true sea-dog could make them :—

'Far travels the noise of the boat
Galloping through the Sea of Erin;
Far travels the noise of her leaps
As she bounds through the swelling ocean;
Wind and tide and the fury of the deep
Hurl themselves against the darling;
But the rare Macleod is at the helm,
The bellowing wave to him is music.'[1]

And so, with a good helmsman, the boat defies the combined efforts of all the elements, and reaches her destination in safety. Such was the luck of Alexander Macdonald's famous 'Barge of Clan-Ranald'—such also the luck of the 'Iubhrach Ur,' the New Barge, so popular in Hebridean folk-song :—

'Goes she through Caol Muile fawnlike,
Then across to Eilean Uaine,
Back in gallop o'er to Moidart,
Past the hilly isles of caves,
Past the mountains dark and frowning,
Past the reefs so low and cold,
And athwart through mountain-billows
To the Brindled Isle of brave men
To the Sunny Isle of fair ones;
O many a dark point has she rounded,
Many a gray limpet pounded,
Many a curving whelk powdered,
As she gallops through the silent straits.'[2]

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[1] A Skye sea-song. It may be said here that most of the quotations used in this paper are from unpublished Gaelic poems collected by the writer in Skye, Eigg, and Uist. The translations are practically literal, and reproduce as nearly as possible the rhythm, though not the rhyme, of the original.

[2] From a popular Gaelic sea-song, called 'The New Barge.' The course taken by the boat is easily identified—through the Sound of Mull to Islay (or Erin?), thence back to Moidart, and by Eigg and Rum across to Uist and Harris.

Every boat, however, is not equally lucky. Though the sea, being strong and generous, seldom pushes matters to an extreme, especially when the boat shows pluck, yet there are other enemies to be reckoned with, such as the mean, cowardly rocks, which lurk and crouch under the waves, and never show themselves in the light of day. 'A new boat and old rocks,' so the Gaelic proverb tersely describes the conflict between the two. The rocks are old and cunning and unscrupulous, the boat is young and simple and unsuspicious, and so a thousand tragedies follow, and the Gaelic folk-songs become ever softlier and sadlier.

The wife sits in her lonely hall and croons to her only child the story of her widowhood [1] :—

'I see the barge within the creek
Sweethearting with winds and waves.

When she sailed out to the deep
Never a teal-duck [2] greeted her

But a raven ever on her track—
O pity those at sea to-night!'

And though the trembling woman ashore tries to counteract the raven's influence by reciting the old charm :—

'Fire and water on thy wing,
The curse of God in beak and flight,'

yet what is fated must happen, and the boat with all on board goes down :—

'Rest to their souls, a place in Glory,
A good reception from King and Virgin.'

The sweetheart again sits on a rock by the seashore and questions the seagulls as to the fate of her sailor-lad and his gallant crew [3] :—

[1] A Macleod of Harris lullaby.
[2] A bird of good omen.
[3] From an old ballad still sung in the Hebrides.

'Little seagull, ocean seagull,
Snow-white seagull, what thy tidings?
Where, O where, are the fair young lads?'

And the seagull makes answer:—

'I left them all in the ocean-depths,
Face to face, and each one lifeless.
Back to back, and red blood flowing—
Their pillow to-night the soft seaweed.'

And the maiden wishes that she too were there:—

'Side by side, my sweetheart and I,
Never to move and never to part,
Ever falling asleep, our companionship quiet.'

Another, to whom even the seagulls could bring no tidings, good or bad, of her dear one, cries out pathetically[1]:—

'O Virgin, pity me to-night
If his shroud be the tangle,
If his couch a sandy hollow,
If the seals his wake-attendants,
If the fish his waxen candles,
If his harp the croon of waves.'

Nor less sincere is the grief of the sister as she thinks of three young brothers who will never again put into port, though their boat was one of the rarest ever built[2]:—

'When she getteth up her white sails
Fairer she than the young Bride of Clan-Ranald.

Never a wave in strait or ocean
But dances with joy when she puts to sea.

Never a seal or brindled teal-duck
But seeks to follow in her wake.

She goes to Uist and she goes to Lewis
And across to Rōdel in Harris.'

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[1] A sea-song associated with the Macleods of Dunvegan.
[2] This ballad is still popular with the old folk of Skye, Eigg, and Uist.

But so fair and swanlike is the boat that the wild Minch falls in love with her, and, mad with jealousy, suffers her not to return to land :—

'Covets her, the Sea of Skee,[1]
Nor allows her visit shore.'

And thus it is that—

'She reaches not Uist, she reaches not Lewis,
She reaches not Rōdel in Harris.'

In spite of the tragedies, however, the love of the sea runs strongly in the Hebridean blood, and frequently becomes quite a passion. 'O for one glimpse of the Western Sea' is the constant cry of the islander whom fate has placed in the heart of the mainland, with the unfeeling mountains around him. To this *Ionndrain-cuain*, Sea-longing, Gaelic poetry owes some of its most exquisite verses :—

'Deep the longing that has seized me,
Song nor fiddle chase it off—
In my ear resounds the ocean,
The sea-voices call me home.

O sun on high, 'tis little wonder
The glory of joy light up thy face—
From the glen and night thou glidest
To embrace the Western Sea.

O were it mine, thy westward journey,
Sure I 'd never glide so slow—
Yet to-night thou 'lt kiss the ocean,
While over me the mountains frown.'[2]

And if the old proverb can be trusted, this affection is mutual. 'The sea invites acquaintance,' and out of this acquaintanceship springs a friendship which, on the side of man, is stronger than the fear of death; and on the side of

[1] The minch between Skye and Uist.

[2] From an old Gaelic song rescued in Eigg. It is said to have been composed by a daughter of Macneill of Barra, who had married a mainland chief, and consequently lived far away from the Isles and the Western Sea.

the sea is as generous as it is sometimes rough—so generous indeed that, to the Barra fisherman, the Western Ocean has become *Cuile Mhoire*, the Virgin Mary's Treasury. That there are limits to her generosity, every Celt knows; she is extremely jealous of her rights, the most sacred of which is perhaps the custody of her dead. 'The sea,' says an old Gaelic rhyme, 'will search the four russet divisions of the universe to find the graves of her children.' Hence a body washed ashore should be buried as near the water-mark as possible, so that the sea may 'recover her own,' if such be her will. The neglect of this rule is supposed to have been the cause of many a memorable flood in the Hebrides—old Mother Ocean rushing inland to claim her own. And if the physical difficulties should prove too much for her, she wakens out of their long sleep a few golden-haired vikings and sends them ashore to do her bidding. In the early years of the nineteenth century, the North Uist people, on a day still spoken of, reverently laid in their ancient Temple of the Trinity an unknown body washed ashore by the flowing tide; at twilight a mysterious-looking barge glided into the bay, three of its crew marched up silently to the temple, opened the newly-made grave, carried off the body, and then disappeared for ever into the darkness and the great open sea.[1]

One can easily understand how, with such spirits and mysteries, the sea has cast her spell upon the impressionable Celt, and has given his songs and stories a colour which is not of this world. Her generosity, her might, her playfulness, her frequent cruelty, each is duly dwelt upon; but what really haunts the Celtic mind is her awful mysteriousness. There is scarcely a rock or creek or headland in the west which is not glorified by some tale of the supernatural, told with the artless art which makes realism. In the island of Eigg, when the autumn moon is full, the young people still go down to the shore to dig for sand-eels, and to pass a merry

[1] Told to the writer by an old man in North Uist, who declared that several of his acquaintances had been present at the unknown one's burial.

hour of song and dance. One at any rate of these occasions has been made memorable by a story and a ballad,[1] in the lines of which one hears the roll of the mysterious sea breaking on far-away shores :—

'One night was I in the eel-shore,
I saw the moon in the heavens,
I sang my rune in the name of the Triune,
I blessed myself and all my dear ones.
She came to me, the fair one of the noble face,
She spoke to me in words sweet and low.
"Thou art the glad but I the sad woman,
I have lost the ship, I have lost my Diarmid,
I have lost my son, the fair-young, ever-young.
I have sought him up, I have sought him down,
I find not the trail of my nursling.
. . . . . .
In the isle of the sweet-voiced maidens,
In the cave of the slimy reptiles,
Late and early a-seeking him,
At ebb-tide and flow-tide a-seeking him,
A-seeking my lost one, Diarmid,
A-seeking him, ever a-seeking and yearning."

'I sang my rune in the name of the Triune,
I blessed myself and all my dear ones.
She vanished, the fair one of the noble face.
But I heard a weeping in the heavens,
I heard a shrieking in the nether-sea :
"My fair young love, my Diarmid,
Accursed am I, and ever hell-tortured,
A-seeking thee, ever a-seeking and yearning,
My fair young love, my Diarmid,
O my fair young love, my Diarmid."'

Perhaps the Eigg people were greater dreamers than others, at any rate they frequently saw things it was hardly lawful for mere mortals to see. Not so many years ago,[2] for instance, a few of the more gifted ones actually saw a *long-theine*, a fire-ship, careering past the isles with lightning speed, 'and on the deck was a long, lean, black creature, with

[1] Picked up from an old woman in Eigg several years ago.
[2] The writer was a boy in the Island of Eigg at the time.

a fiddle in his hand, and he ever playing and dancing and laughing—and O St. Mary and my love, awful was the howling that was below!'

Such the mysteriousness of the sea which makes Eigg an isle of dreams; doubtless the fire-ship was conveying the soul of some unrighteous Southern lord 'to its own place.'

A more pleasing picture is that of the White Ship, as of crystal, in which the pre-Christian Celt sailed to his Island-Heaven far out in the Western Sea. The Celtic hope indeed, whether in Christian or in Pagan times, ever lies in the west and the sea; there the sun sets in the evening to rise again in a morning which may tarry but will surely come.

'On the hillside I recline
Ever yearning for the lost,
Ever looking to the west,
Where the sun sets in the sea.'[1]

Very curiously, however, the Celtic Heaven or Hope has from the first been limited by a Doctrine of Election; in Pagan[2] as well as in Christian times some were 'chosen' and others not, and the deciding factor was the will of the other-world rather than the conduct of man. Possibly the explanation is that Celtic religion, whether Christian or pre-Christian, has been largely coloured by the influence of the sea. The God of the Celt was as the Atlantic, infinite and eternal, terrible in anger, never to be trifled with, mysterious in His actions, harsh to one and gentle to another. Men who knew from experience how one boat reached her harbour in safety while the other went down, how the sea brought wealth to one family and death to another, would be more likely than most to believe and even find comfort in such a doctrine as Predestination. In religion, however, as in everything else, the old Celtic world is fading away before the modern and the 'rational.' All this may be 'progress,' but it is doubtful

[1] From one of the Gaelic songs of the late Dr. Maclauchlan, poet, physician, and Morvenite!

[2] See 'Echtra Condla Chaim' in *Journal Arch. and Hist. Association*, 1874, p. 118.

if the race has been improved thereby; at any rate one may be pardoned for preferring the old Celt to the new, and lamenting the passing away of the deep-souled hero who, trusting equally in his religion and his dirk, met life and death as a boat meets the waves. Even in these degenerate days, there are a few Celtic dreamers who, when the night is dark and the wind high, close their eyes and picture to themselves the Clan-Ranald Barge rushing through the Western Sea, the watchman chaunting 'The Dawn-Prayer.'[1]

'Fragrant maiden of the sea,
Thou art full of the graces,
And the Great White King is with thee.
Blessed art thou, blessed art thou,
Blessed art thou among women;
Thy breath steering my prayer,
It will reach the Haven White;
Let me beseech thy gentle Son
To whom thou gavest knee and suck
To be with us,
To be on watch,
To be awake;
'To spread over us His Sacred Cowl
From ray-light to ray-light,
From the golden-yellow ray of twilight
To the new-born white ray of dawn,
And through the dark and dangerous night
To succour us,
To guide us,
To shine on us
With the guidance and glory of the nine rays of the Sun,
Through seas and straits and narrows
Until we come to Moidart
And the Good Clan-Ranald,
O until we come to Moidart
And the Good Clan-Ranald.'

And if the few Celtic dreamers who hear the Dawn-Prayer in the darkness and the storm should have, as they must have, the dramatic instinct, they will see also another

[1] The above version of the Clan-Ranald sea-prayer (usually called the Dawn-Prayer) was picked up by the writer in the Island of Eigg.

boat lurking somewhere near hand, haughty Macleods on board—the clan of fire and music—voices and waves blending together as the Dunvegan sea-hymn[1] is chaunted forth triumphantly:—

'Thou who dwellest
In the heights above,
O succour us in the depths below;
Vouchsafe to us a day-breeze
As Thou Thyself wouldst wish,
Vouchsafe to us a night-breeze
As we ourselves would choose.
May the clouds hide us,
May the moon shine on the foe,
Be we to windward
And becalmed be they;
O keep firmly tethered
All sudden blasts and accidents—
And leave the rest to us
And to our daggers true,
O leave the rest to us
And to our daggers true—
And we shall give the glory
To the Trinity and Clement
And the great clerk who lives in Rōdel.'[2]

. . . . .

To-day in the Western Sea, instead of the galley one sees the motor-boat, and instead of the 'Dawn-Prayer' or 'Dunvegan Hymn' one hears the latest music-hall ditty; but still the sea remains and the Celt remains, and in dreams at any rate—

'A ship that goes a-sailing
With the young through the straits,
In search of adventure and danger,
The music of laughter and love.'[3]

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[1] Rescued in the Island of Eigg by the writer.

[2] Rōdel, in the Island of Harris, was in olden times the Iona of the Clan Macleod; there, in the old church dedicated to St. Clement, the patron-saint of the clan, their dead were buried and the living 'paid their vows.'

[3] Old Gaelic song.

CELTIC CIVILIZATION

DAVID MACRITCHIE

IT may safely be said that the prevailing opinion among educated British people with regard to the inhabitants of the British Isles at the time of Cæsar's invasion is that they were painted savages, vastly inferior to the Romans in everything that constitutes civilization. This, at any rate, was the common view a generation ago, and it is very clearly reflected in Gilbert A'Beckett's *Comic History of England*, a work which, although avowedly humorous in its method of treating the subject, professes nevertheless to convey actual historical truth. 'The best materials for getting at the early history of a country,' observes this author at the outset, 'are its coins, its architecture, and its manners.' He thereupon asserts that at the period in question there were no British coins, an error which was doubtless shown up by some reviewer when the book appeared. British architecture at its best he holds to be represented by such a structure as Stonehenge. And as for early British manners, in both senses of that word, he comes to this conclusion: 'There is every reason to believe that our forefathers lived in an exceedingly rude state; and it is therefore perhaps as well that their manners—or rather their want of manners—should be buried in oblivion. The first inhabitants of the island [Great Britain] lived by pasture, and not by trade. Their dress was picturesque rather than elegant. Skins, however, were much worn, for morning as well as for evening dress.' John Leech, who illustrated the book, is quite in accord with the author, for in his picture of 'The Landing of Julius Cæsar' he shows the natives as tattooed, half-clad savages, wearing skin garments, and armed with clubs and spears. Discounting the spirit of burlesque which pervades the book and its illustrations, one is led to believe that A'Beckett, Leech, and most of their contemporaries in London were under the impression that the

people of South Britain whom Cæsar conquered were mere barbarians.

That there were barbarous races living in various parts of the British Isles two thousand years ago seems established beyond dispute. But Cæsar himself shows us that the British people who first opposed him were as different from those races as day is from night. True, he applied the term 'barbarian' to all of them indifferently. But, in the mouth of a Roman, 'barbarian' meant no more than it does to-day in the mouth of a Chinaman, to whom all Europeans are 'barbarians.' The occasion, then, on which Cæsar reveals to us the civilization of the ruling race in South Britain, is his description of the great sea-fight off the south coast of Brittany, in which the Romans annihilated the combined fleet of the Devonians and the people of Guened, or Vannes. Prior to that great victory, it was quite hopeless for the inferior Roman galleys to force their way to British shores; and that the victory was a Roman instead of a Celtic one was wholly due to the ingenuity and daring of the Romans. For Cæsar clearly points out that the navy of the allies, which consisted of 220 ships, fully equipped and appointed, was superior to that of the Romans in every respect. So far as one can judge from Cæsar's description, the Celtic ships were of the style that we now call 'Dutch built'; broad in the beam, with high forecastle and poop. They were built entirely of oak, and their stout timbers were well riveted together with iron pins 'as thick as a man's thumb.' Their bulk was such that the idea of the small, light Roman galleys attempting to ram them was regarded by the Romans as out of the question; and the ships of the Celts rose so high above the water-line that the projectiles from their forecastles were thrown *downward* upon the deck-turrets of the Roman galleys. Conversely, the missiles of the Romans lost half their effect by having to be thrown upward. Other details show the same superiority in culture. The Romans do not appear to have known or thought of anything better than ropes for their anchors until they saw the chain cables of the Celts. Further, although Cæsar refers

to benches for rowers in the Celtic ships, he distinctly states that 'all the hopes of the Gallic vessels depended on their sails and rigging.' It was, in short, a contest between a numerous and well-equipped fleet of sailing-ships and a flotilla of large rowing boats. According to all the theories of naval warfare, the Roman galleys ought to have been annihilated. But in this battle, as in other historical instances, ready wit and resourcefulness gave the victory to what seemed the weaker party. The captains of the Roman galleys very quickly realized that their hope of success centred in the scheme of cutting the enemy's rigging by means of their long halberds or pole-axes, and this plan, carried out with much dash and daring, proved most effectual. With their sails and yards rattling down upon their decks, the ships of the Bretons and Britons became helpless hulks, deprived of most of the qualities that had rendered them superior to the Roman galleys. The manœuvre closely resembled that formerly practised by the tribesmen of India, who cut the bridles of our cavalry with a single sweep of their sharp swords, thereby destroying the dragoons' power of guiding their horses. In this great sea-fight off Morbihan, the result of the device just described was that it gave an absolute and decisive victory to the Romans, and cleared the way for a descent upon Britain.

This memorable encounter between the two civilizations furnishes material for much reflection. For one thing, it demonstrates that as a naval power the Celts were far in advance of the Romans. This is quite evident, in spite of the fact that the Romans emerged victorious from the conflict. If we were to judge the two opposing civilizations by the size and equipment of their ships, the balance would weigh heavily in favour of the Celts. The mere circumstance that they used iron chains instead of the primitive cable of rope points to a much higher condition of culture. But, before dwelling upon evidence such as this, let us consider the probable fate of the Celtic navy.

As a distinctly Celtic navy, it was crushed by the defeat at Morbihan. But its influence did not necessarily cease

then and there. 'There is no reason to think,' observes Professor Rhŷs, 'that the conquest of the Veneti [the people of Vannes or Guened] and the Armoric League by Cæsar caused the art of shipbuilding, such as they had learned it from the Carthaginians of Spain, to be lost on the shores of Gaul and Britain; indeed, his breaking down their monopoly may have had quite the contrary effect, and it is not impossible that the ships of the Veneti became the pattren for all vessels used afterwards by the Romans in British waters, so that our marine of the present day may be regarded as, in a manner, deriving its descent through the shipping of the Veneti from that of the Carthaginians and the proud merchants of Tyre and Sidon.' More recently, in November 1905, the question of the Roman Channel Fleet formed the subject of a paper by Mr. Emmanuel Green, read before the British Archæological Association, from which it appeared that this important fleet guarded the *Fretum Britannicum* (now known as the English Channel) during the long period of four hundred years. It was designated the *Classis Britannica*, or British Fleet. Professor Rhŷs's surmise, that the ships of this fleet were built after the Celtic pattern, seems extremely reasonable. The Romans were nothing if not practical, and although they won the battle of Morbihan they knew well that the victory was due to their men and not to their ships. It is almost a matter of certainty that thereafter they adopted the Celtic method of shipbuilding. The fact that Devonshire and Brittany were the chief seats of the maritime power of Britain and of Gaul two thousand years ago, and that they are so to-day, seems more than a mere coincidence. Continuity of custom, and probably of race, is clearly denoted. And yet, when one turns to the accounts of modern writers on the British Navy, one finds that its origin is generally ascribed to Alfred, King of the West Saxons in the ninth century! No doubt King Alfred did much in the way of extending the number, size, and character of his ships. But it must have been after Celtic models; since the vessels of the Saxons are described as 'clumsy

galleys' at the best, probably varied by small skin canoes for their ordinary people, five hundred years after Cæsar had encountered the fleet of the Bretons and the Britons, and had acknowledged the marked superiority of their ships over those of the Romans.

Perhaps too much space has been given here to the maritime side of Celtic civilization. But, after all, the evidence thus derived is quite sufficient to show that the Romans were fighting a people who had attained a culture which, in some respects, was higher than their own. Men whose idea of a battleship was a high-hulked oaken sailing-vessel, having its beams riveted together with iron pins, and who knew how to forge chain cables for their anchors, such men must have lived a civilized life ashore as well as afloat. And this we know was the case.

'The British Gauls appear to have been excellent farmers, skilled as well in the production of cereals as in stock-raising and the management of the dairy,' observes Mr. Elton; and he further points to the fact that, as early as the fourth century B.C., the traveller Pytheas describes the 'great barns' in which they thrashed their corn. Farmers who build 'great barns' take care that they have good houses for themselves; and all this implies a civilized people. From authentic sources we gain a fair idea of their personal appearance. They were a comely race, tall of stature, fair-skinned, and light-haired. Men and women wore tartan plaids, tunics, and trews; the women having their hair 'tied in an elegant knot upon the neck,' and the men covering their heads with 'a soft hat of a modern pattern' (to quote Mr. Elton's words once more). Particulars such as these reveal to us the fact that the ruling race in the south of Great Britain in Cæsar's day were civilized people, and that the race or races whom Leech and A'Beckett had in view were of another order altogether.

GAISGEACH NA SGEITHE DEIRGE

KENNETH MACLEOD

[The tale of the Knight of the Red Shield, one of the most interesting of Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, was dictated to the late Mr. Hector Maclean by John M'Gillivray, a native of the Island of Colonsay. Since that time a valuable variant of this Saga was recovered by Mr. Kenneth Macleod in the Island of Eigg. In the last number of the *Review* Mr. Mackechnie, in explaining the mythological character of the tale, refers to the Eigg version, which has not hitherto been printed. Mr. Macleod has prepared a continuous text of both the Colonsay and Eigg versions which we print in this and the succeeding number of the *Review*. The Colonsay version is made the basis of the tale, while the additional paragraphs contained in the Eigg version are printed in their place within square brackets, and the most important of the variant readings are given in a footnote.[1] The tale is written in literary form,[2] the strong localism of the Colonsay reciter having more than once misled Mr. Campbell and Mr. Maclean when translating this tale. A few notes on the more obscure words and phrases will be given at the end of the April instalment.—D. M'K.]

BHA ann roimhe so Righ Eireann, 's dh' fhalbh e fhein, 's a shluagh, 's a laochraidh, 's a mhaithean, 's a mhòr-uaislean do'n bheinn shithinn agus sheilg. Shuidh iad, ['s iad sgith fann airsnealach,] air cnocan dath-uaine daite, far an eireadh grian gu moch agus an laigheadh i gu h-anmoch. [Bha na mial-choin air lomhainn 's na gaisgich air an uilinn, agus an deigh dhaibh an cuibheas a ghabhail de bhiadh 's de dhibh, thuirt an righ gum b'ait leis fhein a nis treis air cantainn nan sgeul, los togail cinn is cridhe thoirt daibh. Chaidh an cruitire air ghleus :—

'Sheinneadh e puirt is uirt is cruitean,
Ruitheanna teudor, ruitheanna tairteil,
Curaidhean 's laoich is aoig mu 'n casan.
Aoig is ainn is boil is buaireas,

[1] In the footnotes C.V. = Colonsay Version, and E.V. = Eigg Version.

[2] Several inconsistencies in the matter of grammatical forms have been allowed to stand in the text.

'S gun cuirteadh 'na shior shuain
An saoghal mòr gu leir
Le binnead a' phuirt shìogaidh
A sheinneadh an cruitire.'

Ars' am fear bu luaithe beul na cheile: 'Bha iad ann gun teagamh, curaidhean 's laoich is aoig mu 'n casan—] ach cò nis, ann an ceithir ranna ruadh an domhain, aig am biodh a chridhe tàir agus tailceas a dheanamh air Righ na h-Eireann, 's e am meadhon sloigh agus laochraidh, mòr-uaislean is maithean a rioghachd fhein?' 'Nach amaideach sibh,' ars' an righ, 'dh' fhaodadh e tighinn fear a dheanadh tàir agus tailceas ormsa, 's nach b' urrainn sibh an rioba bu mhiosa 'na fheusaig a thoirt aisde.' [Mu'n gann a bha na facail mach as a bheul, chunnacas dùbhradh froise an iomall a' chuain,] a' tighinn o 'n aird-an-iar 's a' triall do 'n aird-an-ear, —'s marcaiche fàlaire duibhe tighinn gu sunndach 'na deigh.

'Mar churaidh air tìr nan sleibhte,
Mar reul[1] air na rionnagan,
Mar mhuir mòr air lodannan,
Mar ghual guibhne gobha
'Ga bhàthadh aig taobh na h-abhunn,[2]
'S ann mar sin[3] a dh' amhairceadh fir agus
mnathan an domhain lamh ris,
An dealbh, 's an dreach, 's an cruth, 's an aogas.'

[Labhair e riu, mar a b' fhearr a b' aithne da, am briathra fiosnacha, foisneacha, fior-ghlic, fior-eolais, 's mu'n robh an tuilleadh seanachais eatorra, cuirear thairis an dòrn, buailear an righ eadar am beul 's an t-sron, cuirear tri fiaclan as, ceapar 'na dhòrn iad, cuirear 'na phòc iad, falbhar mar thainig an dùbhradh froise.[4]] 'Nach dubhairt mi,' ars' an righ, 'gum

[1] *re* ('moon') in E.V.

[2] *Mar shoillse ghil na greine*
Air gual goileach guibhne. E.V.

[3] In the C.V. such forms as *sean* and *neis* are used throughout; these older forms being still in common use in Colonsay, as also in certain districts in the Long Island.

[4] This is one of the few cases in which a passage from the E.V. is substituted for an almost similar but less graphic one in the C.V. The rule followed has been to insert the E.V. into the body of the text only when new matter is introduced, but in one or two cases it has been thought advisable to depart from this rule. Taken as a whole, however, the diction of the tale would by no means be improved by the substitution of the E. for the C.V.

faodadh e tighinn fear a dheanadh tàir agus tailceas ormsa, 's nach b' urrainn sibh an rioba bu mhiosa 'na fheusaig a thoirt aisde.' [Bhòidich an so a mhac mòr, Ridire Chuirn, nach itheadh e biadh, 's nach òladh e deoch, 's nach eisdeadh e ceol, gus an tugadh e bharr a' ghaisgich a bhuail an dòrn air an righ, an lamh a bhuail. 'An t-aon ceudna dhomhsa,' arsa Ridire Chlaidhimh, 'gus an toir mi dheth an ceann a dhealbh.' 'An t-aon ceudna dhomhsa,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge,[1] agus e am broilleach na cuideachd, 'gus an toir mi as an cridhe smaointich.'[2]] "Thusa bheathaich[3] mhosaich,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'de bheireadh tusa leinn? Nuair a rachamaid-ne air thapadh, rachadh tusa air mhi-thapadh. Gheibheadh tu bàs am mòintich bhuig, no 'n sgeilpe chreag, no 'n talamh toll, no 'n sgàth gàrraidh, no 'n àit-eigin.'[4] 'Biodh sin 's a roghainn da ach falbhaidh mi,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. [Thog dithis mhac an righ orra, 's ghabh iad cam-lorg nan liath-chearc chon na h-aird-an-iar.] Suil gun tug Ridire Chuirn as a dheigh, faicear Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge 'gan leantainn. 'Dé,' arsa Ridire Chuirn ri Ridire Chlaidhimh, 'a ni sinn ris?' 'Ni,' arsa Ridire Chlaidhimh, 'an ceann a sgathadh deth.' ['Cha dean sinn idir e,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'is ann a chuireas sinn an dubh-chapull air.' Rinneadh so gu breodail, agus mach a ghabh dithis mhac an righ. Suil gun tug Ridire Chuirn as a dheigh, faicear Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge 'gan leantainn. 'Dé idir a ni sinn ris?' ars' esan ri Ridire Chlaidhimh. 'Ni direach,' ars' am fear eile, 'an ceann a sgathadh deth.' 'Cha dean sinn idir e,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'is ann a chuireas sinn ceangal nan tri chaoil air.' Rinneadh so, agus ghabh dithis mhac an righ rompa, a' coiseachd. Suil gun tug Ridire Chuirn as a

[1] In C.V. as printed in *W. H. Tales* the reading is, *Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge* (translated, 'The Son of the Green Spring by Valour.') The E.V. gives *Mac a' Chochaill uaine ri Gaisge* ('The Son of the Green Husk at Valour,' *i.e.*, a-doing deeds of valour)—which shows that Professor Mackinnon was right in holding that Campbell's *Earraich* was really the word *Earraidh* ('garment') gutturalised by the reciter.

[2] See note 5.

[3] *Bheadagain*, E.V.

[4] *No 'n aite rosadach air chor-eigin*, E.V.

dheigh, faicear Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge 'gan leantainn. 'Braidean dubh,' ars' esan, 'dé 'n t-aon ni fo 'n ghrein ghil a ni sinn ris?' 'Ni direach,' arsa Ridire Chlaidhimh,' an ceann a sgathadh deth.'] 'Mata,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'Cha dean sinn sin; ach tha carragh mòr cloiche shuas an so agus ceanglaidh sinn ris e.' 'Tha mi toileach sin fhein a dheanamh,' ars' am fear eile. Cheangail iad ris a' charragh chloich e, an los fhagail gus am basaicheadh e, 's ghabh iad air falbh. Suil gun tug Ridire Chuirn a rithist as a dheigh, faicear a' tighinn e, 's an carragh air a mhuin. 'Nach fhaic thu nis am fear sin a' tighinn a rithist 's an carragh air a mhuin,' arsa Ridire Chuirn ri Ridire Chlaidhimh,—'dé ni sinn ris?'[1] 'Ni,[2] an ceann a sgathadh deth 's gun a leigeadh nas fhaide,' arsa Ridire Chlaidhimh. 'Cha dean sinn sin,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'ach tillidh sinn agus fuasglaidh sinn an carragh dheth. Is suarach d' ar leithid-ne de dhà lan-ghaisgeach ged a bhiodh e leinn; ni e fear ghlanadh sgiath, no sheideadh thurlach, no rud-eigin.'[3] Dh' fhuasgail iad e agus thug iad leo e. Ghabh iad sios an so chon a' chladaich. [Cò thachair riu ach Gruagach nan Cumha. Labhair iad ris am briathra fiosnacha, foisneacha, filidheach, fior-ghlic, fior-eolais, agus fhreagair esan anns na briathra ceudna 's mur b' iad a b' fhearr cha b' iad idir bu mhiosa 'san am. 'Bu mhiann leinn,' ars' iadsan ris, 'an t-aiseag fhaotainn an so.' 'Cha bhi chion oirbh,' ars' esan:—

'Is leamsa an long
As fhearr chuireas tonn 'na deigh;
Stiuir 'na deireadh, siuil 'na toiseach,
Beairt 'na buill 's iad uile reidh.'

'Innis duinn fàth do chaoimhneis,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Cha dhuilich sin,' arsa Gruagach nan Cumha, 'an ceann seachd latha na seachdainn, thig sibh gu h-Eilean-na-Fiacais, 's ma chi sibh Ailleagan nam Ban an sin, is nighean domhsa i. Tha mi 'gur cur fo gheasa agus

[1] *Baobach air a' pheasan, ars' esan, dé idir a ni sinn ris?* E.V.

[2] *Iochd-ar-nachd, an ceann*, etc., E.V.

[3] *Ni sinn corra-ghille glas deth, 's cha chuirinn mo chluas air a' gheall nach biodh e feumail duinn fhathast*, E.V. Here *glas* means 'young.'

fo chroise gun a fagail air an eilean.' Fhuair e an sin an long ris an abradh iad an Iubhrach Bhallach.]

'Chuir iad a mach i, 's thug iad a toiseach do mhuir,[1] 's a deireadh do thìr.
Thog iad na siuil bhreaca bhaidealacha bhàrr-ruisgte,
An aodann nan crann fada fulangach fiughaidh.
Bha soirbheas beag laghach aca mar a thaghadh iad fhein,
Bheireadh fraoch a beinn, duilleach a coill, seileach as a fhreumhaichean,
Chuireadh tughadh nan tighean ann an claisean nan iomairean,
An latha nach deanadh am mac no 'n t-athair e.
Cha bu bheag 's cha bu mhòr leotbasan sin fhein,
Ach 'ga chaitheamh 's 'ga ghabhail mar a thigeadh e.
An fhairge fulpanaich 's a' falpanaich;
Án lear dearg 's an lear uaine lachanaich,
'S a' bualadh thall 's a bhos mu bòrdaibh.
An fhaochag chrom chiar a bha shios an grunnd an aigein,
Bheireadh i snag air a beul-mòr agus cnag air a h-urlar.
Ghearradh i cuinnlein caol coirce le fheobhas 's a dh' fhalbhadh i.'[2]

['Dé 'n t-astar a th' aig an luing?' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Trian gaoithe 'na deireadh 's dà thrian 'na sliasaid,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'bheireadh i air a' ghaoith luath earraich a bhiodh roimpe, 's cha bheirteadh oirre leis a' ghaoith luath earraich a bhiodh as a deigh.' 'Cha 'n astar sin idir do mo luing-sa,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge, 'tuilleadh aodaich rithe.' Rinneadh so, 's bha na still a' riasladh nan sgò. 'Dé 'n t-astar a tha aice nis?' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Ghearradh i an t-ubh air a tharsainn,' arsa Ridire Chuirn. 'Cha 'n astar sin idir do mo luing-sa,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge, 'tuilleadh aodaich rithe.' Rinneadh so, agus b' aon sgò an fhairge gu leir. 'Dé 'n t-astar a tha aice nis?' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Tha i cho luath ri aigne nam ban baoth,' arsa Ridire Chuirn. 'Fòghnaidh sin,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge, 's e toirt sàthaidh di suas gu fuaradh.] Thug iad tri laithean 'ga caitheamh mar sin. 'Tha mi fhein a' fàs sgìth de so,' arsa Ridire Chuirn ri Ridire Chlaidhimh, 'bu mhithich leam sgeul fhaotainn as a' chrann.' ''S tu

[1] *do muir*, E.V. (an interesting survival of the neuter gender).
[2] *le fheobhas 's a bha 'n t- òigear 'g a stiuradh*, E.V.

fhein is mòr-inbhiche[1] an so, a Ridire Chuirn, agus leig fhaicinn gum bi speis agad a dhol suas; agus mur a teid thu suas, bidh am barrachd spòrs againn ort,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. Suas a ghabh Ridire Chuirn le roid, 's thuit e nuas 'na ghlag paiseanaidh[2] air clar-uachdrach na luinge. ''S dona fhuaras tu,' arsa Ridire Chlaidhimh. 'Faiceam an tu fhein as fhearr; 's ma 's tu as fhearr leigear fhaicinn gum bi barrachd toil agad dol air t-aghaidh, air neo bidh am barrachd spòrs againn ort,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. Suas a ghabh Ridire Chlaidhimh, 's mu'n d' rainig e ach leth a' chroinn, thoisich e air sgiamhail 's air sgreadail, 's cha b' urrainn e dol a suas no tighinn a nuas. 'Rinn thu mar a dh' iarradh ort, 's leig thu fhaicinn gun robh am barrachd speis agad a dhol suas; 's a nis cha teid thu suas, s' cha mhotha thig thu nuas! Cha ghaisgeach mise, 's cha leth ghaisgeach mi, 's cha robh meas gaisgich orm an àm fàgail. Gheibhinn bàs am mointich bhuig, no'n sgeilpe chreag, no'n sgàth gàrr-aidh, no'n àit-eigin, agus cha bu spairn orm sgeul a thoirt as a' chrann,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'A shaoidh mhòir,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'feuch ris.' 'Is saoidh mòr mi 'n diugh; ach cha b' eadh a' fagail a' bhaile,' arsa Mac an Earr-aidh uaine ri Gaisge. Thomhais e leum o cheannaibh a shleagh gu barraibh òrdag, 's bha e suas a chlisgeadh anns a' chrannaig. 'Dé tha thu faicinn?' arsa Ridire Chuirn. 'Tha e ro mhòr do dh' fheannaig 's tha e ro bheag do dh' fhearann,' ars' esan. 'Fan mar a th' agad feuch an aithnich thu dé th' ann,' ars' iad ris; 's dh' fhan e mar so treis. 'Dé tha thu faicinn a nis?' ars' iad ris. 'Tha eilean agus cearcall teine mu 'n cuairt air, a' lasadh an ceann a' cheile; 's tha mi smaointeachadh nach 'eil aona ghaisgeach anns an domhan mhòr a theid thairis air an teine,' ars' esan. 'Mur teid ar leithid-ne de dhà ghaisgeach thairis air,' ars' iadsan. 'Tha dùil agam gum b' fhasa dhuibh sgeul a thoirt as a chrann na dol a steach an sid,' ars' esan. 'Cha 'n athais e!' arsa

[1] C.V. gives *mor-ionmhuinneach* ('best-beloved'), which is probably a slip.
[2] *'Na ghlag-starraidh*, E.V.

Ridire Chuirn. 'Cha 'n eadh, is firinn e!' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. Rainig iad an taobh muigh de 'n teine, 's chaidh iad air tir, 's tharraing iad an Iubhrach Bhallach suas a seachd fad fhein air feur glas, 's a beul foidhpe, [far nach dubhadh gaoth i, 's far nach sgagadh grian i,] 's far nach deanadh sgoilearan[1] baile-mhoir bùrt no fochaid no magadh oirre, ['s far am faigheadh iad fhein i seach gun iarradh iad i.] Sheid iad turlach, 's thug iad tri oidhchean is tri laithean a' leigeadh an sglos.

An ceann nan tri latha thoisich iad air liobhadh nan arm. 'Tha mi,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'a' fàs sglth de so; bu mhithich leam sgeul fhaotainn as an eilean.' ''S tu fhein,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge, 'is mòr-inbhiche an so, agus falbh an toiseach feuch dé 'n sgeul as fhearr a bheir thu d' ar n-ionnsaidh.' Dh' fhalbh Ridire Chuirn, 's rainig e an teine, 's thug e lamh air leum thairte[2] 's a sios ghabh e innte gu ghlùinean; 's thill e air ais, 's cha robh rioba caoille no craicinn eadar a ghluinean 's a mhuthairnean nach robh 'na chuaran mu bheul nam bròg. ''S don' e, 's don' e,' arsa Ridire Chlaidhimh. 'Faiceam an tu fhein as fhearr,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Leig fhaicinn gum bi barrachd speis agad a dhol air t-aghaidh, air neo bidh am barrachd spòrs againn ort.' Dh' fhalbh Ridire Chlaidhimh, 's rainig e 'n teine, 's thug e lamh air leum thairte 's chaidh e sios innte gu ceann reamhar na sleisde, 's thill e air ais, 's cha robh rioba caoille no craicinn eadar ceann reamhar na sleisde 's am muthairne nach robh 'na chuaran mu bheul nam bròg. 'Mata,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge, 'cha bu ghaisgeach mise an àm fagail a' bhaile 'nur beachd-se; 's na 'm biodh mo rogha arm is eididh agam de na bheil anns an domhan mhòr, cha bu spairn orm sgeul a thoirt as an eilean.' 'Na 'm biodh sin againn gheibheadh tus e,' arsa Ridire Chuirn. 'A Ridire Chuirn, b' e t-airm agus t-eideadh fhein dara airm agus eideadh a b' fhearr leam agam anns an domhan mhòr, ged nach tu fhein dara gaisgeach as fhearr a th' ann,' arsa Mac an Ear-

[1] *Beadagain*, E.V.

[2] C.V. makes *teine* feminine, as in Irish.

raidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Is e m' airm agus m' eideadh fhein as fhasa fhaotainn,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 'agus gheibh thus iad; ach b' fhearr leam gum biodh tu cho maith 's gun innseadh tu dhomh co na h-airm agus an t-eideadh eile as fhearr na m' fheadhainn-sa.' 'Tha airm agus eideadh mhacaibh mhoir Mhacaibh an Domhain a bhuail an dorn air t-athair,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. Chuir Ridire Chuirn dheth airm agus eideadh, 's ghabh Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge na h-airm agus na h-eididh. Ghabh e 'na threallaichean cath agus cruaidh-chomhraig. Mar a bha leine 'n t-srol 's an t-sioda shleamhuinn bhuidhe sinte r' a chneas :—

'A chòtan caomh cotain air uachdar na caomh chotaige,[1]
A sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach, bharra-chaol air a laimh chlì
A cheanna-bheart, clogada cruaidh-chomhraig
A' coimhead a chinn 's a cheanna-mhullaich,
An toiseach na h-iorguill,—'s an iorguill an-diomain,
A shlacanta cruaidh curaidh 'na laimh dheis,
Urra-sgithinn gheur an taice r' a chneas.'

Thog e suas braigh a' chladaich, 's cha robh fòid a thilgeadh e an deigh a shàlach nach robh cho domhain ri fòid a thilgeadh dalachrann arain[2] nuair bu doimhne bhiodh e treobhadh. Rainig e an cearcall teine. Leum e o bharraibh a shleagh[3] gu barraibh òrdag thar na teine. Bha 'n sin an aon eilean bu bhoidhche chunnacas o thùs an domhain gu deireadh na dìleann, [agus thuirt Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge ris fhein gum bu mhaith an dachaidh-càin so do ghaisgeach, agus na h-àra seachad. Cluinnear an so an ceol-sìthe bu bhinne chual a dhà chluais riamh fo ghrein no fo ghealaich, agus a dheoin no dh' aindeoin b' eiginn da leantainn. 'Trom-lighe[4] gun tàmh orm,' ars' esan, 'mur beir mo dhà chois air na chual mo dhà chluais.'] Ghabh e suas feadh an eilein, 's chunnaic e cnoc maol buidhe 'na mheadhon. Thog e ris a' chnoc. Bha Ionmhainn Mhnatha[5] 'na suidhe air a'

[1] *A chochull caomh uaine suainteadh mu chaomh cholainn*, E.V.
[2] *Dara-chrann aoirein* (or *airein*)—E.V.
[3] *O bhàrr a shleagha gu barraibh òrdag*, E.V. Also on p. 262.
[4] Also *druim-lighe* and *trom-laighe*
[5] *Ailleagan nam Ban*, E.V.

chnoc, 's òglach mòr 's a cheann air a glùn, 's e 'na chadal, [agus ise sior dhùrdail ciuil os a chionn. 'So an ceol,' ars' esan ris fhein, 'a mhealladh deoir a sùil is osann[1] a cridhe, 's a chuireadh boil is buaireas 'nan gil-suain fad fìnn fann foinn na gealaich.] Labhair e rithe ann am briathra fiosnacha, foisneacha, fior-ghlic, mìne, maighdeanna, fior-eolais. Fhreagair ise anns na briathra ceudna, 's mur b' iad a b' fhearr, cha b' iad dad bu mhiosa 'san àm. 'Is ionmhainn leam fhein fear do choslais, 's na 'm biodh còir agam ort dh' fhagadh tu an t-eilean,' ars' an Ionmhainn. 'Na 'm b' ionmhainn leat fear mo choslais dh' innseadh tu dhomh dé bu dùsgadh do'n olach so,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Tha bàrr na lùdaig a thoirt deth,' ars' ise. Thug e lamh air an urrasgithinn gheir a bha'n taice r'a chneas, 's thug e an lùdag dheth o 'n bhun. Cha tug sid smoisleachadh no gluasad air an oglach. 'Innis domh dé 's dusgadh do 'n oglach, air neo is dithis de 'n toir mi na cinn thu fhein 's an t-oglach,' arsa Mac an Earraidh uaine ri Gaisge. 'Is dusgadh dha,' ars' ise, 'rud nach dean thusa, no aona ghaisgeach anns an domhan mhor, ach Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge, d' an robh e 'san tairgneachd tighinn do 'n eilean so, agus an carragh cloich ud thall a bhualadh air an duine so ann an carraig an uchd; 's tha e gun bhaisteadh gus an dean e sin.' Chual esan so, gun robh a leithid anns an tairgneachd dha, 's e gun bhaisteadh. Chaidh dòrn air thapadh, 's dòrn air ghleusadh, 's dòrn air spionnadh ann. Thog e 'na dhà laimh an carragh 's bhuail e air an òlach mhòr an carraig an uchd e. Thug am fear a bha 'na chadal blaomadh air a dhà shùil 's dh' amhairc e air. 'Aha!' ars' am fear a bha 'na chadal, 'an tainig thu, a Ghaisgich na Sgeithe Deirge? Is ann an diugh a tha 'n t-ainm ort. Cha'n fhada sheasas tu dhomhsa.' 'Dà thrian[2] de t-eagal ort fhein, 's a h-aon ormsa,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge, 'cha'n fhada sheasas tusa dhomhsa.'

An caraibh a cheile ghabh iad, 's bha iad a' cruaidh

[1] *Osnadh.*

[2] *Trian mòr dhuitse 's trian beag dhomhsa; 's ma dh' fhaoidte gun laigh an trian beag agamsa air do chroit bhuidhe fhein*, E.V.

leadairt a cheile gus an robh beul an ath-dhath 's an anmoich ann. [Dheanadh iad creagan de 'n bhogan agus bogan de 'n chreagan; na clacha beaga dol an iochdar 's na clacha mora teachd an uachdar; an t-aite bu lugha rachadh iad fodha rachadh iad fodha chon a' ghlùine, 's an t-aite bu mhotha rachadh iad fodha rachadh iad fodha chon an sgròbain.] Smaointich Gaisgeach na Sgeithe Deirge gun robh e fad o chairdean 's fagus d' a naimhdean, 's thug e an togail bheag shoilleir ud air, 's bhuail e ris an talamh e. Thug ordag a choise sanas do bhun a chluaise, agus sgath e dheth an ceann. 'Ged is mi rinn so cha mhi gheall e,' ars' esan. Thug e 'n lamh o 'n ghualainn deth, 's thug e 'n cridhe as a chom, 's thug e 'n ceann bharr a mhuineil. Chuir e lamh am pòc a' ghaisgich mhairbh, 's fhuair e tri fiaclan seann eich ann, 's leis an deifir, ghabh e 'n aite fiaclan an righ iad, 's thug e leis iad. Chaidh e gu tom coille, 's bhuain e gad, 's cheangail e air an lamh 's an cridhe 's an ceann.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

SUBMERGED CITIES

Professor H. H. Johnson

'Je ressusciterai les cités submergées
Et celles dont le sable a couvert les monceaux;
Dans leur lit écumeux j'enfermerai les eaux;
Et les petits enfants des nations vengées,
Et sachant plus Ton nom, riront dans leurs berceaux.'
"Qaïn."

In giving a list of some among the best known submerged cities, Celtic and other, I shall reserve for last the city now popularly placed in Cardigan Bay. Loch Ericht, in Inverness-shire, is due to an invocation of the Devil. The young blades (such as those that frequented the Hell Fire Club of the Dublin mountains on the road from Rathfarnham, or Pope's Bubb Dodington), that would fain invoke the Fiend, were put off by a young man of Lochaber. 'Before morning,'

said he, 'you'll have enough.' They had. Before morning the ground was a lake, and a lake it remains. Similarly, the Lac de Grand Lieu, Loire Inférieure, was once a fertile valley. The Château of Bex, Switzerland, is due to the wickedness of its châtelaine. Endowed with beauty and wealth, that lady had no heart for misery and distress. She had even issued the strictest orders that none of her retainers or servants should give any beggar the smallest bit of bread. She had her reward. When her husband was out hunting, and her guests had just gone, an old decrepit beggar, who had been refused charity, and had cursed her, watched the engulfing lake rise round the castle, and the husband's despair, as he returned only to see sink into the waves wife and home and happiness. The innocent one was saved, as the guiltless are in the Bible story of the Plain Pentapolis.

Between the famous locale of the Nijni-Novgorod fair and Kazan, a whole town, Kitach, has sunk under the water. In Tonkin, a similar lake is that of 'the night,' Da Thrach.

Jungfernsee was once the site of a midnight club, where Black Masses were the rule, and revel and riot held mad sway. Like it is Bartschee, near Paulshorst, Ruppin.

Another castle engulfed is that of Wesebye, on the Schlee.

Another, that of Daskow, near Stolzenburg, Pomerania.

South-east of Ragnit, Prussia, at Schuppinen,

> 'Once a palace, noble palace,
> Glorious palace reared its head.'

Abyssinia has another, at Tallaki, and Transylvania yet one, at Grandelsmor.

Nothing can transcend in beauty the Lac Leman, whereon stood the old Roman city of Tauredunum. In 563-4 A.D., in a second of time, it was precipitated into the water for ever.

In Savoy, Agaune, dating from old Gaulish days, and re-named Ternade from the Roman occupation, stood within some twelve miles' distance of Martigny. The voice of its iniquity went up, and the city sank.

The Vallée d'Abondance holds now a sterile lake, and, under it, steeples and homes and hamlets.

Passing rapidly over Le Pas, in the Sous les Pas district, Châtel, Hons, Tully, Le Pont, Orcier, Ferrier, Arbigny, and the Lake of Marcinkowo, in Posnania, I come to the city that would 'give God no food.' The Man-God came and begged and received nought. Marcinkowo has water for ever. Posnania has other drowned malefactors—in the Stilzsee Pond, for instance. No better is the Campon Valley, in Gascogne, with an infamous lake.

It is a far cry thence to Guatemala, but I am flecking the world with evil memories of evil folk that have died the death. In Guatemala lived Dame Marie de Castille, who loved her husband more than all beside. He died, and Dame Marie was inconsolable. She was blasphemous, too; for she defied God to hurt her more, now that her spouse had been taken. In that same hour was she whelmed by a lake, before unknown. Sometimes the women are spared. Thus, when Crémieu, Isère, first knew for its sins the Lac de Moras, a woman turned away in time and in innocence. And there, at the south end of the sheet of water, is her monolith, as of another Lot's wife, to witness if I lie. They are everywhere, these lakes, with sinners under them: in Central America, south-east of Lobsens, at Chraplewo.

I come to Guillaume de Villeneuve, whom to translate were to travesty. I give him (omitting but two words, that I fear to cite) in his fifteenth century French (*Memoires* (1495) p. 284 : Paris, 1876) :—

'De Naples jusques au port de Baye, il y a sept milles, et est ledit port bel et grand, et autres fois y a eu une très grande cité, la plus grande du réaume; et, à cause de leur villain et grant péché, ladite cité abisma et fondit dedans la mer. Et encore y apparent grandes tours, grans collisseaux et grandes grottes; et dedans les dictes grottes y a encore bains qui incessament sont chaulx, et au plus près y a ung rochier là où sont les estuves continuellement chauldes, sans que homme ny femme y fasse ne feu ne flambe.'

At the Azores is a lake, *Sete Citades*, which, as the name shows, holds in eternal slumber the towns founded by seven

bishops that fled from Portugal at the time of the Moorish invasion.

I shall close with the town *Maes Gwyddneu*, and its counterpart Aes, in Brittany—but may here mention that Kerardven (*Guionvac'h*, p. 248) speaks of a miraculous pool in the town of Is, which cast mountains of water, as a volcano hurls flames, on the guilty city.

(Are Is and E. A. Poe's Nis the same?)

We all know why the Seventh Sister Pleiad is not visible, but perhaps the love of the Nixes does not render every one impossible to be seen. Such, however, are now the three young girls in the château under Büchensee, not far from Salzungen, young girls whom the love of these beings has affected.

The Pawnees of America had 'sons of Anak' among them aforetime. These believed not in God nor man nor the other life. The *Tira'wa*, or Great Being, seeing things in this train, inundated their flat country, drowning the giants in the water and mud. And of these are the huge human fossils occasionally found there.

Luther was the cause of the Singerberg (Thuringia) Château being submerged, by cursing it and its evil inhabitants. One does not seem so clear as to why a town went under, beneath the Blumenthal Forest, between Berlin and the Oder Bridge.

And now for knights of the high roads of Prussia. Not far from Hakel, on the side of a mountain, is a piece of water so deep that the longest pole fails to reach hard ground.

Long ago, when the country was still all covered with forests, there was here a castle habitually occupied by brigand knights. They were the terror of the peasants, whose work they commandeered, and whose girls they made toil in the château. The day they spent in plundering the neighbourhood, and the nights in revel and dance and song. Like Sulla on a notorious occasion, they were not disturbed by the shrieks of such as they assassinated in their dungeons. Besides, the music and madrigal and merry-making were

then loudest of the loud. Human aid was there none against them, and yet the hour of vengeance was at hand.

One foggy autumn day a gentleman and his servant lost their way in the Harz mountain-chain. Chance led them towards this castle. They heard the sound of high revelry within, but saw no man. The valet found himself and his master a barn and some hay to sleep on. The gentleman slept at once, but not the servant. Hungry and disturbed by the carnival within the castle walls, he passed a sleepless night until *one* struck. The fog then cleared and the moon shone, sulkily at first, athwart the branches. He was a brave man, now that it was a little light, and a rash. He found a wall easy to scale. In the yard was a 'Roland' with arms apart, sign of criminal justice. Here three cocks came down majestically from the roof. The strongest cock mounted the 'Roland,' and the others drew themselves up beneath. Then the three crew right lustily, in such sort that the forest rang again. Silence ensued, and a distant low growl: 'Misfortune!' Seven crows, and the growl. Nine times louder crew the cocks, and louder rose the growl, the wail, the small voice saying: 'This day is the castle whelmed!'

Hurriedly returning, the valet woke his master, and both made across the underwood for an open road, whence Magdebourg shone afar in the sunlight, still darkened as by a mourning veil at times, at times half showing. They returned, master and man; for they heard thunder and cries of agony behind them. The cocks had crowed truly. The castle roof was covered with men and women, brigands and brigands' pages, and, to crown the whole, there stood she that bore the keys, a woman of monstrous mien, and locks of fiery red. And now the skeletons of the done to death in the dungeon keeps came rattling up, rearing gruesome forms on the highest summits, and fixing with death's head gaze their murderers doomed to perdition. Then the water rose and the château fell, and masters and men were engulfed for ever, as fish, in the swirling waters. And first to plunge into the waves was she that bore the keys.

Near Themar, the German village of Gelte has disappeared wholly beneath the water, but at midnight the bells are still heard. At Poppenrohde, on the high Rhön, now submerged in a marsh (this time), the girls weave floating dances.

Song, not dance, is the attraction at Fellin, in Esthonia. There is a church now at Fellin, but the old church was on the lake-edge. This was timed by prophecy to sink when seven brothers were there assembled. Go there at midnight, and you will hear ravishing melodies on the last night of the year.

The Prince of this world has his pages, the incarnate souls of such as take the poor in their net. Such were the châtelains of Chaperoy, between Grand-Champ and Charny. And the gossips say that for this were they and their castle swallowed up in the marsh—swallowed even as Korah and Dathan and Abiram. Posnania is rich in château-disappearance. Here is another that happened there, near Proudy. The castle was visible two hundred years ago or thereabouts. This was not in the water, but in a mountain, and an opening led to it. Zada was a swineherd. He passed in by the opening and saw a young girl. She begged him to confess, purify his soul, and return in three days, but not to enter. He was to kiss whatever he came across on arriving. If that was difficult, he could kiss the object *across a carpet*. Even such a vicarious kiss (of a carpet) would save the castle and all its inhabitants. On arriving, however, Zara saw such a monster that he trembled from head to foot, and, naturally if disobediently, made for the interior of the mountain and for the young girl. She was present, but said deliverance was now impossible, for the moment. The castle was to reappear in another hundred years, when one of his family might yet save the inmates. It has not yet been again seen, however. At Windau, near Nigranden, Courland, is a deep pond called Hell's Pool.[1] There was once a magnificent castle here, whose châtelain was a hard-hearted miser. One day an old sorceress came, as a beggar, and asked an alms. The lord of

[1] Compare Porth Neigwl, or Hell's Mouth, in Cardigan Bay (*vid. ad fin.*).

the castle drove her off and set his hounds at her. The witch spread out her withered hands and cursed the château, with the usual result. There is another drowned town in Courland, at Gross Eckau, which rises every three hundred years, for people to guess its name. So far folk have failed, and the city has, regularly and anonymously, resunk.

Soulac, in the Gironde, and the habitual Posnania (this time, at Ritschenwald) have similarly drowned towns. Two more in Posnania are at Zakrzewo and Swierkowice, respectively. In the first figure an old man reading the Bible and a boy who visits him unwillingly. In the second we have a gentleman killing his wife because she is extravagant. The murderer's castle goes down as usual, and the criminal reappears daily at midday, standing in hot water. Most inconsequently, however, he beheads any onlooker. What headless horseman told the tale?

Before closing, I shall return to the town of Aes (or Aïse). Here I may parenthetically say that Quiberon has a tradition of it. The town stood on the Plateau des Bervideaux (Berbido), west of Port Blanc de St. Pierre, Quiberon—about eight miles off. In the lowest low-water, it is covered for some four yards from the surface. In the days of the Roman occupation the Isle of Houat was joined to the continent at the 'Pointe de Quiberon.' They are now some six miles distant, but were only a horse's jump apart formerly, according to tradition. They have found there an excellent Roman road.

In most of the drowned towns there is not, as we have seen, much life nowadays. St. Raphael (Var) boasts an exception. Its submerged city has bells and cannon shots. Fishermen, however, have not seen the town, though they have dived. But then they have ever been incredulous from the days of St. Thomas. St. Honorat and the Devil have disputes over St. Margaret's Island (at *Le Canet*). God had it first sunk, and after refloated. The Fiend and the Saint fight regularly and noisily, if invisibly—disputing the possession of a temple on the isle.

La Ferrière, a Vendée hamlet, was sunk in the sands. G. Boisson refers to this in his *Veillées Vendéennes.*[1] Poe's *Haunted Palace* is certainly in Posnania, and is commonly called the Castle of Lubasch. The church there was swallowed up, and is now represented on dry land only by a hermit in a violent hurry, dressed as a monk, but with an abominably battered head-dress.

Mansfeld has a salt lake, covering a disappeared town, which is annoying to fishermen that catch their nets on the steeple points. This is locally remarked. It was naturally in Posnania that the sexton's wife, owing to her witchcraft, caused all that trouble on a Good Friday night. She had a rendezvous with evil spirits on the Blocksberg, and had to carry water, as the sexton was ill. The water that night of all others was, of course, blessed, and would not fill the witch's pails. Her curses caused the convent to sink a hundred miles underground, but she is now happily deceased, having drunk her pailsful until she burst.

Spirgen, Courland; Guese, Posnania; Imulebach, Courland; Haïti; Kemmern, Livonia; Ostrowce and Wirsitz, both in Posnania, are mostly famous for submerged castles of the common type. Haïti, however, has some additional features attaching to its miraculous water, which is none other than the Antilles Sea itself.

Soia, a man of Haïtian importance, killed his only son. Strangely enough, he was fond of his son, and, to visit the corpse occasionally, put it at the foot of an exceeding high mountain. One day he found the temporary coffin full of whales and monsters of the deep. Hurriedly dropping the lid, he hurried home and told his neighbours. Of these a fishing quartette (quadruplets) went off and opened the lid, but, hearing Soia's voice, dropped it, overturning the coffin. This broke and let out the sea, which covered all the plain save the mountain-tops. These are now wrongly taken for islands.

The Lake of Kemmern, in Livonia, was caused by the Knight's defection and disobedience of the 'Old One's' orders.

[1] Niort, 1892, 18°.

The 'Old One' is perhaps the Ancient of Days, and the Knight is possibly humanity on the white horse of death. At any rate, the 'Old One,' hearing of the Devil's revolt against him, told the 'Knight' to keep the fire of sacrifice alive, as, once out, it could not be relit. The Ancient left, to crush the Fiend, and the Knight, with his men, sat under the oak (a Celtic touch). Soon arrived the stranger, bringing vice and envy and all uncharitableness. This, of course, pleased the Cavalier more than keeping up the fire, which went out under the oak. The Ancient, like Demeter in the hymn, now asked the Sun how it went with the Knight, and the Sun wept as he told the sad truth. Then the Highest gave His thunder, and cried aloud to the Knight that he was to weep and wail in outer darkness till such time as the Sun rose at midnight and set at noon. So the Earth opened her mouth and swallowed the rueful Knight and his castle and eke the holy oak, and the Mount of Sacrifice is now a lake. Once a century the Lake of Kemmern boils and hisses and has high waves. Then appears the Knight, old and sad, and gazing at the Sun. 'Perhaps,' cries he with a lamentable voice, 'perhaps in another century will rise the Sun of my deliverance!'

Marie Olive Céléreau, widow Fourré, a cook, native of Pamplie, forty-eight years of age, in April, 1901, deposed as follows:—

'Pamplie, commune of Champedeniers (Deux Sèvres), was once a great town called Pamproux. Here was a château, now no more. Close to its site—for now it is sunk—in the Girardière meadow, is a fountain, whereby is a mighty hole, deep and full of water, and there one hears the Sanctus bell of midnight mass.'

Bells sound, too, at certain times of the year, south of the St. Remy commune, the first canton of Niort (Deux Sèvres), as one goes from Niort to Fontenay. Here was once the town of Boisse, a flourishing city formerly, which has left but water to mark its place. Eheweramaggi, in Esthonia, is another site of a drowned town, called Wesenberg. The sin

of the inhabitants was the cause of submersion. Years ago a woman saw the houses, and heard the neighing of horses under the water. But when she brought her gossips there, nothing was visible, nothing audible.

Old Riga, in Livonia, has been long swallowed up by a marsh. A hundred years before, this had been prophesied by an old woman, who rose up specially from the dead to say: 'Riga will burn—Riga will be swallowed, and the Kentu Hills will rise.' The stone, which showed where old Riga stood, was too much venerated to be happy, so it sank into the ground. (In the Ca'aba, in Mecca, we know that the black stone was once milky white, but the sins of its kissers blackened it.)

Burgliebenau Castle sank, in Mansfeld, on the Elster, according to the usual conditions—a cruel châtelain, fairy disguised as a beggar-woman, etc. Every seven years the lord of the château reappears on St. John's Day. One evening a strange traveller, losing his way, slept on the site of the castle, and was visited at midnight by the châtelain's daughter, who proposed to him the tasks which would free her and hers. The stranger, though he knew the language of rooks (the first test), failed in the rest of the examination, and the lovely maid is still undelivered. At Weissenfeld one is not quite sure whether Kalew, the giant, or Kalewipoeg, the devil, caused the submersion of the Chapel of the Mother of God. This was a local Lourdes for halt and blind and sick; especially good for such as feared wolves. The devil or giant was a Turk on the subject of bells, and the chapel offended in that way. The giant (or devil) was a hurler. Three versts were nothing of a record for him. With a rock he slew the priest, like Zachariah, at the altar, and the monk now continues his devotions underground.

The headless horseman is a feature at the submerged castle of Attenburg, near Allstedt, on the Wüste Heights. The headless one holds all-night sittings, and has a dog with him. Any candidate for delivering the castle should have a spade, a silent tongue, a newly-killed kid's liver. He should, further, start digging any night between Christmas and New

Year's Day, when the château will rise. Abduction causes castles to be swallowed, as in the case of Lake Lubahn, near Bonifazow, in Poland.

'She that bears the keys' at Hansberg, by Eisleben, ought to be (perhaps is) in Mr. Andrew Lang's *Green Fairy Book*. The 'Green Damozel' lives in her castle in the mountain, enchanted. Occasionally she meets people on the hill and invites them into her château, where is a book that none can read. It is in ancient characters and in an ancient tongue. Who reads aright will deliver the maid. A bailiff once began reading, but came to a stop pretty soon. The lady is mostly in evidence on St. John's Night. Theft shuts all avenues to buried or submerged towns and castles. Thus a young man—a shepherd—who used to visit the châtelaine of Papilskalni, Poland, foolishly stole a hammer of gold, and the entrance closed.

Huneburg (Wimmelburg), Maalin (Livonia), Pilwern (Courland), Ringwall (Posnania), Burgberg (Alt Sanken), Tanzteich (in Prussia), Rauschu (Behrshof) are a few more districts where the Devil has wrought his will on castles and towns, now underground or under water. And here, as is most meet and right, I pause to apologise. Celts and *Celtisants* may say that I have said or sung nothing yet of Celtic submerged cities or châteaux or towers. I assure them these are coming. The daughter of King Grallon is arraying herself, fair and fiendish. Hell's mouth will open unto us and discover its secrets, whether its cause was Saethenin or Satan or Swithin —sinner or saint. We shall have the Welsh version sung, and the Breton ballad chaunted. Only I fear to give them in the vernacular, lest I be trimmed and trounced for a pedant for my pains. The villain is the hero (or heroine) of the catastrophe. Extremes meet, and the corruption of the best is ever most baleful. Right soon shall we have the sound of revelry by night, Celtic revelry—the 'biniou' and the 'bombardes,' rudimentary bagpipes and drums, respectively. A little more *general* 'submersion,' and I return patriotically to these.

(*To be continued.*)

BOOK REVIEWS

The Four Winds of Eirinn. By ETHNA CARBERRY. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1*s.* and 2*s.*

The poems of Ethna Carberry are so popular that they have gone into a fourteenth edition. One can hardly wonder at this, some of them are of rare beauty. It says much for the Irish love of beautiful literature, for of course the book circulates chiefly among the Irish people, that in these days when poetry is become a drug in the market such work should meet with so much appreciation. E. O'G.

Layamon: Versuch über seine Quellen. Von RUDOLF IMELMANN. Berlin, 1906.

It has been commonly accepted that Layamon in his *Brut* supplements his authority, Wace, from Welsh Arthurian tradition. Dr. Imelmann set out to trace the sources whence these additions spring; but his Celtic enthusiasm soon had to yield before the weight of the evidence which he collected, and he has been forced to the conclusion that the Celtic element in Layamon and other writers of the Arthurian cycle is wholly due to Norman literary interpretation of tales from Brittany.

The presence in Layamon of elements foreign to Wace is ascribed to the fact that he must have used as his original not Wace directly, but an assumed later compilation from Wace and Gaimar. This new theory Dr. Imelmann supports by laborious comparison of many texts and writers, and by careful and elaborate reasoning.

There is much criticism of existing editions and previous work on the same subject; among others, Dr. Brown of Madison's pamphlet of three years ago on 'Welsh Traditions in Layamon's *Brut*' (*Mod. Philol.*, I. i. 95-103) receives severe handling.

Unquestionably Dr. Imelmann's labours advance our knowledge of an interesting but intricate problem in what we would fain have regarded as Welsh folk-literature. A. O. A.

The Early Scottish Church: Its Doctrine and Discipline. By DOM. COLUMBA EDMONDS, O.S.B. Edinburgh and London: Sands & Co. 6*s.*

The subject of this very carefully written volume never loses its interest, and Father Edmonds is to be congratulated upon the learning and ability he has brought to its exposition. In Part I., extending to 89 pages, he states the Papal claims with great fulness, and contends that there is need of an ecclesiastical head, of a Papal supremacy, and that it is a gratuitous assertion to say that the Primitive Church admitted for the Pope a primacy of honour, but not of jurisdiction. His conclusion is that the Pope must

be a sovereign, and that it is impossible for him to abandon his claim to sovereign independence. But there are good men who maintain that Papal pretensions are comparatively modern; that in the early centuries there was no question about the supremacy, as the Bishop of Rome was simply regarded with deference and respect as the acknowledged head of the Christian Church within the western provinces of the empire, of which Rome was the capital; and that questions of ecclesiastical supremacy did not arise till the empire was broken up. Father Edmonds admits that in discussing the attitude of the early Scottish Church towards the See of Rome no one can ignore the Celtic monk, St. Columbanus, a contemporary of St. Columba. On one occasion, when in Gaul, he found there was a want of harmony as to the date of celebrating the Easter festival, and wrote to Pope Boniface in a letter characterised by 'more forwardness than humility,' claiming independence on the ground that as Bishop of Rome the Papal jurisdiction did not extend beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, and the right to follow the customs of his own Church handed down by his fathers. That independence was maintained and those customs continued to be followed for several centuries thereafter.

In Part II. Celtic Christianity is considered at length; in Part III. Doctrine and Discipline are the special subjects; and in Part IV. Liturgy and Ritual observances.

As to how and when Christianity found its way into Britain, Father Edmonds suggests that probably during the occupation of the country by the Roman legions a knowledge of the true faith was diffused among the Celtic inhabitants by means of Christian soldiers, and the suggestion has much to commend it. He calls attention to seven different missions to Britain that emanated from Rome in early times, the evidence for some of which, however, is confessedly doubtful.

Among those whom he adduces as having a commission from Rome is St. Ninian, born 360. He is represented as turning instinctively to Rome as the centre of faith and discipline. There he spent several years in acquiring Christian doctrine, and, returning to Scotland, he founded a community and built a church according to the models he had become familiar with at Rome. He may have maintained that the Church was built on Peter, and in every point adhered to the doctrine and discipline of Rome. But even if he had a commission from Rome, we cannot conclude that Columba, who belonged to a different race and Church, lived two centuries later, and had a different missionary sphere, had such a commission. Father Edmonds holds that, in the absence of direct reference in the *Life* by St. Adamnan, the attitude of St. Columba to the Holy See may be inferred from the attitude of his ecclesiastical preceptors, of whom St. Finnian of Moville is supposed to have been the chief. But that attitude may have been less loyal to Rome than he regards it, for St. Patrick claimed no commission from Rome, and the Irish Celtic Church in the sixth century still showed in the person of Columbanus of Bangor a very independent

attitude towards the Pope. Even if, on the testimony of ancient tradition, it is contended that St. Patrick had been commissioned by Rome, it by no means follows that Columba was. Had he been thus commissioned doubtless his biographer, Adamnan, would have referred to it. But he is silent, and his silence is significant; for both he, and the writer of the oldest Irish *Life of St. Columba* (of the tenth century) dwell with considerable detail on the circumstances and motives which led to Columba's emigration to Iona. Adamnan, while declaring that the love of Christ was the constraining motive, lets us see that the feud which issued in the battle of Culdrevny, had some connection with his departure; and, anxious as he was to exalt his saintly hero, he could have no motive, but the reverse, with his own incipient Roman proclivities, for passing over in silence a Roman commission, had such existed. It may be admitted therefore that Dr. Lightfoot had some ground for affirming that "Celtic Christianity grew up a strictly native growth," without inspiration or help from Rome. It was tended and guarded by the fostering care of the Saint of Iona. The Church he founded belongs to Christianity. It was the *Columban* Church and was neither Romanist nor Protestant, Episcopal nor Presbyterian, yet the common source whence have issued the varied streams of Scottish religion and ecclesiastical life.

In this book Father Edmonds has produced a work worthy of his learning, industry, and loyalty to the Church of Rome. It is written throughout from one point of view; but while it will therefore be specially appreciated by Catholic readers, non-Catholics will peruse it with interest, and acknowledge the courtesy with which the supporters of their views are usually treated. One failure in that regard is regrettable, and that is when, at page 194, he accuses Dr. Lightfoot and other modern Anglicans "of a spitefulness which is positively childish." J. C. R.

The Poetry of Badenoch. Collected and Edited with Translations, Introduction, and Notes by the Rev. THOMAS SINTON. Inverness: Northern Counties Publishing Co. £1, 1*s.*

The minister of Dores has been long known as a lover of Gaelic song and story, and in this bulky volume he has given the fruits of many years' collecting. A few of the pieces included here may be found in other collections, a larger number were at one time or another contributed by the Editor himself to the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, but most of them appear for the first time. The book is of interest more especially to Badenoch men, but it should also appeal to a wider circle of readers. The idea of making such a volume was a good one, and certainly there is no living man who could do it as well as Mr. Sinton. He is a competent Gaelic scholar, he knows the songs and traditions and family histories of Badenoch as no other man does, and he has also that natural love for 'odds and ends,' which marks the successful collector.

The material is arranged under different headings such as:—Songs of War, Songs of the Chase, Songs of Humour, Songs of Love, Songs of Feeling, etc.

There are carefully made indices, and also notes explanatory of the different writers and the circumstances in which the several pieces were composed. In these notes Mr. Sinton's intimate knowledge of Badenoch history and lore comes out very clearly. A few of the pieces are marked with the initials 'T. S.,' from which we gather that Mr. Sinton's own name is to be added to the bards of Badenoch. In the second part of the volume a literal prose rendering into English is given of all the pieces in the first part. We think ourselves that the English translations might have been left out entirely—but that is a matter of opinion and probably the majority of readers will approve of Mr. Sinton's judgment in giving an English rendering. We have, however, found it useful in getting the meaning of unfamiliar words and expressions which are peculiar to the diction of Badenoch. There are in all 149 pieces of varying length, some of them being only stray verses of larger songs that are now lost, while others cover several pages. There is something in the book for every kind of taste, and while some of the verses have music in them for Badenoch men alone, there are many of the pieces that will appeal to every lover of Gaelic poetry. We have come across one or two pieces which were as popular in the West of Scotland as they are in Badenoch, and of which we heard suggested an origin different from that given by the Editor of this volume, but probably Mr. Sinton has good tradition in favour of claiming them for Badenoch.

We are grateful to Mr. Sinton for preserving these relics of his country's songs, and heartily congratulate him on the conclusion of this work, which has occupied the leisure of many years—a work which we hope may be as useful to others as it has been congenial to himself. Let us also hope that we may find some one yet who can give him 'An coille chno taobh Loch Lagain.' It is not possible to give any extracts out of the book, but we can assure those of our readers who have a guinea to spare that they will find in it much good reading. D. L.

Inverness in the Fifteenth Century. By EVAN M. BARRON. Inverness: R. Carruthers & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The author describes this little volume as a slight contribution towards a history of mediæval Inverness. It is in truth a very valuable contribution. As he himself points out, it is based, not on the results of original research, but on the Exchequer Rolls and other published sources of an antiquarian nature; but he has with great success gathered the scattered dry bones disinterred by the antiquaries, fitted them together, and clothed them with the living flesh of history. He has, in a marked degree for so young a writer, the faculty of throwing himself back into the age of which he speaks,

and of becoming as it were a member of the community whose life he describes—a useful faculty to him who would write history.

Mr. Barron appropriately introduces his story with a chapter on the general appearance of Inverness in the fifteenth century—an interesting and picturesque account of the little royal burgh nestling under the shadow and protection of the royal castle. Not less interesting is the chapter on life in the town in these old days.

The annals of the burgh in the century under review are almost wholly taken up with the struggles between the Kings of Scotland and the Lords of the Isles. During that period Inverness suffered many a siege and assault—in 1411 by Donald of the Isles, immediately before the battle of Harlaw; in 1429 by Alexander of the Isles; in 1451 by Alexander's son John; by the same chief in 1463; by his son, Angus Og, in 1481; by Angus's followers in 1487 or 1488, upon his murder in the town by his own harper; and by Alexander of Lochalsh in 1491. These chiefs and their followers are usually represented as the enemies of the burgesses, who were principally of Saxon origin, and Mr. Barron is apparently inclined to the same view, for he speaks of the islesmen's resentment towards the burgh. There does not appear to be good ground for such an idea. The town existed for the benefit and convenience of the Highlands, and the fact was fully appreciated by chiefs and clansmen, who there only could dispose to advantage of their timber, skins, furs, and fish, and purchase such goods as their own country did not produce. The reason why the town suffered so frequently was that it was the seat of the government, the capital of the Highlands, without which the Lords of the Isles and Earls of Ross, who possessed Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and were the feudal superiors of lands as far east as Nairn, felt they could not realise their aspirations after an independent northern kingdom over which they were to reign. The burning of houses necessarily accompanied their operations against the town, but the probability is that, as was their interest, they did what they could to save property, and it is certain that the castle built by the Earl of Mar in 1412 survived all the attacks of the century, and at the close of it was, to quote Mr. Barron, 'a place of strength and repute.'

A few inaccuracies have crept into the work. *Dominus*, as applied to priests and scholars, ought to be rendered not 'lord' but 'sir'—the word signifying that the man who used it was a bachelor of arts. *Mart* is not derived from Martinmas, but from *mart*, Gaelic for cow. *Lie*, when placed in Latin documents before a Scotch or English or Gaelic word or name, does not mean 'the,' but 'in the vulgar tongue.' Thus, 'lie Ballok Hill Mill' cannot be translated 'the Ballok Hill Mill,' but 'the mill called in the vulgar tongue Ballok Hill Mill.' With reference to the Balloch Hill itself, which was the Areopagus of Inverness, Mr. Barron identifies it with the mound on which Ardkeen Tower now stands. In the seventeenth century, however, the author of the Wardlaw Manuscript applies the name, or rather a rendering of it, to the Castle Hill, which is more likely to have been the burgesses'

trysting-place. The probability is that it received the name, not from the mutilation described by the minister of Wardlaw, but from the *bealach* or pass which separated it from the upper terrace, and led from Doomsdale (Castle Street) to the Haugh. WILLIAM MACKAY.

A Dialect of Donegal, being the Speech of Meenawannia, in the Parish of Glenties. Phonology and Texts by E. C. QUIGGIN, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press, 1906. 10*s. net.*

The pronunciation of Irish Gaelic as spoken in the townland of Meenawannia, in Donegal, is described in this work, as one of the Irish delegates said to us at the Mòd at Oban, with photographic, or shall we say with phonographic accuracy and detail. The author, who is not a native Irish speaker, was led by a desire to make himself acquainted with spoken Gaelic to think of spending the long vacation in some remote part of Ireland. He had already a fair theoretical knowledge of Connaught pronunciation, which, he tells us, he had to unlearn, and he has evidently read everything of importance bearing upon his subject. The list that he gives of authorities cited contains but a small number of the works quoted in his pages. As types of southern and western Irish had been described already by Henebry, Finck, and Pedersen, Mr. Quiggin, in the hope of finding some closer connection, either in sounds or forms, between the Gaelic of the north of Ireland and that of Man and of Scotland, determined to investigate the dialect spoken in Donegal. His first visit to that district was in 1903, when he spent the long vacation there, and in addition to three brief visits another long vacation since has been spent there. The publication of what may be called in no offensive sense an ambitious work on Irish phonetics by one who tells us that he had never heard any Irish spoken until three years ago, may well be thought a bold step, and would need to be justified by the result. Without any reservation or qualification we say at once that the boldness, if boldness there has been, has been amply justified. Mr. Quiggin's qualifications for the work he has given us in this book must have been of the highest order. Some few doubtful points there may be in the great mass of material. When the word for burning heather is said to be fealls-caidh, and there is no reference to the established Irish folosg, Scottish falaisg, it is difficult to be sure that one sound of *f* has not been mistaken for the other. Dineen's doirbh, presumably O'Brien's dairbh, a kind of worm, is given twice, and dairb once, as equivalent to dairb or doirb, a water-worm living at the bottom of pools, that causes, when swallowed by cattle, a disease which only the Cassidys can cure, but a substitution through analogy of *b* for *bh* does not seem quite satisfactory as an explanation of the latter forms; cf. Scot. doirbeag, tadpole, etc. Connaidh, tame, is given as showing old Irish *o* before *nn*, but the only old form is given three times as cendaid; cf. conaidh, enchanted, gentle, etc., marked obsolete in Scottish

dictionaries. Smaolach, cinders, suggests to us smùrach, dross, rather than smál, but is not then free from difficulty. Eileóg, a young chicken, and eilín, a brood, are due more probably to a change from *r* in eireog and middle Irish eirin, than to confusion with àl, litter; the change may have been made first in eirin, and then extended by analogy to eireog, but such change does not always require a second liquid in the word: witness Mr. Quiggin's cuilthead for cuireat, knave (in cards), and Scot. ciùlach for ciùrach, small rain, talcuis for tarcuis, contempt, and cf. soilgheas and soirbheas, wind, fair wind. The Scottish equivalent of 'bídeach,' tiny, §§ 200, 405, omitted from index, is not bòidheach, but bìdeach; the Donegal 'giota beag bídeach,' a tiny little bit, recalls the common 'rud beag bìdeach,' a tiny little thing. Such details are, however, but side issues in such a work as this, and by the smallness of the points to which exception may be taken, show how successfully the undertaking has been accomplished.

The mode of transcription followed is that of the Association Phonétique, and each word is written, every time it recurs, in the phonetic characters. Another method that would have its own advantages would be to use the ordinary forms throughout the work, and to give the words in phonetic characters once after the ordinary form in the index. The sounds are investigated and described with the utmost minuteness. No distinction seems to have escaped the author. No less than fifteen vowel sounds, of which three are peculiar to Gaelic, and fourteen diphthongs, not counting mere differences of length, are distinguished and described. As to consonants, not to speak of broad and slender sounds, in the usually recognised cases of *d*, *t*, and *s*, and the easily perceived, though less noticed, cases of *c*, *g*, *ch*, and *gh* or *dh*, Mr. Quiggin perceives corresponding differences in the cases of the labials *m*, *b*, *p*, and *f*. As to this he quotes Dr. Henebry, who says of the labials in general:—'The upper teeth are not used, and so there is freedom for the production of broad and slender timbre. In regard to distance from teeth, rounding, or tension, the lips are by anticipation in position for the following vowel before the contact or approach for consonant production is made, and so broad and slender timbre can be at once distinguished. The former is produced with rounded, soft, protruded lips (as when one with lips held in position for *ü*, makes the consonant contact for *p*), the latter, with lips drawn tight, close to the teeth, and inturned (as in the *ü* position).' This description applies partly to Scottish Gaelic, but whether the difference of articulation exists in the timbre of the labial, or begins (or ends) when the accompanying vowel is begun (or ended) is a question on which, it appears to us, another view than that of Mr. Quiggin and Dr. Henebry may well be held. According to Dr. Henebry, Finck does not appear to recognise timbre in labials. The spirants *mh*, *bh* (both *v*), and *f*, as noted by Mr. Quiggin, are labio-dental in Scottish Gaelic generally. In the dialect of Arran (Scotland), when standing before an *à* or *a* that gets the sound of *è* or *e*, those spirants are bilabial, as in 'bhè' for bhà, was, 'fè' for fàth, cause.

Besides differences of sound or timbre, there are differences of length, not only in liquids and nasals, to which we shall advert presently, but also in the stop consonants *c*, *p*, *t*, *g*, *b*, *d*, and *s*. The difference in the length of *d* in Scottish bad, cluster, and badan, little cluster, for example, however slight, is still appreciable. We were greatly struck lately when taking notes of Kintyre Gaelic from a native of that peninsula, by the prolonged and forcible articulation of *bh* in the words dhibh, of you, dhuibh, to you, ribh, to you, and found the same already noted for Arran. It may be remarked in passing that in those two districts the vowels are short in those forms, and also in dhiom, of me, dhinn, of us, dhuinn, to us, and that in the latter forms the liquids are long, while in other districts these liquids are short and the vowels except in dhuinn are long. As in the case of the liquids so also in regard to those stops Mr. Quiggin holds that the prolonged articulations are traces of the old doubling of the letters.

The liquids ought to have each four different sounds in Gaelic, namely, an unaspirated broad sound and an aspirated broad, an unaspirated slender and an aspirated slender, and all four sounds are recognised, distinguished, and described here in the case of *l* and in that of *n*. Of unaspirated slender *r* he has found no trace, and of unaspirated broad *r*, which has become aspirated almost everywhere, he has found only a few instances, and even in them he frequently heard *r* aspirated. The view that there is a difference between *m* with broad vowels and *m* with slender vowels may well be held to receive confirmation from the fact that when aspirated there is indisputably a distinction in Irish. In that language in general aspirated *m* if beside a slender vowel has the sound of *v*, but beside a broad vowel that of *w*. *Bh* also, it may be remarked in passing, is *v* with slender and *w* with broad vowels. Thus, at page 65, a mhic, O son, is given as 'a vic,' and following it a mhathâir, his mother, as 'a wathâir.' In Munster, however, if the following vowel is long, *bh* and *mh* broad are pronounced *v*.

The existence of both long and short liquids and the influence of the former upon preceding short vowels, or at all events their association with important changes of those vowels, for some reason or other do not appear to have been recognised until now in Irish Gaelic. The association of long liquids with the changes of *a* to *au* and of *o* to *ou* was pointed out in Manx Gaelic by Professor Rhŷs. Similar diphthongisation of those vowels, and, in addition, lengthening of all the short vowels are met with in Scottish Gaelic dialects before long liquids. In Irish Gaelic the diphthongisation, and in certain instances lengthening also, in corresponding positions have received full recognition, as has also even the reversion, as in Scottish Gaelic, of the altered vowel to its short undiphthongised form when the following liquid, through the addition of a syllable, came to stand immediately before a vowel. Dr. Henebry, for example, notices 'the phenomenon of many words having a long vowel or diphthong as monosyllables, but showing a short vowel, *i.e.*, preserving the original length as dissyllables,' and instances, amongst others, barr 'bárr,' but

genitive 'barra,' not bárra, but nowhere is there any indication that the vowel is diphthongised or lengthened only when the following liquid is long, and that when the vowel reverts to its original form or length the long liquid at the same time becomes a short liquid. Mr. Quiggin accordingly assumes that in the dialects of the south and west of Ireland, to which attention has been confined for the most part, the liquids do not vary in length, and points out how the key to the most difficult problem of Irish phonetics is to be found in the long liquids of the neglected dialect of Donegal; but the probability is rather that there is a difference in length in those dialects, as there is in the Scottish dialects, but that it is not so great and striking as in the dialects from which those vowel changes are absent. It is difficult to believe that there is not a clear difference in length even in Munster between *nn* of 'craunn' for crann and *nn* of 'crannaibh.' Yet much is possible, evidently, in Ireland. In Donegal, on Mr. Quiggin's showing, *a* has become long, *á*, not only in alt, cliff, and Bealtaine, May, which are in some way irregular, having *ll* in Scottish Gaelic—allt, burn, etc.—but even in Gallta, our Gallda, though not in Gall.

The changes to *au* and *ou* that occur in the south of Ireland and in the north of Scotland are unknown in the nearer parts of the two countries, but again as in the southern Highlands so in the north of Ireland *a* and *o* have been lengthened before *rr*, *rd*, *rn*, etc. as in barr, top; ceardcha, forge; carn, heap, etc. Many correspondences of Scottish Gaelic to the Donegal dialect are noticed by Mr. Quiggin, and many others, especially of the Gaelic spoken in Arran, Kintyre and Islay, are not mentioned. The careful and thorough manner in which Mr. Quiggin has accomplished his chosen task sets his book at once in the foremost rank of works of the kind, while the light shed by the dialect he has chosen upon other Irish dialects, and upon the relations of the Gaelic of Ireland to that of Scotland, gives the work an interest and value all its own. Besides an index of close upon three thousand modern Irish words mentioned, there are lists of old and middle Irish words that differ from the modern forms, and of Manx and Scottish words noticed. These have been prepared evidently with the utmost care. So far we have noticed no errors and but few omissions, such as a reference under diabhal to § 136. A few proverbs, riddles, catches, and stories, printed in phonetic and ordinary characters, fill the last fifty pages. One of the stories called here 'Scéal Ghiolla na gcochall Craicionn,' is substantially the same with one called 'King Mananaun' in Larminie's *West Irish Folk Tales* and, in name at least, recalls one in *Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire*.

It is worthy of note that more than two-thirds of the cost of publishing the book has been defrayed by the Cambridge Philological Society and the Syndics of the University Press.

C. M. ROBERTSON.

NOTES

The Book of Mackay, by Rev. A. Mackay, Westerdale, Caithness, forms the latest contribution to clan history. It is published by Norman Macleod, Edinburgh.

Mr. W. C. Mackenzie, author of *A History of the Outer Hebrides*, has published *A Short History of the Highlands and Islands* (Paisley: Alexander Gardner). It runs to 389 pp., and is written in popular style.

The twenty-fifth volume of the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* is on the eve of publication. The Marquis of Tullibardine has been elected chief of the Society for the current year.

Professor E. Anwyl of Aberystwyth lectured in Inverness on 28th December under the auspices of the Gaelic Society upon 'Celtic Divinities.' The professor dealt with the ancient Celtic gods and their distribution over the area occupied by the Continental Celts. On 8th February he is to lecture to the Celtic Union, Edinburgh, on the references in Welsh literature to the history of the south of Scotland.

The January number of the *Deo-Gréine* gives Miss Farquharson of Invercauld's address to the Gaelic Society of London on the Oireachtas and the Mòd of 1906. It continues the list of Gaelic technical terms.

The manifold arrangements for *Féill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich* (the Highland Association Bazaar) are making satisfactory progress. *An Fheill* is to take place on 30th and 31st October and 1st November 1907 in Glasgow.

The January number of the *Caledonian Medical Journal* contains a promising introductory article on 'An Ancient Gaelic Medical MS.' The article entitled 'A Folk-lore Synthesis' might have been better omitted.

The *North American Review* for October contains an article on Irish writers of to-day. The writer—a lady—is unappreciative.

A result of the Gaelic movement in Ireland comes to hand in the shape of a convenient little book published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, on *Irish Names and Surnames*. The price is 1s.

Norman Macleod, Edinburgh, publishes a very interesting *Autobiographical Journal of John Macdonald, Schoolmaster and Soldier, 1770-1830*. Macdonald was born at Craignish, and taught school in Sutherland. His chief military experience was the siege of Gibraltar in 1779.

Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister has issued an edition of the *Vision of Merlino*, containing text, translation, and vocabulary. The publishers are M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin; price, 1s. 3d. net.

The Marchioness of Tullibardine has in the press *A Military History of Perthshire* which will form a singularly complete record of military events in the county and of regiments and men connected therewith.

Eneas Mackay, Stirling, announces a new edition of Dr. A. Macbain's *Etymological Gaelic Dictionary*. The first edition is now out of print and difficult to procure.

Dr. Macbain has nearly completed a work on *Highland Personal Names*.

We reserve for further comment Dr. Kuno Meyer's *Death Tales of the Ulster Heroes* (Williams & Norgate, 1s. 6d.).

Two features of the Gaelic movement in Scotland are particularly gratifying. The *Comunn Gaidhealach*, following a wise policy of decentralisation, is now planting branches in all the most likely centres, and these are displaying a refreshing capacity for work in connection with the language. Highland School Boards, taking advantage of the £10 grant for teaching through Gaelic, have begun to advertise for Gaelic-speaking teachers.

An excellent historical summary of the education question in the Highlands from early times appeared in the *Scotsman* of 9th and 12th January from the pen of the Rev. J. Calder Macphail, D.D. The venerable doctor's articles deserve to be published in a more permanent form. No man has done more than Dr. Macphail for the education of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders.

The German Periodicals.

History.

A. Anscombe indexes the pedigrees in the Book of Llewellyn the Priest in the *Archiv für celtische Lexicographie*, iii. 2, pp. 57-103.

Indices.

The *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, vol. v. pt. 3, closes with an index to the first five volumes.

Language.

E. Anwyl would refer the Welsh words *aches* and *reges* to the Latin *accessus*, *recessus*, in the sense of flood and ebb-tide; *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 566-571.

G. Henderson in his fifth article on the Gaelic dialects discusses the pronouns of Scottish Gaelic, and gives a note upon the phrases 'the year before last,' 'the day before yesterday,' etc. *Addenda* to the previous articles are appended. *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 455-481.

E. Lidén studies *passim* several Celtic word-relationships in articles appearing in the *Indogermanische Forschungen*, xix. 3 and 4.

O. E. Owen disposes of a supposed reference in the Black Book of Caermarthen to the reputed birthplace of Patrick, *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 572-574.

C. Sarauw criticises the *Thesaurus Palaeo-Hibernicus*, *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 505-521; and J. Strachan retaliates, *ibid.*, 575-578.

Lexicography.

K. Meyer in *The Sources of some Middle-Irish Glossaries* examines the methods of early Irish vocabulists, *A.f.c.L.*, iii. 138-144, and gives Addenda and Corrigenda to letters A-C of his contributions to *Irish Lexicography*, *ibid.*, Supplement.

Texts, etc.

D'A. de Jubainville discusses Windisch's *Táin Bó Cúalnge* in the *Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen*, 168, vii. 524-532 (cf. *Revue Celtique*, xxvii. 102-104).

K. Meyer gives, with glossary, three poems in the deliberately-obscured bardic language called *bérla na filed*, *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 482-494; and a number of short contributions from Irish MSS.:—an anecdote of Adamnan; a poem attributed to Columcille; a mystical 'explanation' of the Sol-fa scale; four reasons for 'creeping to the cross'; a division into seven of the several ranks of authority; the request of an abbot for help from King Fedlimid mac Crimthain; a text of Féis Tige Becfoltaig; verse on the sling-stone *táthlum*. *Ibid.*, 495-504.

Corrigenda to *Cáin Adamnain*, *A.f.c.L.*, iii. 108.

O. E. Owen: a new collation of the Book of Aneurin, *A.f.c.L.*, iii. 104-107.

C. Plummer discusses elaborately two Latin collections of lives of Irish saints, in *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 429-454.

L. C. Stern gives a text of the *Tochmarc Etáine*, *Z.f.c.P.*, v. 522-534; contributions from an eighteenth century MS. of Teig O'Dinneen, including the *Pairlement chloinne Tomáis*, *ibid.*, 535-549; and describes four modern manuscripts of Ossianic poems from Caithness, *ibid.*, 550-565.

The *Archiv für celtische Lexicographie*, iii. 3, contains an edition by Dr. Whitley Stokes of a Gaelic Glossary contained in Egerton 158, a paper MS. in the British Museum. The glossary contains 783 articles. Kuno Meyer gives a number of new contributions from Irish MSS. in prose and verse. In continuation of his 'Contributions to Irish Lexicography,' he brings the letter *d* up to Dí-chorp.

REPLY

Ashig.—Mr. Mackinlay asks if this place-name in Strath (Skye) is derived from St. Asaph. It is not. The full form of Ashig was Aisig-Mhaolrubha, or the 'Ferry of St. Maolruba,' or St. Maree. In 1505 it is named Askimiruby. On the maps the name is always Cill Ashik or 'Church of the Ferry'; now it is simply Aisig in Gaelic. The name of St. Asaph undoubtedly exists in Berneray, Harris, where St. Maolruba has also dedications. Skene's comparison of the Clyde to the Welsh Clwyd is quite worthy of that writer's philology. The original Celtic form of the Clyde is Clouta; of the Clwyd, Cleita! We know that Clouta is from the root *klou* or *kleu*, to wash or cleanse. The river goddess, Clouta, no doubt meant the 'washer' (female). Cleita is from the root *klei*, to lean, incline, and possibly Cleita means 'meander-ess.' If Mr. Mackinlay is to bring out a second edition of his excellent book on the *Pre-Reformation Church and Place-Names*—and it is to be hoped he will—he would do well to consult the recognised Celtic authorities on place-names in Scotland. I will willingly do my share.

ALEXANDER MACBAIN.

THE CELTIC REVIEW

APRIL 15, 1907

CELTIC ORIGIN OF SWISS INSTITUTIONS

LIONEL RADIGUET, D.D., LL.OO.V.

THE study of the formation of Switzerland in its national, institutional, and social aspect from pagan and druidic days to our own, while showing the survival of certain pagan and druidic customs, shows too that the descendants of the four Helvetic nations and of the ancient Rauracians who form the present Swiss nation borrowed their social and political civilisation neither from the Romans, nor from the Franco-Latins, nor from the Germans.

Is it a simple chance, or is it through the influence of their habitat, that the Swiss, surrounded and modified by great nations whose political and social institutions always were *arbitrary*, have realised in the government of their communes, their cantons, and their nation, an ideal of arbitration that is the envy of other democracies which, decked with the name of republics, are bowed under the yoke of irresponsible oligarchies that are a retrogression from monarchy ?[1]

Not in the legends of the more or less mythical father of the Swiss country can be found the explanation of the democratic institutions governing Helvetia. William Tell

[1] Charles E. Russel, 'Soldiers of the Common Good' (*Everybody's Magazine*, New York, April 1906). Archbishop's address to the students of Freiburg University, *La Liberté*, Freiburg, 16th May 1906.

was perhaps an emancipator, a patriot who freed his native land from the tyrannic rule of the alien domination; he laid perhaps the first foundation of the *Bund*, or confederation, but he assuredly was neither a legislator nor a sociologist.

Beyond a doubt Switzerland owes her arbitral institutions to Columbanus and to the other great Celtic missionaries from the cloisters of Ireland and Cambria who in the dawn of the seventh century bore the flaming torch of the ancient Celtic civilisation into the valleys of Central Europe, which were still plunged in the barbarism of the Dark Ages.[1] As Montalembert wrote: 'Ireland had never borne the iron yoke of the Roman Empire; there the Celtic genius had been able to develop itself in all freedom, and had created a language, a poetry, a faith; in a word, a civilisation equal if not superior to that of most of the other pagan peoples.[2] And to the mission of Columbanus and his disciples in Central Europe is due the conservation upon the Helvetic soil of that ideal civilisation which the Saxon conquest was to blot out when the bull, *Hiberniam et omnes insulas, quibus sol Justiciae Christus . . .*, of the English Pope Adrian IV.— 'Breakspeare' delivered Ireland bound hand and foot to King Henry II. in 1156.[3]

The germ of Celtic civilisation had taken such deep roots in the Helvetic soil that no effort of Germanism or Latinism could succeed in tearing it up, since in about 614 St. Gall, having stumbled in a wild valley, exclaimed: 'Here will I build an everlasting abode.' This abode was the Abbey of

[1] Columbanus, born in Leinster about 543, was a monk of Bangor. He left Ireland for the Continent about the year 590 with several disciples, some of them being Irishmen, others Scotsmen, and two or three, who joined the mission during the stay in Cambria, were Welshmen or Cornishmen. According to Jonas' *Vita Columbani* and other documents, the disciples of Columbanus coming from Ireland and Great Britain were: St. Gall, St. Columbanus the Younger, a nephew of Columbanus, who died at Luxeuil, St. Desle or Deicole, St. Luis, St. Sigisbert, St. Leobald, four Scotsmen: the SS. Potentin, Cominius, Enochus, and Equanochus, and St. Ursannus or Gurganus, who, according to Jonas, came from Cornwall. The name Gurganus still exists in Lower Brittany under the form Gargam.

[2] *Moines d'Occident*, iii. p. 80.

[3] Mathieu Pâris, *Grande Chronique*, i.

St. Gall, for centuries a hearth diffusing light and civilising action.

About the same time two other companions of Columbanus, Sigisbert and Gurganus, laid the foundations of the monasteries of Dissentis in the Grisons and of St. Ursanne in the Bernese Jura.[1]

It was at Arbonis, on the Lake of Constance, that Gall, Sigisbert, and Gurganus separated from Columbanus, whom they had accompanied in his journey from Ireland and Cambria. Leaving Great Britain (about 590), they had made their way across France to Annegray, and soon after to Luxeuil, the scene of Columbanus' entrance upon his career of apostolic and civilising activity on the Continent. His three companions shared his exile when the resentment of Brunehaut and the Latin clergy of the Gaules, who reproached him for his attachment to the distinctive customs of the Irish Church, obliged him to repair to Nantes to re-embark for his native land. After once more wending his way to Austrasia and to Alemanie, he visited Strassburg and sojourned at Tüggen, near the Lake of Zurich, until the victory of his enemy, Thierry II., over Théodebert made him decide to pass into Italy, where the king of the Lombards, Agilulf, although an Arian, granted him the gift of a site where he founded the monastery of Bobbio, which was to play a part in the civilisation and education of Lombardy no less important than that of the abbeys of St. Gall and Luxeuil on the other side of the Alps and the Jura.

It was at Bobbio that Columbanus finished his glorious career, the 14th November 615,[2] preceding by twenty-five years into the tomb St. Gall, whose death, according to Pertz, took place in 640.[3] With the exception of the miraculous circumstances which are said to have accompanied the return to the Continent of Columbanus and his com-

[1] *Histoire de St. Ursanne*, par le Doyen Chèvre, 1887.

[2] *Acta Sanctorum*, Oct. xii. 860; Pertz, *Mon. Germ. Hist.*, ii. 5, 8.

[3] *Vita S. Columb.*, Jonas; *Vita S. Columbani*, Mabillon. *Der H. C.*, Besser, Leipzig, 1857.

panions when they sail from Nantes bound for Great Britain, there is nothing legendary in all that concerns their personality and their work. In fact, their first Continental historian was a contemporary, the Monk Jonas of Suze of Bobbio's Abbey.

Among so many precious manuscripts, the library of St. Gall possesses a copy, made by a monk of the ancient monastery, of the original manuscript in which Jonas retraces the careers of Columbanus and Gall. The Columbanus of Jonas's narrative—related with naivete and naturalness—stands forth as indeed the man of his magnificent work whose fecundity and universality the popular tradition and so many documents attest.

While several years ago Catholics and Protestants in Ireland and Scotland justly glorified Columba of Iona, the great memory of Columbanus still awaits the apotheosis owed to him by our entire race, of whom he has been from the beginning of the Christian era the most illustrious and beneficent incarnation.

Born more than five hundred years before the first Papal legate was sent to Ireland, and before the recognition of Rome's supremacy by the Synod of Kells in 1152, Columbanus, though a Catholic, was certainly a Culdee, like all his contemporaries of the Celtic churches, and Rome has never forgotten his caustic response to Pope St. Gregory the Great: *antiquus error sed antiquior veritas*, nor his conflicts with the Latin bishops of the Continent. Columbanus was indeed the first Catholic of our lands—long before the resistance of Catholic Brittany to the supremacy of the Latin See of Tours over the Celtic See of Dol—to voice at Rome the protestation of Celtic independence: 'Our religion for Rome, our politics for home.' But does not such a glory soar above even religious rancour[1] and denominational divergences?

[1] Though not a Latin-Catholic depending politically from Rome, as presently the hierarchies in Lower Brittany, Ireland, and the United States do, against the racial interests of their flocks, Columbanus was a Catholic. The fact is attested by the dedication of several chapels at Luxeuil and in other places to St. Peter, and also

The Swiss Confederation is but the continuation of the Abbey of St Gall, and through the Abbey of St. Gall of the cenobitic cloisters of Ireland, and through the cenobitic cloisters of the Celtic clan itself.[1] This is the edifice Columbanus and his companions have left behind them.

This emanation of the Celtic genius has successfully resisted the German and Latin reactions undertaken by the rule of St. Benedict, which supplanted in 746 the rule of St. Columbanus at St. Gall. The very day their rule took possession of the Abbey of St. Gall, the Benedictines became the continuators of Columbanus, in spite of all changes the Abbey of St. Gall and the sister foundations of Dissentis and St. Ursanne remained centres of Celtic light.

Let us add in finishing that these characteristic arbitral institutions which the Celtic genius brought into Switzerland in the seventh century, were, long after the disappearance of the cenobitic cloisters, to be born again in Scotland under the form of the government of the Presbyterian Church, which, in its essential and guiding principles, is absolutely the same as that of the democratic government of Switzerland.

when, in his letters, Columbanus wrote to the Pope St. Gregory the Great as to: *Le docteur en possession de la Science divine, dont les enseignements sont les sources spirituelles et sacrées d'où jaillissent les flots de la Science du Ciel*, (Darras, *Histoire de l'Eglise*, lit. xv. 265). Columbanus besides that is a Roman saint.

[1] In *Celtic Ireland* Miss Sophy Bryant has given a good description of the ancient institutions of the Celtic clan in Ireland.

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

GAELIC TEXT

Imthusa Medba agus Oilella agus cethri n-oll-coiged n-Erenn. Do batar a timchell dúnaid Oilella Finn co cend seacht m-bliadan [1] agus comrac seisir gach laei acu and [a] 'g a fechain fris in ré sin. Agus is siad do búi ac dénam an comraic sin [a] tri mic Oilella Finn .i. Cairbre agus Aed agus Amalgaidh a n-anmanda.[b] Is íad don bui 'n a n-agaid and sin .i. Gaeíar mac Birrdeirg mic Ruaidh, [c] agus Loiched mac Ithair mic Ruaidh,[c] agus Aidgeall mac Aéngusa mic Aénlaime Gaibhe [d] a n-anmanna an trir eile.[d] Agus do feratar comlann crodha cetfadhach comlámach dluith-mer dicra do-meta clisde colg-luath crois-gerrtha ferg-buán fuilech fras-gonta. Agus [2] tainig an sec(h)tmadh la [a] doib ar sin. Ro batar fir Erenn ag a feichem fris in re sin, agus adubratar uili nac(h) facutar riam comrac seisir bud ferr ínas. Agus do gab Oilill agus Meadb agus maithi fer n-Erenn ac a moladh. Agus adubhairt Meadb na briathra-sa ann :—

'Adciam comlann comadais,
Comrac seisir na selga,
Tri mic Oilella as an dun,
Is an triur ro-s-b-[fh]errda.

'Gaeíar mac Birdeircc mic Ruaidh,
Is Cairbri crom clesnadha;
Loichet mac Ithair do céin,
Agus Aed fo beimnagha.

'Mac Aengais mic Aenlaime,
Aidgell midisel fiadha,
Agus Amhalgaidh muadh menn [4]
Cenn a cenn ro-das-ciama.'

Ad*ciam*.

[a-a] Y.B.L. omits. [b] omits. [c-c] omits. [d-d] omits.

[1] *no la* written over *bliadan*. Y.B.L. has vii la 7 secht n-oidche.
[2] The nine lines following this are manifestly written in a different hand.

(*Continued from pp.* 214-215.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The proceedings of Meave and Oilill and the four great provinces of Ireland. They were before the castle of Oilill the Fair during seven years (or days), and a duel of six men was witnessed each day during that time. These were the names of the men who fought that duel, Cairbre and Aed and Amalgaidh, three sons of Oilill the Fair. And their opponents were Gaeiar son of Birrderg son of the Red, and Loiched son of Ithar son of the Red, and Aidgeall son of Angus son of One-hand Gaba. The champions made a brave skilful dexterous very spirited fierce unfaltering featful sword-swift cross-hacking ever-furious bloody heavy-wounding fight. The seventh day found them still fighting. The men of Ireland observed them during the whole time, and they all declared that they never saw a duel of six men better matched. Oilill and Meave and the nobles of Ireland extolled them, and Meave said these words:—

'I behold a well matched contest,
The fight of six champions,
The three sons of Oilill from the fortress,
And the three manly champions (who oppose them).

'Gaeiar son of Birrderg son of the Red,
And the stooping Cairbre of many feats;
Loiched son of Ithar from afar,
And Aed of the mighty blows.

'The son of Angus son of One-hand,
The fierce squat Aidgeall,
The noble stutterer Amalgaidh,
(Fighting,) man to man, I behold them.'

I behold.

---

[3] MS. *lad.*

[4] So Y.B.L. Glenmasan has *menn muadh* which is unrhythmical.

Cid tra acht ro gabutar an seser saer-mhiled[a] sotla sonn-gruamdha sed-bregda sin do roignib na righdamna malairt agus mell-gal agus moch-reb*adh*, tuarcain agus trascradh agus taeb-ledradh, [b]etaim [c]agus imguin agus esorgain fri aroile,[c] con n-orcratar an seser saer-miled sin comtuitim is an cat(h)-láthair catha.[d]

Is ann sin tancutar tri mic Tigernaig Tedbennuig mic Degad .i. na tri h-Eochaidh[1] imrinn[e] d' fuagar comraic agus comlainn ar tri h-Oengusaib Baghna. Agus o rancutar go h-oen inadh ro ceis gach cuingidh ar a ceili dib. Agus ro gabsat na trén-fir ag tomuighium urlabra ar aroili, agus ro gabustar Meadb ac gresacht mac Ticchernaig, agus do raid[f] an laeid ann :—

'I tri maca Tighernaig,
Denaid comlonn go calma;
Gurab fobairt feramail
Ar tri h-Oengusaib Badhna.

Column 74.

'Fobraidh comloinn comadhais
Re cloinn Oilella nirdha,[2]
Oir comtrom laeich laighe gnim
Do macuib rig is righna.

'Tri h-Eochaidh tri h-Oengasa,
Co n-slaidhe cach a ceili;
Mar atad is comlonn caemh
Taeb re taebh na *dá* treidi.'[g 3]

A tri.

Ro fuabrutar ar sin an comlann go h-athlum aghmar imetrom. Agus ro timcill cach dib a ceili ag rochtain baegail[h] beime for aroile sech bileduib na[i] m-báin-scíath agus sec(h) bernuib a m-brec-lúirech co n-orcratar comtuitim in a seser co nach terno fer a m-bethaid acu.

Is and sin ro foccratar na tri Breslenna Bréifne comrac ar feruib Erenn, agus do fregratar na[j] tri Glais[4] Airccidhe[k] iad .i. tri mic Nuada Necht iad sidhe .i. tri coinnle gaisgid

[a] omits. [b] ataim. [c–c] omits. [d] omits. [e] imrinde. [f] atbert.
[g] na tri trede. [h] Y.B.L. 334. [i] a m-. [j] omits. [k] Airgide.

[1] imrinn, imrinde. An adjective of uncertain meaning, rendered 'deadly point' (*S.G.*, ii. 127); cf. *T.B.C.* voc. a. v.

Now these six proud grim stately noble warriors, the choice of the princes, fought each against his opponent a well-sustained stout and sprightly duel, smiting overpowering side-hacking, swelling (?) wounding raging, until the six noble champions all fell together on the field of contest.

Then the three death-dealing Eochaidhs, three sons of Tigernach Tetbannach son of Degad, challenged the three Anguses of Baghna to duel and combat. And when they arrived at the scene of conflict each champion faced his opponent. The stalwart men hurled vaunting words at each other, and Meave incited the sons of Tigernach and recited the lay :—

'Three sons of Tigernach,
Quit ye well in the fight;
Make a manly attack
On the three Anguses of Baghna.

'Wage a worthy combat
Against the sons of . . . Oilill;
For well matched in deeds of valour,
Are sons of kings and queens.

'Three Eochaidhs, three Anguses,
Let each of them hew at the other;
A fair fight as they stand
The three couples[3] side by side.'

Three.

The duel was then fought quickly furiously nimbly. Each circled his opponent aiming at a fatal blow under the rim of his white shield and through the chinks of his speckled mail until the six fell together, so that not a man of them came out alive.

Thereafter the three Breslenns of Breifne challenged the men of Ireland to a duel, to which the three Glas-Airgeds responded. These were three sons of Nuada Necht, the three torches of valour of the Tribes of Taidiu, and bosom fosterlings

[2] The reading *nirdha* is fairly clear in both MSS.

[3] Lit. the two triads. Y.B.L. reads the three triads, which must be a mistake.

[4] The epithet *glas* 'gray,' probably suggests the youth of the lads. Cf. S.G. glas-ghille, glas-ghiullan, 'a raw, growing lad.' V. *supra*, p. 260 *n.* 3, *corra-ghille glas* where *glas* = 'young.'

Tuath Taiden an triar sin, agus tri bronn-daltada[a] d' Oilill agus do Meidb iat fós. Agus nir bo comaéis[b] a comrac .i. na tri macaim oga ecgiallidhi ainiarmartacha a cend na tri curad crod(h)a comcalma.[c] Acht ata[d] ní chena: ro fortámlaig na tri trein-fir agus na tri h-arcoin irgaile a n-egcomlann orrtha .i. na tri Breislenna Brefni ar na tri[1] macaib ailli oirrderca sin an aird-rí .i. ar na tri Glasaib Aircide co n-orcratar na triur[e] leu. Agus fa h-olc le Meidb agus la h-Oilill an gnim sin. Agus ro b' aithrec(h) lé an turas tanuic uile uime sin. Agus do róine na roinn and :—

'Am aithrec(h) do m' comarle,
Gan anad is cúis cuma ;[f]
[g]Mo tri dalta[g] ni lith lem,
[h]A cur a cenn tri curad.[h]

'At baetha mo bagha-sa,
A Oilill,[i] *noco* rubais ;[i]
[2]Aided[j] tri mic Núaat Neacht,
[k]Nocha sén techt an turasa.[k]

'Bás na tri n-Glas n-Gairgide,[l]
Dim da tisadh a taith*lech* ;
Tri Breislenna do cur 'n a ceann
[m]Nocha lem nach aithrech.'[m]

Am ait*hrech*.

Scela ceitri n-oll-cuiged n-Erenn ni h-íad indisder sunn a nosa, acht sgela Oilella Finn agus Fergusa mic Róich san dún tall. Asbert Oilill: 'As baoth an turas tanic Meadb chugamsa,' ar sé ; 'óir gen go bedh do[n] lucht dénma calmachta[n] agamsa acht a b-fuil sa dún-sa ni cuimgeochdáis[o] fir Erenn[o] a togail orom co brath.' Eistis[p] ris la[q] sodain. Agus teit Oilill con a teglach ar múr na cathrach do fhechuin sloig b-fer n-Erenn, agus ni raibi is in dúnad d'a n-éis acht[r] Flidais agus
Column 75. Fergus[r] con a banntracht. Agus is ed do can Fergus[s]: 'A

[a] bruindi dalta. [b] comadais. [c] Adds anrata comthnuthacha.
[d] omits. [e] omits. [f] Gan anad ic um adbha. [g] Cur mo dhaltadh.
[h-h] A ceann tri curadh calma. [i-i] nanog rubhais. [j] Faidheadh.
[k-k] Ní fo sin feacht a turais. [l] n-Airgide. [m-m] Acht dar lem is imaithrech.
[n-n] calma. [o-o] omits. [p] adds *Fergus*. [q] ar.
[r-r] *Fergus 7 Flidais*. [s] omits.

of Oilill and Meave besides. (In this case) the warriors were not well matched; three young inexperienced irresolute lads against three valiant brave champions. And so it was: the three powerful men and the three hounds of war, viz., the three Breslenns of Breifne prevailed in the unequal combat over the three handsome excellent sons of the high king, *i.e.*, the three Glas-Airgeds, and slew the three. Meave and Oilill were greatly grieved thereat. She was distressed for having undertaken the expedition because of this deed alone. And she made these quatrains:—

'I repent me of my counsel,
Not to have stayed (at home) is cause of sorrow;
No pleasure to me my three fosterlings
To oppose three champions.

'My quarrels were foolish
They have, Oilill, brought about this disaster;
The slaughter of the three sons of Nuada Necht
Was not the object of this expedition.

'Should satisfaction for the death of the three Glas-Airgeds
Not be demanded of me,
I still would be sorely grieved
For having allowed them to fight the three Breslenns.'
I repent me.

The proceedings of the four great provinces of Ireland are not related now, but those of Oilill the Fair and Fergus son of Roigh who were in the fort opposite. Oilill said: 'A foolish quest brought Meave thither,' said he; 'for had I no men of valour except those inside this fort, the men of Ireland would never be able to take it.' He was listened to in silence. Then Oilill and his household went upon the ramparts of the fortress to view the hosts of the Irishmen, and no one remained in the castle except Fergus and Flidais with her female attendants. And this is what Fergus said: 'Flidais,'

[1] MS. repeats na tri. [2] MS. ag̃.

Flidais,'[a] ar se, 'do cualatar fir Erenn an grad tugamar-ne d'a cele, agus gid ann so fágbar-sa tusa, ni bia fón miad[b] cetna[c] ann co brath. Agus cinnus is cóir duinne do denam [d]uime sin.'[d] 'Do fhedar-sa am,' ar Flidais, 'an ni do dénam[e]; óir ata fled[1] mór fo comair Oilella agamsa, agus dailfidear forgla[f] na fledi sin fairsium no gomma mesga mí-ceillidh an mor-milidh agus co n-eirge aignedh[2] an ard-flatha. Agus ó d'cífir-si mar[g] sin é, abair-si gurab[h] olc tiagait fir Erenn ar an dunadh-sa. Agus adera-son,[i] "In fearrde do rachdaís air thusa do beith 'na farradh?"[j] Agus abair-si da m-beit nert do lam leo gurab cían o rachdais fair. Agus do bera mi-ciall agus mor-aignedh airsim do leigean a mach o d'cluinfi an comrad sin.'

Is an sin tanic Oilill is in rig-tech ro mór, agus do athcuir Flidais in fraec(h)[k s] fledi fir-móire sin fair. Do h-eacrad a n-tech n-ola do lathaib gaili na Gamanraidi, agus[l] do suid Oilill eturra air slis rig na bruigne, agus do suid Flidais con a banntracht ar in slis eile ar a n-agaid, agus do suid Fergus is in focla feinned, agus Dubthach agus Aéngus [m]ina fharrad.[m] Agus o tairnic egar agus ordughadh in tigi mar sin do dailed in fled forro gur bad mesga medar-glo*rach*[n t] na maithi. Is si sin uair agus aimser rangatar techta Flidaisi agus Fergusa d' innsaige b-fer n-Erenn da rad riú an dunad d' innsaige go talchar troigh-esgaidh d' a togail go tinnesnech, agus tri gáirthe groid-bidgacha do tabairt fó'n m-baile co cluinned Oilill[o] iád.

Is ann sin do eirgetar fir Erenn d' innsaige an dúnaid, agus do radsat tri trom-gáire trén-aidble a timchell an duin. Is ann sin do raid Fergus: 'Is egruaidh[p] anarachta tiagait cetri h-oll-coiged Erenn ar in dúnad,' ar Fergus.[q] Tógbuis Oilill a cenn agus fechais fair. [r]Atbert Fergus a rís[r]: 'Atconnarc fén aen cet(h)earn is ferr do rachad fair inaid.'[s] 'Cía an

[a] rigan. [b] fan m-biad. [c] adds ic Oilill. [d-d] omits.
[e] am*ail* dagentar. [f] forba. [g] otchifea-su amlaid sin he.
[h] is. [i] [ ] ra-sun. [j] adds A Fhergháis. [k] fuireag.
[l] adds da suidhedar uile agus. [m-m] omits. [n] medharchain.
[o] adds Finn. [p] ecruaidh. [q] omits. [r-r] omits. [s] adds sud.

said he, 'the men of Ireland have heard of our mutual love, and were I to leave you here, you would never afterwards be held in the same regard as hitherto. What ought we to do in this case?' 'I know for certain what we shall do,' said Flidais; 'for I have a great feast prepared for Oilill; and I shall ply him with the choicest of the banquet until the high prince gets into a state of drunkenness and unreason and until his mind becomes greatly excited. When you see him in that condition, say that the men of Ireland attack the fortress but feebly. And he will reply: "Do you think they would attack it more valorously if you were along with them?" Then you say that if the might of your arm were aiding them, they would have captured it long before now. When he hears these words his unreason and high spirit will cause him to set you free.'

Then Oilill entered the great palace and Flidais pressed the fiery liquor of that rich feast upon him. The drinking hall was set in order by the champions of the Gamhanraidh. Oilill sat among them on the royal dais of the hostel and Flidais with her retinue on the opposite side facing him, while Fergus sat in the champions' seat with Dubthach and Angus beside him. And when the arranging and seating were completed they were plied with drink until the nobles were intoxicated and loquacious. That was the time and season when the messengers of Flidais and Fergus reached the men of Ireland charging them to attack the fortress stoutly and quickly with the view to capture it speedily, and to give three sudden startling shouts around the stead so that Oilill could hear them.

Then the men of Ireland proceeded to attack the fortress, and they gave three great mighty shouts around the fort. Then Fergus remarked: 'The four great provinces of Ireland attack the stronghold in a feeble dispirited fashion.' Oilill raised his head and looked at him. Fergus observed again:

[1] MS. fleg. [2] MS. anigñ, with *no a* written over *an*. [3] Cf. *supra*, p. 213 n. 3.
[4] The reading in Glenmasan is not quite clear, but the variant in Y.B.L. puts the meaning beyond doubt.

ceithern iad sein ?' ar Oilill. 'An ceithern ro bamar fein,' ar Fergus, 'for innarbadh dar airgsemar cathair Muirne Molfaige,[a] *Column 76.* agus dar gabsumar cathracha[b] na h-Uarda ar chena.'[1] 'Dar liumsa,' bar Oilill,[c] 'is i do cetfaid-si da m-bethtea-sa fein etur(r)a co racha sib léth[d] ar in dun-sa.' 'Do m' chubais amh,' bhar Fergas, 'da m-beinn-si do rer mo coisi iter feruib Erenn a muig do brisfinne do dun-sa fada uadha, agus do beithea fein a fegmais do cinn agus do coscair acamsa.'[e] 'Do berim do m' breithir,' ar Oilill Finn, 'co foisgeolat-sa ditsa ar amus b-fer n-Erenn go finnar in ba fir sin.' Ro eirigh Oilill Finn iar sin, agus do foslaic a glais ogus a géibinn[f] d' Fergus agus do Dubthach agus d'Aongus mac Aenlaime Gaibi, agus do cuatar a mach as in dúnad ar amus b-fer n-Erenn.

Mar do conncatar fir Erenn Fergus[g] cuca as in [dún] a mach, ro eirgetar uile eirge at(h)lam aéin-fhir co dian[h] disgir deinmneadach a crislaigibh a sgiath agus ar bolganaib[i] a sleg sleman-ruadh slinn-ger,[i] agus ar urdornaib a cloideam m-balc m-béimennach. Agus ro gabatar a n-errada catha impa .i. a luirecha treabr*aidhe* tré-dualacha agus a cathba(i)rr áilli[j] ilgemnacha, agus do ronsat tri cat(h)a crod(h)a commora[k] dib. [1]Agus do eirgetar uile agus do gabatar a n-erradha catha impa, agus do chomarl*ig*[1] an sluagh uile dul do togail an dúnaidh ar Oilill b-Finn agus a marbadh fein agus Flidais do breith uada.

Is ann sin tanic Fergus d' innsaige b-fer n-Erenn agus o tanic ro fersat uile failti ris, agus do fotachtad[m] sgela an baili as a tanic de. 'Do fagbusa ann,' bar eisin, 'an t-ain fir is mó menma agus meisnech agus mor-aigned agus is tarcais-n*igh*i ar sluagaib agus ar socraidib da faca roime riám. Agus do grend*aig* misi agus [n]sibse, a firu Erenn,[n] im a dun do togail d' a ainndeoin.' Agus do batar[o] a muinntir fein sec(h) cach co failtech[p] re Fergus. Agus ro aigill Bricne go buanas-

[a] Molbthaide. [b] adds riga. [c] adds Finn. [d] adds ar leth.
[e] adds bar Fergus. [f] gebhenna. [g] adds Mac Roig. [h] dianard. Y.B.L. 335.
[i] slindlethan. [j] adds ildhathacha. [k] cudruma.
[1-1] Agus ro erig Meadb agus do gab a h-erradh catha uimpi agus ra orchongair ar.
[m] rofochtadh. [n-n] fir Erenn. [o] gabhadar. [p] ic failtiuchadh.

'I have myself seen troops that would attack it more valiantly than these.' 'Which troops were these?' asked Oilill. 'Those who accompanied myself in exile,' said Fergus, 'when we captured the stronghold of Muirn Molfaig, and the other cities of Uarda.' 'It seems to me,' said Oilill, 'that you are of opinion that if you were among them, you and they would capture this fort forthwith.' 'By my conscience, then,' replied Fergus, 'were I outside and at liberty with the men of Ireland, I would have taken your fort long ago, and you yourself would be deprived by me of your triumph and your head.' 'I give my word,' said Oilill, 'that I shall forthwith set you free to join the men of Ireland and ascertain if this be so.' Thereupon Oilill the Fair arose and removed their fetters and chains from Fergus and Dubthach and Angus son of One-hand Gaba; and they went forth from the castle to join the men of Ireland.

When the men of Ireland saw Fergus approaching them from the fort they all rose as one man quickly keenly fiercely hastily, buckling their shields, grasping their smooth-red sharp-pointed spears in the centre, and their stout blow-dealing swords by the hilts. And they donned their battle armour, viz., their well-fitting thrice-plaited shirts of mail and their handsome gem-studded helmets, and they marshalled themselves in three very large brave battalions. They all rose and donned their battle armour, and the host unanimously resolved to demolish Oilill the Fair's stronghold, to slay himself and to carry Flidais away.

Then Fergus joined the men of Ireland, and they all made him welcome and asked him regarding the state of the place from whence he came. 'I have left there,' said he, 'the man of highest resolution and courage and spirit, and the man who holds hosts and multitudes in greatest contempt, whom I have ever met. He has dared you and me, men of Ireland, to take his castle by force.' His own people especially

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 14; ii. 24, 106; and especially *Cc.*, p. 112 *et seq.* where the adventures of Fergus and his companions in Uarda, 'cold-land,' are told in greater detail.

[2] MS. boolganaib. Cf. *supra*, p. 203, *n.* 1.

ach e, agus do bhi ag aithbir imaithbir ar in airsig. Agus adubairt nar fedagh reime sin riam lamugadh an laech-miledh. Agus adubairt Fergus gur b'e a beith gan cloideam do ro crapaill e maille re h-imarcraid airsedh 'g a forrach. Agus do raidsed[a] an laeid ann :—

'Andum let, a Ferghais,
Gan n-uaill is gan n-ermais,[b]
Truag nach ég do delbus
Síu[c] ro-t-faicfeadh nech ;
Column 77. Atai a h-ait(h)le h-aisder[d]
Ar sgeit[e] do gnim n-gaisgid ;
Is doiligh lim t' faicsin,[f]
Do claoclo do drech.'[g]

'Truagh sin, a mic Carbri,[h]
Imat na n-arm n-adbal,
Is na b-fer co m-marbadh,
Do[i] budh lór do brath ;[1]
Fuaim na sgiath da[j] sgaradh,
Nochar min an madar,[k 2]
Suaill nar bris an talam,
Mo comrac ar ath.[1]

'Mo tachar gan cloideam,
O do bris mo doiger,[l]
Ro bo garb a n-oirer,
Ni celim 's na ceil ;
Mo beth gan ní i m' lama,
Fa borba[m] na baga,
Fa garba[n] ina dala,
Ro[n] ba lór do nim.'

'C' áit a m-bui-si, a Dubthaich ?
'S a Aengais buirb bruthmair ?
Ba días go lith luchair,[o]
[p]Gus an[p] trén tall ;

---

[a] adubairt. [b] earnmais. [c] suil. [d] airtir. [e] caidhche. [f] faiscin.
[g] dath. [h] carbaid. [i] ri. [j] ga. [k] magar. [l] doigfear.
[m] Ni míni. [n] ri. [o] m-brig m-bruthair. [p–p] In gach treas.

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[1] *ath* shows that *brath* must be read *bráth*, although the *a* is not marked long in either case.

made Fergus welcome. Bricne addressed him with great freedom, and persistently reproached the veteran. He said that never before did he brave the hero-warrior thus. Fergus replied that the fact of his being without his sword, together with the numbers attacking him, that enabled them to capture him. And they recited the lay :—

'Rarely have you been seen, Fergus,
Without pride or distinction;
Pity that death overtook you not,
Before one could see you (in this plight).
As the result of your adventures,
Your valour has vanished;
I grieve to behold you,
Your looks are so changed.'

'A hard case (was mine), son of Cairbre,
The number of the mighty weapons,
And of the men to wield them,
It was a dreadful doom.
The crash of cleaving shields,
It was no slight encounter;
My fight at the ford
Had almost burst the ground.

'My being without a sword
After my spear broke;
That the conflict was stern
I do not conceal, and do not thou.
Without a weapon in my hand,
When the fight raged furiously;
The rushes were savage;
Enough of venom was there.'

'Where wert thou, Dubthach?
And thou, Angus, the fierce and fiery?
Two who would go to the fight
With zest and joy.

---

[2] *madar*, in Y.B.L. *magar*, is the modern *maghar*, 'fish fry,' 'bait to fish with,' and in S.G. specially the artificial fly used in catching fish. In the old as in the modern language the negative form of expression frequently, as here, strengthens the assertion positively. 'It was no small fry' conveys that the encounter was of the fiercest.

[3] An old reviser of the MS. corrected *garb* into *garba*, but forgot at the same time to change *ina* to *na*, and thus left the line with a superfluous syllable.

Do biad fuil tar faebar,
[Ba cath libh bar n-aenar,[1]]
Gus a n-iu[a] nir baogal,
Acht (a[b]) m-beith sib and.'[2]

Anam.

[c]Ba h-í imorro[d] comarle b-fer n-Erenn, [e]o t' conncatar Fergus chuca,[e] an dúnad d' fagbail agus gan buain re h-imlaidi na Gamannraidi. Ro toingestar Fergus fo 'n a arm n-gaisgid, gid iad fir Erenn uili do fhuicfed[f] an dun, nach rachadh[g] fein uad[h] no go n-decha ar áis no ar eigin fair. Agus do guidestar Meadb agus mait(h)i b-fer n-Erenn fa anad aigi d' innrad agus d' argain dúnaid Oilella Finn, uair ba nair[i] leis an tarcustal tuc Oilill fair. [j]Agus do bi do cumactaib Meadba ar feraib Erenn gur b'égean doib anmain a fochair Fergusa.[j] Do comarligetar fir Erenn uile[k] an dúnad d' innsaigid is in maidin ar na marach. Agus do eirgetar cet(h)ri h-oll-coigid Erenn ann sin agus an Dubloinges mar áen riú. Agus do greis Oilill[l] agus Meadb agus Fergus iatt [m]commór ar sin,[m] agus tugsat a n-aichthi a n-ain (f h)eacht ar an dúnad. Agus do sinned[n] a sduic[s] agus a sdorgana[s] leó a comfogar in catha,[o] agus do togbatar gáir adbal uathbhasach[p] ós aird. O d' cuala[q] Oilill Finn na gáirthe sin ro eirigh go h-athlam agus ro greis a teglach agus ro coraigh a cath agus ro furail na doirrsi d' foslugadh. Agus fa h-ingnad le feraib Erenn an ní sin .i. doirrsi na cathrach d' foslugadh d' Oilill.[r] Agus gid é Oilill Finn[s] ann, ba h-ingnad agus fa h-amaras leis
Column 78. catha agus cliatha na[t] cethearna, curaidh[u] agus coraidh[u] agus cath-milidh[v] na (n-)ánrad (agus) na (n-)es-urradha[v] d' anad 'n a agaid re h-alt na[w] h-úaire sin, [x]ge mad linmar doib.[x]

[a] nuis. [b] go. [c] adds A h-aithle na laidi sin. [d] omits.
[e–e] omits. [f] da fagadh. [g] teichfead. [h] omits. [i] h-imnair.
[j–j] substitutes: Uair da n-abrad aenfecht ris in slog tindtod ar cula agus fir Erenn da chosc, da denad *Fergus*.
[k] adds ann sin. [l] adds go mor. [m–m] omits. [n] shendith.
[o] i comfuagar catha. [p] uathmara. [q] cualaigh. [r] omits.
[s] omits. [t] omits. [u–u] omits.
[v–v] agus armaigh agus oglaecha. [w] adds h-aen. [x–x] omits.

[1] This line is omitted in the Glenmasan MS.
[2] Cf. *supra*, p. 10. It will be remembered that Dubthach and Angus were with

There would be bloody blades;
You two alone would turn the tide of battle;
To this day you would sustain the brunt of it,
If only you were there.'

Rarely.

Now when the men of Ireland saw Fergus approaching them, they resolved to abandon the fortress and not to face the attacks of the Gamhanraidh. Fergus swore by his weapons of valour that should all the men of Ireland turn from the fort he would not do so until he was forced to. And he beseeched Meave and the Irish chiefs to stay with him to harry and destroy Oilill the Fair's castle, for he was ashamed of the disgrace which Oilill subjected him to. Such was the influence of Meave over the men of Ireland that they were constrained to remain with Fergus. They all resolved to attack the fortress on the morrow's morning. The four great provinces of Ireland and the Dubloinges together with them thereupon proceeded to the attack. And Oilill and Meave and Fergus urged them on strongly, and they attacked the fortress forthwith. And they sounded their *sduic* and *sdorgana* in gage of battle, and they raised vast terrific shouts. When Oilill the Fair heard these shouts he rose up speedily, spurred on his household, marshalled his troops, and ordered the doors to be opened. The men of Ireland were amazed when they saw Oilill opening the gates of the fortress. And as to Oilill himself, he was surprised and confounded to find the battalions and phalanxes of the troops, the heroes and champions and battle-soldiers of the warriors and chieftains, ready to withstand him at that juncture of time,

Fergus in the fight at the ford. But they were separated from him when Fraoch son of Fidach gave the order to capture the hero, and immediately afterwards his two companions.

[3] O'Curry would identify the *Sdoc* with the *Buccina* of the Romans and the *Sdorgan* (*Sdurgan*) with the *Lituus*. Cf. Mann. and Cust., iii. p. 336 *et seq.* Keating (*Three Shafts*, Bk. iii. cap. xviii. 1) commenting on Matt. ix. 23 enumerates the 'minstrels' who were in Jairus's house as *Storganaidhe*, '*storgan* players,' *oirfidich*, 'musicians,' and *piobaire*, 'pipers.' *Sdoc* and *sdorgan* were trumpets of some kind, but while the former is frequently spoken of, the latter is mentioned, so far as hitherto known, in only one or two passages.

Cid tra acht ba garb in gáir, agus ba borb an breislech, agus fa h-adbal an imesargain, agus ba toga an torann-chles, agus ba laémda an laech-tuargain ro gabsat gasrad na Gamannraidi agus teglach Oilella Finn ar feraib Erenn, co n-dorcradar sochaide dib let(h) ar leth.

Imt(h)usa Oilella Finn dno. Ni gabtai ris a cath na a comlonn in gach conair a tabrad a agaid [a]con n-dorcradar dronga di-airmidhi leis.[a] Agus do cuir[b] *derg*[1] ar ceatra n-oll-coiged n-Erenn is in lo sin. Agus do srainetar[c] uili im trath nóna tar an sreib catha íatt. Agus tanic roime is in cat(h)raig a nonn as a h-aitle go m-buaid g-cosgair agus g-commaidmi o feraib Erenn uile leis. Agus ro dunsat an baile iar sin. Agus ro suidset do c(h)om na flede,[d] agus ro gabsat ac ól agus ac aibnes go tanic lá con a lán shoillsi cuca. Cid tra acht co ceann[e] se lait(h)i doib amlaid sin. Agus ni roib Oilill aon la ris an re sin gan maidm catha reime.[f] Agus gidh é an seachtmad lá, ro curadar an cath ar feraib Erenn con n-dorcradar secht *cet*[2] gacha cuigid do coig cuigedaib[g] Erenn leis in ló sin. Agus do rochratar na secht *cet* ro batar in a fochair-sim uile, acht madh secht fichit esbad*acha*. Agus tanic roime is in baile a nunn trath nóna. Agus do leanad iat co dorus an baile. Agus ro dunsat an baile d' a n-éis. Agus do cuir sen a cath-b*ert* catha d' á cnes. Agus do ch*uaid* a comarle agus a muinntir[h] fochetoir.[i] Agus as ed atbert riu: 'Do tregset an Gamanraid uile sinn,' [j]ar se,[j] '([k]ar) imdiull Meadba agus ar indlach Fergusa agus ar edarcosaidib Oilella agus ar cumadaib mor derlactecha[l] na Mained. Agus is demin go tuiteabh-sa do'n dula[m] so ar sluaiged Tana bo Fliduisi. Uair do gellutar mo draithe damsa go madh le Meadb agus le h-Oilill agus le[n] Fergus do tuitfinn, agus go mad a fotha mo mna do toitfinn.[o] C' ait
Column 79. a b-fuil Dub Dogair, mo gilla grado?' ar sé.[p] 'Eirg ar amas na Gamannraidi, agus tabair achmusan doib. Agus

[a-a] omits. [b] tuc. [c] ro sraidhsedar. [d] caitheam a flédi agus a fuirighe.
[e] omits. [f] adds gach aen la. Y.B.L. 336. [g] ceitri oll-cuigedaib.
[h] maithe. [i] omits. [j-j] omits. [k] adds ar mor.
[l] dearlaictheacha. [m] do n-uladh-ṡa. [n] re.
[o] da taethfaind ar sin. [p] omits.

numerous though they were. Howbeit, loud was the uproar, and fierce the fury, and mighty the onset, and rare the thunder-feat, and daring the hero-charge which the troops of the Gamhanraidh and the household of Oilill the Fair made on the men of Ireland, so that multitudes fell on either side.

As to Oilill the Fair himself. No one could withstand him in fight or charge wherever he turned his face, so that men without number fell by his hand. The four great provinces of Ireland were routed that day. Their ranks were totally broken by the afternoon. (Oilill) returned to the fortress thereafter with the triumph of exulting victory over the men of Ireland. The place was thereupon closed up. They then sat down to the banquet, and kept drinking and enjoying themselves until the full light of day shone upon them. And so it was that during six days (they fought) in this wise. Oilill was not a single day during this time without victory on his side. And even on the seventh day he defeated the men of Ireland, so that seven hundred men from each of the four provinces of Ireland fell on that day. The seven hundred who opposed him all fell, save only seven score. And he returned to the stead in the afternoon. They were pursued to the gate of the castle. The place was closed thereafter. He then doffed his battle-armour, and forthwith summoned his people to council. And this is what he said to them: 'All the Gamhanraidh have forsaken us,' said he, 'because of the deceit of Meave and the guile of Fergus and the interposition of Oilill and the very liberal bribes of the Maines. And it is certain that I shall fall at this time on the expedition of *Tain bo Flidais*. For my wizards have foretold to me that I should fall on account of my wife, and by the hands of Meave and Oilill and Fergus. Where is my trusty attendant, Dub Dogair?' continued he. 'Haste you to the Gamhanraidh, and reprove them. Tell Ferdiad son of

[1] The reading *dȝ* is clear in both MSS., *i.e.* *derg*, 'red,' 'blood,' metaphorically used for *ár*, 'slaughter.' Cf. the modern *Cha do dhearg e air*, 'He made no impression on him'; 'he did not draw blood.'

[2] Or *catha*, 'battalions.' The *coig* of the MS. should here read *ceithri* as in Y.B.L.

abair re Fer n-Diad [a]mac Damain[a] gurab amain[b] dilus dó na comtha breige ar ar treig[c] a tigerna. Agus abair re Fraoch mac Fidaigh mar[d] an cetna. Agus abair re Domnall n-Dualbuide o nach eirgeann[e] an Gamannraid uile leis na benad re mor sluagaib[f] Meadba na re fornert Fergusa na re fichmuireacht ainiarmurtaig Oilella.' Agus is cuma do bui a cur an gilla uad agus [g]atbert na roinn-si sís[g] :—

'Eirg dam,[h] a Duib Dogair,
Re cur in catha, ar conair,
Agus ber dam do briathraib
Re feraib iárthar domuin.

'Tub re[i] fer na[i] dúnad,
An fer fial[j] ic ar[j] faemadh,
Mar [k]a-m-leig[k] an flaith ferrda
Go h-ogaib Emna a m' aénar.

'Tub dam re Fraoch mac Fidaigh,
Ris in laec(h) [l]ag na fledaib,[l]
Lecht a flatha ar na foidibh,[m]
Leis na h-ogaib a h-Eamuin.

'Raid re Domnall gan dolma,[n]
Re fer na forlonn ferrda,
Na h-eirgeadh in rí ruithnech[o]
A lenmain mor crech Meadba.

'Da raga o Dun *glan* Gleoire,
Aengus mo mac caem connla,[p]
Do rada[q] in fer saer suthach,
'S do icfa Dubthach Dubgha.

'Do ticfa fos, da finnad,
Cairbre ó Dun *glan* garb Rois,
Ni bad uáiti go h-Ailill
Eochaid a Boirinn barr-glais.

'Gus a nois nír treicset
A n-engnam is[r] a n-einech;
Do sílius[s] dil mo decrai[t]
Do Goll Ecla agus Ailech.

[a–a] omits. [b] anforas. [c] a treigend. [d] in indas. [e] ergeat. [f] crechaib.
[g–g] idubairt in laig and. [h] uaim. [i–i] Fer n-diad ina. [j–j] ga nar.
[k–k] da leg. [l–l] ig a legaibh. [m] ar a fotmaid (?) [n] dolba.
[o] roicnech. [p] cundla. [q] raga. [r] nas. [s] shoileas. [t] dreach (?)

Daman that he has kept troth only with respect to the false promises for which he forsook his prince. Say to Fraoch son of Fidach likewise. And say to Donald Yellowlocks, seeing that the whole of the Gamhanraidh will not join him, not to risk conflict with the great hosts of Meave or the might of Fergus or the merciless animosity of Oilill.' And as he sent the attendant on this mission, he repeated the following staves :—

'Fare forth, Dub Dogair,
Before this battle is fought,
And carry my commands
To the warriors of the western world.

'Charge the hero of the fortresses,
The generous man, to join us,
Unless the manly chief leaves me
To face the warriors of Emain alone.

'Declare to Fraoch son of Fidach,
That hero of the banquet halls,
That his lord's grave stone is fixed upon,
By the warriors of Emain.

'Say to Donald without delay,
The warrior of manly prowess,
Let not the illustrious king,
Pursue the great predatory hosts of Meave.

'Should Angus my dear capable son
Come from bright Dungleor,
The noble lusty warrior will advance,
And Dubthach Dubgha will come.

'Will come also, if he knows (our strait)
Cairbre from bright rugged Dun Ros,
Not far from him (?) to Ailill,
Eochaid from grey-topped Boirenn.

'To this hour there failed not
Their renown nor their honour,
I regarded Goll of Acla and Ailech
Loyal adherents of mine.

'Berat mo chorp achetóir
Na h-uaisle go h-Ard-rai*lech*;
Tegaid in[1] cenn mo cosgair[a]
Drong[b] do na drongaib daigfer.

'Sait*er* leo ais 'n a sesam
Mo cholg is mo cráisech;
Togbaid mo lia os ma luide,[c]
Feraid mo cluichi caintech.

'Clait*er* leosan m' fert fódmaigh,
[d]Na milidh[d] gus an moir ferg,
Agus tabraid go tuach*ail*,
M' aiged ar Cruachain cró derg.'

Eirg.

Do imigh Dub Dogair leis in teachtairecht sin agus do geall co ticfa trath éirghe do ló ar na márach d' innsaidi Oilella da b-fagb*ad*[e] comeirge na Gamannraidi leis. Agus ranic roime agus do gab ac grisad[f] gac(h) aein gus a ranic do'n Gamannraid.[f] Imtúsa[g] an gilla con n-uigi sin.

Imtusa Oilella Finn do berar ós aird. Ar n-imthecht do'n gilla uadh, tugad armair d'a muinntir[h] cuige agus atbert[i] riú: 'Cuirid-si an cath go cruaidh a márach, a mhuinntir inmuin,'
Column 80. ar Oilill, 'oir is deimin co saitfe Meadb a sgiath an dorus bur n-dúnaid, agus saidhfid Fergus agus Oilill agus Cormac Conlongius agus na Maine agus mac Magach agus Lugaid mac Conraeí agus Lugaid mac Nóis agus Loth[j] na Feibis agus Aengus mac Misgedra agus Eogan Finn mac Fíngin; agus brisfidear[k] bur m-baile, agus murfaigear bur múir, agus marfider sib p-fein, agus berthar úaib[k] bur seóit agus bur máine.' 'Truag am sin, a rí,'[1] bar íadsan, 'is uathad duinn re cur an catha sin .i. aén tríar *tes*ta do dá[m] chet.'[2] 'O nach b-fuil sib acht sin,' bhar eisen, 'do gebtaí uile bás. Agus ni h-ég do neoch [n]agus beodacht agus cosgar do dénam.[n] Agus

[a] congair. [b] drem. [c] Togbat lía os mo . . . nge. [d–d] in milead.
[e] fagadh. [f–f] Gamanraide. [g] Imt*rú*sgun.
[h] adds da theaghlach. [i] adubairt. [j] adds mac. [k–k] sib fén agus berthar.
[l] ard-rig. [m] omits. [n–n] do ni beodacht na cos(c)ar.

[1] *fá* is written over *in*.
[2] In the corresponding verse passage *da* is repeated, to the injury of the line.

'The nobles will carry my body
Forthwith to Ard-railech;
A troop of the stout warriors,
Will come to view my triumph.

'They will fix in the ground
My sword and my spear;
They will place my stone over my grave;
They will celebrate my funeral games.

'My turf grave will be dug
By the warriors, great in their wrath,
They will turn lefthandwise
My face to blood-red Cruachan.'

Dub Dogair departed on his mission and promised to return to Oilill by daybreak on the morrow should he secure the adhesion of the Gamhanraidh. He went forward on his journey, and pressed hard every man of the Gamhanraidh to whom he came to join (Oilill). The proceedings of the servant thus far.

The movements of Oilill the Fair are now dealt with. After the servant departed he summoned a large number of his people and addressed them: 'Fight the battle hard on the morrow, beloved people,' said Oilill, 'for Meave will assuredly plant her shield in the gate of your fortress; and Fergus will do the same, and Oilill and Cormac Conloinges and the Maines and the son of Magach and Lugaid son of Curoi and Lugaid son of Nos and Loth (son) of the Feibis and Angus son of Mesgedra and Eogan the Fair son of Fingen; and they will break down your stead, and raze your walls, and slay yourselves, and carry away your cattle and your wealth.' 'That is a hard case indeed, O king,' said they, 'we are too few to fight the battle, being in all three men short of one hundred.' 'Seeing that is all you can muster,' replied he, 'you shall all die. But those who show courage and prowess do not die. Fight then valiantly for yourselves and your lord.' 'Had your evil counsel and the

But in the two succeeding quatrains, only one hundred warriors are given, thus agreeing with Y.B.L. which without doubt gives the correct reading.

[3] MS. génam.

cosnaid sib p-fen agus bur tigerna.' 'Mona tísad do droch comarle-si rinn agus cealga do mna, ni leigfemis Fergus a mach[a] agus ni lemdais[b] cet(h)ri h-oll-coigid Erenn ní duinn. Agus tangatar cealga [c]do mna-sa agus Meadba 'n ar[c] timceall. Agus do treigset an Gamannraid tú fos agus sinne. Ní rigi-se a les lam do gabail forainn,[d] óir in céin maires aen duine againn,[e] ni benfa[f] guin na forgom tarainn fritsa o feraib Erenn uile.' 'Berid bennachtain,' bar eisim, 'agus mo mallacht ar an muinntir do treig mé. Uair dá m-beinn-si agus Fraoch agus Ferdiad agus Dubthach Dubda agus Ferderg mac Dolair ogus Gamain na Sidgaile, ni fetfadaís[g] cetri h-oll-coigid Erenn ar traothad.[h] Agus is cuma do búi ag a radh agus atbert[i] an laid :—

'A oga, cuirid an cath
Do béra[j] Meadb a márach;
Saithfid a sgíath in ar[k] mur;
Brisfid roimpe bur ri-dún.'

'A rí-damna,[l] a mor-(r)uire,
I mic Domnaill Dualbuide,
Is uathad duinn re gnim n-gal,
Triar testa do da[m l] chet curaidh.'

'[n] Ta taí [n]tríar testa do chet,
Derb lim racthaí uile d' eg;
Ní h-ég do neoch do ní maith;
Cuirid cath, cosnaid bur flaith.

'Is forlonn do chet curad
Galeóin[o] is ogbaid Ulad,
Medb is Lugaid[p] gan len,
Ailill[q] is Fergus, fir trén.'

'Ca forlond do niam, do ní,
A Oilill oig, a aird-ri;
Doigh do faethsinne[r] go fír,
Taoth-sa[s] linn ar[t] coimlín.

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[a] as. [b] cuimeogdaís. [c-c] célga *Meadba* agus *Flidaisi* i. [d] adds itir. [e] adds ina seiseam. [f] roicheat. [g] cuimeogdais. [h] ni duind. [i] adubairt. Y.B.L. 337. [j] da bha ria. [k] a muig bar. [l] A rigā. [m] omits. [n-n] taithi. [o] Gailiun. [p] Oillill. [q] Lugaid. [r] faethamni. [s] taefaid. [t] adds cet.

treachery of your wife not frustrated our efforts,' (said they,) 'we would not have allowed Fergus out (of the fortress), and the four great provinces of Ireland would be powerless against us. But the treachery of your wife and of Meave has circumvented us. And the Gamhanraidh have besides forsaken both you and us. But there is no need whatever to ask us to defend you, for while a single man among us lives, neither wound nor spear-thrust shall reach you from any of Ireland's men.' '(My) blessing upon you,' said he, 'and my curse on those who have deserted me. For if I had along with me Fraoch and Ferdiad and Dubthach Dubda and Ferderg son of Dolar and Gaman of Sidgal the four great provinces of Ireland would be unable to conquer us.' And as he spoke thus he recited the lay :—

'Warriors, fight the battle
Which Meave will wage to-morrow;
She will plant her shield on your ramparts;
She will destroy your royal fort.'

'Crown prince and great lord,
Son of Donald Yellowlocks,
We are but few for deeds of valour,
Three short of one hundred champions.'

'If you are three short of one hundred
You shall all die, I ween;
(But) those who act valiantly do not die;
Fight the battle; defend your prince.'

'A forlorn hope for an hundred champions
(To face) the Leinstermen and the warriors of Ulster,
Meave and the merciless Lugaid,
Ailill and Fergus, mighty men.

'What men can do we shall do,
Young Ailill, high king,
If so be that we fall,
An equal number of the enemy shall perish.

[1] Underlined, *i.e.* deleted, in different ink in MS.

'A g-cein maires ain fer uainn,
A Ailill echtaig arm-ruaidh,
Ní a-t-roicheat ruamna[a-1] rann
Cet(h)ri n-oll-coigid n-Erenn.

[b]'Ticfa Domnall forrach niad,
Fúaigeor*aid* cath, cuirf*id* gliaidh.'
'Doilge lim na bás im bel,
In teannta i m-bia in flaith for-trén.

Column 81.

'Da m-beinn-si Fraoch 's Ferdiad,
Agus Dubthach Dubgha dían,
Agus[c] Ferderg mac Dolair,
An cath ro bad raén romainn.[d]

'Madh[e] dán damthai[e] fír fer
Agus coimlin sluag is (s)leg;
Gid línmar do Meidb do'n muig
Ro bad anad[f] d' a h-ógaib.[g]

'Ro-m-treigset tré tnut(h) Medba
An Gamannraid fír-chalma;[h]
Nir fagb*at* gaisged na gail
[i]Nec(h) dar tréiginn da h-ogaib.'[i]

A oga.

[a] ruagadh. [b] This quatrain omitted in Y.B.L. [c] omits
[d] So Y.B.L. [e-e] danamtha dam. [f] uathad.
[g] Y.B.L. adds at the end of this quatrain *A oga*. [h] fial ferda.
[i-i] Gach ar thréc sind d' ar n-ogaibh.

[1] *ruamna*, for which Y.B.L. gives *ruagadh* 'chase,' 'pursuit,' is not often met with, and the meaning is not clearly established. Cf. *ré ruamna buden* (Serglige Conculaind, § 34).

'While a man of us lives,
Valorous red-armed Ailill,
The attack of the divisions of the four great provinces of Ireland
Will not win at you (to slay or maim).

'Donald will come with heroic rush,
He will wage war, he will lead the charge.'
'More grieved am I than if death were at my throat,
For the straits in which the mighty lord will be.

'Had I Fraoch and Ferdiad,
And the fiery Dubthach Dubgha,
And Ferderg son of Dolar, to fight with me,
We would clear the field in front of us.

'Had I been fairly dealt by,
And with an equal number of men and spears,
Numerous though Meave's soldiers are,
Her warriors would find their (last) home here.

'I have been deserted through the enmity of Meave
By the truly brave Gamhanraidh;
I should not forsake any of her warriors
Possessed of valour and courage.'

Warriors.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DREAM

Translated from the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym (*Circa* 1340).

By W. J. GRUFFYDD, M.A.

I

LAST night, before the wild winds wandering,
I found a spot within a tangled grove
Of furze, where woeful thoughts of her I love
An hour's sad and fitful sleep did bring.
And there to me, a foul dark dream did wing
Of some haze-hidden stream that ever drove,
Like unto Taff, its heaving surge, and strove
Against its banks with angry murmuring.
Swift at my heart the fear did rush, and raged
Like maddened bulls driv'n from some upland glen,
Urging me on. With terror unassuaged
I saw the billows, with grim foam-crests curled;
They clasped my body powerless,—and then
I knew me in the seething torrent hurled.

II

I fought among the waves with piercing cry,
And to the heavens many a prayer did make
That the sweet Jesus, for His mercy's sake,
Might leave me not thus piteously to die.
Long was my striving, but full ruthlessly
The hidden rocks did of my life-blood take,
And lashing torrents, o'er me hurtling, brake
While grisly night was slowly drawing nigh.
The wild winds howled with cry importunate,
And from the stream there came a wondrous roar;
I struggled with faint gasps towards the shore,
My shoulders bent beneath the billow's weight,—
With vain contending,—for the gathering gloom
Saw my frail body hurled to piteous doom.

III

Spite of my plaints, and my sweet minstrelsy
And bitter thoughts, wherewith I ever pine,
My dream doth bode that Gwen will ne'er be mine,
For of a wealthier suitor loved is she—

Unwholesome in uncouth senility,
But to him, natheless, doth her heart incline;
Her jealous kinsmen scornfully decline
My tuneful pleadings, and will none of me.
These are the waves against whose angry might
My dreary struggles in no wise prevail.
A swimmer am I, with weak strokes and frail
Striving against the flood, unhappy wight.
E'en as a man, who 'neath the cruel wave
Succumbs, shall Dafydd also find his grave!

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

CHARLES M. ROBERTSON

(*Continued from p.* 239.)

a for initial *ea*

In North Argyll (Sunart) initial *ea* in a few instances is sounded *a*. Ealamh or eathlamh is 'alamh,' eanbhruith 'anbhruich,' and eanghlas 'anghlas.' Eanchainn is here 'anchaill.' There is a corresponding pronunciation in the case of *io* and of *iu*. Eathlamh, however, which is althamh ('alhu') in West Ross, is athlamh in Irish and athlam in Early Irish.

eu

In such words as beum, ceum, feum with feumach, feumail, etc., geum, leum, teum, breun, treun, beur, eur, speur, beuban, treubh, creuchd, beud, deud, treud, beus, etc., *eu* is not known to become *ia* but is sounded *é* both north and south. *M* and *n* also where they occur in those words do not nasalise the vowel. Another diphthong, however, composed of *e* and *u* is heard in North Argyll and in Mull, Tiree, Coll, Eigg, etc., in the word feumach. In some parts of that area the sound seems to be rather *iu* or even *yu*. This pronunciation is not found in any other of those words, not even in feum or in feumail, in at least a great part of that area.

e and *i*

The change in Ross and Sutherland of *e* (*ei*) to *i* associated with a lengthening of the vowel before long liquids as in Bìnn for Beinn, mountain, has been noticed already. In addition to the examples given leinn, with us, becomes lìnn, there. Seann-seanair is there sì-seanair; compare sìsear in the same districts for sinnsear (*i* nasal in both instances).

Of the examples referred to seinn, sing, is sinn in Perthshire and creim, nibble, is crim in North Argyll.

Many other words show an interchange of the sounds of *e* and *i* in different dialects. The written vowel in these cases may be *e*, *ea*, *ei*, *i* or *io*. Mil, honey, and milis, sweet, have *e*—mel, melis—in Perth, East Inverness, West Ross and Sutherland. Meadhon, so Arran, Kintyre, and Perth, is miodhon in North Argyll, North Inverness, Skye, West Ross and Sutherland. This has been written sometimes miadhon as though it were an instance of the change of long *e*—*eu*, *èa*, etc.,—into *ia*, but the *e* (*ea*) of meadhon is short. Meas, esteem, meas, fruit, measg, among, measg, mix, and miosa, worse, all have *e*—measa, etc.,—in Perth, and *i*—mios, etc.—in Arran, Argyll, Skye and Sutherland. Iosgaid, hough, and lios, garden, have *e*—easgaid, leas—in Arran, Perth, etc. Eirich, rise, is ìrich in Arran and in Kintyre. Smig, chin, in North Argyll and West Ross is smeig, inbhir in Perth, North Inverness and Skye enbhir, and gilb, eabar, and teine respectively in West Ross, sgeilb (in part of the district), iobar, and tine. Seamrag is in North Argyll siormag, and in West Ross both searmag and silmeag. The vowel of féill, in proper names of festivals and of fairs, is changed regularly in consequence of the unaccented position then occupied by the word, from long to short, and in addition is changed in Arran, Perthshire and other districts from *e* to *i* as An Fhill Màirtinn, Martinmas; An Fhill Brìde, St. Bridget's day, etc.

When féin, self, is used with the second and third persons its vowel, as indicated at page 113 above, is *é* in all dialects. In Southern Gælic it is *é* also with the first person. In the

northern dialect, except in Sutherlandshire, when the word is associated with the first person, the vowel is changed to *i*. In the south they say 'Thu fhéin's mi fhéin,' but in the north 'Thu fhéin's mi fhìn.' In Sutherland with the first person, instead of either fhìn or fhéin, they say in one part of the county fhèin, (*è* nasal), and in another fhian—'Thu fhéin's mi fhèin' and 'Thu fhéin's mi fhian.'

i

The Gaelic sound of *i* is like the English sound of *e* in 'me' or *ee* in 'bee,' 'deep,' long or short as the case may be. Sometimes when short, more especially in initial position, the vowel gets the sound of English *i* in 'fit,' 'pin.' This English sound of *i* is heard in Sutherland in inbhir (initially), sin, and for *io* in cionta and ciontach, crios, gliong, etc., and is more frequent in that county than in other districts. The lengthening of *i* before long liquids and the diphthongisation of long *io* have been dealt with already.

ea, *io*, and *iu*

The digraph *iu* in Northern Gaelic, more especially in its western half, is very often pronounced not *yu* as elsewhere, but as a diphthong *iu* or sometimes *iû*. *Iu*, for example, is heard in iubhar, iuchair, *iù* in cliù, siùil (sails) and *iû* in iullagach, etc.

Io in many cases is pronounced *yu* or *yû* in great part of the south and east and, following out the analogy, is also made *iu* or *iû* in the north-west, as in iochd, iodhlann, iolach, fiodh. In Skye the diphthong is extended to words in which *y* is at least not usual elsewhere. There *io* is *iu* in iomadh, iomain, iomaire, iomchuidh, iompaidh, iomradh, iomlaid and others.

A certain number of words which have this diphthong in the north vary in spelling or in pronunciation between *io* and *ea* in the south. Ionndrain, in Arran and Kintyre i'nndrain, in Perthshire eanndrain—yanndrain in the east of the county and eunndrain (*eu* diphthong as in certain pronunciations of

ceann, gleann, etc.) in the west—is iunndrain in North Argyll, Skye, and West Ross, and yunndrain in Sutherland. Ionnsaich and ionnsuidh in like manner have *i* in Arran and Kintyre, *ea*—*ya* and *eu*—in Perth, *iu* in North Argyll, Skye, and West Ross, and *yu* in Sutherland. Fionn, fionna, fionnar, Fionnlagh, iongar, ionraic, reannag, sionnach, sionnachan, spionnadh and others follow the same analogy. Leann (ale) and peallach, which have *ea* in Arran and Kintyre, with others follow the analogy less completely. Mèag, whey, adds other variations to the series. It is mì'g in Arran, mè'g in Kintyre and Islay, myaog in East Perth, meóg in Rannoch, meog in North Argyll, miùg in Skye and miûng in Sutherland. In the four last forms both vowels are sounded, the first short and the second long in meóg, miùg and miûng, and both of equal or nearly equal length in meog. Generally in this connection it appears that the north has a partiality for *iu* while the south is divided between *io* (Arran, Kintyre, etc.) and *ea* (Perth etc.).

u for initial *io* and *iu*

As *ea* sometimes becomes *a* so initial *io* in some instances becomes *u* in Sunart. Iomadh is there 'uma' and iomall 'umall' and so also iomair (ridge), iomchaidh, iomchair, iomradh, report, ('umra' and 'urma') and iomramh, rowing.

The same thing happens in one or two instances in the case of *iu*. Iuchair, key, and iuchair, spawn, are both 'uchair,' iuchar, the dog days, is 'uchar,' and iullag, a skip, frisk, etc., is 'ullag.'

VOWELS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES

The vowels of unaccented syllables get most frequently the sounds of *a* or *ao* short, or of *i*. If *i* does not appear in the written syllable the sound is *a* or *ao* in most dialects. When *i* stands along with a broad vowel the sound is in some cases *a*, in some *ao*, and in some *i*. When *i* stands alone it has of course its own sound.

Where *ao* and also in some cases where *a* is heard in such syllables in other districts, open *o* is substituted in many instances in the west of Ross-shire. This is the case especially in the suffixed syllables *ach* and *achd*. Mabach is here 'maboch,' ciallach 'cialloch,' teallach 'tealloch,' seileach 'seileoch' ('se'l'och'), raineach 'raineoch,' beannachd 'beannochd,' cruithneachd 'cruithneochd,' and so ablach, cearbach, dìonach, fàrdach, feumach, Frangach, maorach, riòghachd, imeachd, etc. Aiteachan, places, is 'àiteochan,' gobhlachan, ear-wig, 'gobhlochan,' ceatharnach 'ceatharnoch,' dì-chuimhneach 'diùchonoch,' and spaidsearachd 'spaidsearochd.' Beannachadh is 'beannochdainn,' and so with other words of the same formation, as deasachadh, dìtheachadh, fiosrachadh.

Instances of *o* in other unaccented syllables are sgeadas 'sgeados,' saoghal 'saoghol,' innear 'inneor,' cianail 'cianoil,' dìomhain 'dìomhoin,' dì-chuimhne 'diùchoin,' Sàbaid 'Sàboid.'

Instances occur in Lewis also as tràbhach, a kind of grass, 'tràbhoch,' banachdach, pox, 'banachdoch,' dà-ghamhnach, cow that goes two years without having a calf, 'dughanoch,' trì-ghamhnach, one that goes three years without having a calf, 'traghanoch,' Sàbaid, here 'Sàboinn.'

When Gaelic place-names are adopted into English the vowel of a final or other unaccented syllable is often changed to *o*, as in Avoch, Dornoch, Rannoch, Ranochan, Cawdor, Glasgow, Greenock, Lomond, etc.

FINAL VOWELS

Words like fada, dalta, calma, fearna, àite, maide, fàilte, muime, duine, tròcaire, clachaire, are often heard without the final vowel, as fad, dalt, àit, tròcair. Old Irish has such a vowel in many cases in which modern Gaelic has not, as O. Ir. fírinne for fìrinn, snechta for sneachd, snáthe for snàth. In the southern dialect of Scottish Gaelic there seems to be a tendency to retain such vowels in many cases before

words beginning with consonants, and to drop them at other times. In the northern dialect the tendency rather is not only to keep them where they existed already, but to affix them wherever it is possible to do so, *e.g.*, deimhinn, O. Ir. demin, is in West Ross-shire deimhinne, and suilbhir, O. Ir. sulbir, is suilbhire there and in North Argyll. In East Perth and Strathspey, and, to a less extent, in Sutherland, the tendency is to drop a final *a* or *e* in all cases and circumstances. Even words like comharradh, a mark, còmhnadh, assistance, conaltradh, company, masladh, shame, osnadh, a sigh, Geamhradh and Samhradh, come under its influence in East Perth and in Strathspey, and are respectively, in both those districts, comharr, còmhan, conaltar, masal, osunn, Geamhar and Samhar, or indeed more nearly comhr, còmhn, conaltr, masl, osn, Geamhr and Samhr. Madadh, dog, wolf, appears in Perthshire in more than one place-name, as mad, and fasadh, a dwelling, the word met with in Fasnacloich, Fassiefern, Dochanassie, etc., occurs once as Fas, the name that is Englished as Foss, but with Fasaidh as its genitive.

w

A *w* is heard in Arran in some of those cases in which *a* and *ao* are changed to *e*, *è*, or *é* (pp. 228, 236 *supra*), and in Skye and Sutherland takes the place of *u* in certain instances (p. 233 *supra*).

W sometimes arises from *bh*, *mh*, and *dh*. Abhag is pronounced sometimes a-ug, and sometimes awag; seanamhàthair is seanavair, seanu-air and seanawair, and odhar is o-ar and owar. Such cases as call for remark will be taken under the respective consonants.

y

A *y* sound in the south and east has taken the place, to a great extent, of *e* and *i* in the diagraphs *ea*, *eo*, *io*, and *iu* in accented syllables. Bealaidh is byalaidh and eala yala; eòlas is yòlas, eòrna yòrna, and ceòl cyòl. Other examples have been given in dealing with *io* and *iu*. The dialect of the

north-west in all those cases generally retains *e* or *i*, and forms it with the following broad vowel into a diphthong.

Y is the sound given to slender *dh* and *gh* at the beginning of a word, but does not give any mark of dialect.

NASALISED VOWELS

A nasal sound is given to all vowels except *ao* by contact with the nasal liquids *m*, *mh*, and *n*, but not in all cases. The vowel is nasalised, for example, in eun, bird, and sgeun, start, but not in breun, putrid, or in treun, strong. Sometimes vowels are nasalised without nasal liquids in the words. Faigh, get, is nasalised in Arran, Skye, and Sutherland, and caith, spend, etc., in Arran and Skye. Ciabhag, lock of hair, treubh, tribe, and uabhar, pride, are nasalised in Skye and West Ross. Other instances of nasalisation of the accented vowels are oidhche, chaoidh, treibhdhireach, troigh, ubh, ubhall, uchd in Arran, dithis, fuasgail, tuaicheal, ultach in Perth, cubhaidh, cuibheas, fiach (worth), ucas, uchdach (ascent), urlar in West Ross. MacAlpine says urlar is properly unnlar; that means probably that in his dialect, as in West Ross, etc., the word is ùllar, with *u* nasalised, and *r* assimilated to *l*. Uaigh, grave, is nasalised generally in the north, through confusion, no doubt, with uaimh, cave. As tualaig, loosen, which is nasalised in Perth, is tuainig or tuanaig in other dialects, the word may be properly tuanlaig. Adhlac, to agree with its pronunciation, as has been said (p. 224), should be annlac, *nn* being assimilated to *l*. The first vowel of òran, song, is nasalised in Perth, though not in Arran, Kintyre, or Islay, where it is óran, or in North Argyll or Skye, where it is òran, but in Strathspey, Ross, Sutherland and Lewis, and in Ireland, the word is amhran, in Middle Irish ambrán.

Ao is not nasalised. Before nasalisation can take place, some other sound—*ă* or *ĭ*—has to be substituted. The connection of this change of vowel with nasalisation has already been noticed (pp. 236, 237). With regard to the seeming exceptions, oidhche and chaoidh, it should be observed that

though they do not contain nasal liquids, their vowels nevertheless are nasalised. As a matter of fact the sounds also of *o* and of *e*, when nasalised, are changed. The nasal *ò* of sròn is not the ó of bó, mór, but neither is it the ó of brón, ór, though it is nearer to the latter than to the former. Also the nasal *è* of eun is not the *é* of breun, treun, nor is it the *è* of è, he, though it again is nearer to the latter than to the former. This pronoun è, he, is itself nasalised when preceded by a particle ending with *n*; compare Am b' e, was it, with An e, is it, and Cha 'n e, it is not.

In North Argyll (Sunart) *a* when nasalised changes its sound and becomes *e*. This takes place, for example, in bàn, dàna, làn, ràn, slàn, àmhuinn, cnàmh (digest), làmh, nàmhaid, sàmhach, snàmh, tàmh, màg, màs, nàduir, smàd, snàth, mach, math, etc. The change of vowel resembles that from *a* to *e* in Arran and in Kintyre, but in this district it is found only in the case of nasalised *a*.

SVARABHAKTI VOWEL BETWEEN TWO WORDS

What has been called sometimes a euphonic *a*, to quote *Munro's Gaelic Grammar* (2nd ed. pp. 96, 97), "is of constant occurrence in speaking; as in Gleann*a* gairidh, gach*a* ràidhe, gur*a* mi, ma'*s*a tu, etc., where, without its intervention, the combinations *nng*, *chr*, etc., would sound extremely harsh and snappish. It is in compliance with this propensity to euphonia that the prefixes an, ban, etc., become, before certain letters, an*a*, ban*a*, as in anabarrach, banacharaid, etc. Proper attention has not always been paid to this in the orthography; but as it is unquestionably a fixed principle in the pronunciation, it ought to be attended to in writing." This parasitic vowel is found usually after liquids, as in ball-a-bùird, cam-a-chasach, sean-a-ghille, sean-a-mhàthair, barr-a-geal. Place-names having as their first part such words as cill, poll, toll, cam, druim, tom, beinn, ceann, gleann, barr, gearr, torr, often have the vowel. Cill Mhoire in Skye ('Kilmuir'), Ardnamurchan, Knapdale, Kintyre, and Arran

('Kilmory' or 'Kilmorie') may be heard as Cill-a Mhoire, or, as it would be written in Gaelic, Cille Mhoire. Kilchoan (in several districts) is Cille Chòmhghain, Kilmodan, Cille Mhaodain, Kilmallie, Cille Mhàilidh, A'Chill mhór (Oban and Sleat), A Chille mhór, and so on. Drumalea in Kintyre is Druime liath, and Drumancroy at Portmahomack An Druime cruaidh, and Tomdoun in Glengarry An Toma donn. Glencoe is Gleanna Comhann, and in the districts of Ardgour, Morven, and Ardnamurchan there occur Gleanna Gobhair, Gleanna Galmadail, Gleanna Sannda, Gleanna Gùda, Gleanna Cnèapasdail, Gleanna Borrghdail, An Gleanna geal, An Gleanna dubh, An Gleanna mor, and An Gleanna beag. An Gleanna garbh is at Gruinard, Lochbroom, An Ceanna garbh on Loch Shiel, Am Barra Calltuinn (Barcaldine) and Am Barra glas near Oban, Am Barra mór in Appin, An Torra bàn in Sunart, and so on. The vowel is also heard occasionally after words ending with other consonants, as in Am Bada Beithe, An t-Easa mór.

This parasitic vowel has been mistaken sometimes in the case of names of glens for the genitive feminine of the article, and in consequence names like Glencoe have been written Gleann na Comhann, Glen Gour Gleann na Gobhair, Glen Garry Gleann na Garadh. The mistake would not be possible unless the view taken of the essential facts were so narrow as to exclude not only such instances as An Toma donn, An Ceanna garbh, Am Barra glas, etc., but also such as An Gleanna geal, An Gleanna mór, and the like, and even then it should not be possible.

SVARABHAKTI INTERNALLY

Internally, that is in the middle of a word, this svarabhakti vowel is at least equally common. The consonant groups into which it inserts itself contain in this case also, as a rule, a liquid either as the first or, less frequently, as the second constituent of the group, or they may consist of two different liquids. The intercalated vowel has the sound of

a in some districts and of *ao* short in others in such words as balbh 'balabh,' sealg 'sealag,' Fearchar 'Fearachar'; so borb, lorg, iarrtus, coslas, masladh, cosnadh, acras, easradh, calma, dearmad, Tormoid.

In such as gilb 'gilib,' aimsir 'aimisir,' caismeachd, aigne, misneach, caidreabh, aitreabh, aimlisg, ainmhidh, it is *ao* short in some dialects and *i* in others.

Guilbneach, a curlew, is 'guilbearnach' in Perthshire, 'guilibearnach' and 'guilibneoch' in different parts of West Ross-shire, and 'guileabarnach' and 'cuileabannach' in different parts of Sutherlandshire. Glaschu, Glasgow, one of the few instances in which there is no liquid, is in Northern Gaelic generally 'Glasachu.'

The tendency to vowel correspondence or to particular vowel sequences shown above in such instances as 'balabh,' 'gilib,' is found further developed in the west of Ross-shire. In that district the distinctive Gaelic sounds of *a*, *o*, *u*, and *i* are all given in intercalation in different cases.

a occurs when the preceding syllable has *a*, *ea*, or *io*, as Alba 'Alaba,' armadh (oiling wool) 'aramadh,' carbhanach 'carabhanach,' lamraig 'lamaraig'; dealrach 'dealaraich,' eanghlas 'eanaghlais,' earball 'earaball,' iomlan 'iomalan,' iomlaid 'iomalaid,' iorghuil 'ioraghuil.'

It is found also after *ai*, as in ama'lisg for aimlisg, dama'sir for daimsir (mud).

Balbh is bala-abh and balahabh, garbh gara-abh and garahabh, dealbh deala-abh, and so falbh, marbh, etc.

o is heard after *o* or *oi* as tolog for tolg, conofhodh for confhadh, conophocan for conphocan (a sea-shell), coin'ohall for coingheall (loan), borobhan for borbhan, dorocha for dorcha, and so gorm, morbhach, morghan, etc.

u follows *u*, and sometimes *iu* and *ui*, as Muruchadh for Murchadh, siunnuchan for sionnchan (sionnachan), muluchag for mulchag (mulachag), cuil'ubheir for cuilbheir, guir'umean for guirmean.

i is found after *i*, *ui*, *ei*, and *ai*, as Gibilean for Giblean,

iminidh for imnidh, inif for inbhe, iniwir for inbhir, cuilibheart for cuilbheart, suilibhire for suilbhir, seilicheag for seilcheag, eirimis for eirmis, seirim for seirm, ainim for ainm, farrige for fairge. A number of examples combine metathesis, as ilimich for imlich, iorimall for iomrall, and so imleag, imrich, imridh (must), iomradh (report), iomramh (rowing), and others. Words like Bailbh, gairbhe, deilbh, are bailahi, gairahi, deilaohi.

The more usual pronunciations also are heard sometimes in the district; *e.g.*, iomradh is both iomaradh and irimeadh and coingheall is coin'ahall as well as coin'ohall. Those developed vowel sequences prevail especially throughout the district from Loch Torridon to Loch Broom. Further south, as in Lochcarron, they less frequently replace the ordinary pronunciations.

In some few instances this parasitic vowel has been admitted into the standard orthography. Iarunn, iron, if written according to the best analogy, would be 'iarn' and was so written in Old Irish. As it appears as iarund in Middle Irish, however, the current spelling may claim in this instance some of the respect due to age. Seanchaidh, Irish seanchuidh, is generally written seanachaidh, and seanchas, Old Irish senchas, is almost invariably seanachas. Donnchadh, Duncan, is usually Donnachadh which is quite the same as when Fearachar is substituted for Fearchar, and Murachadh for Murchadh, and is not to be defended. Fionnaghal in the same way is usually and quite as erroneously written for Fionnghal, Flora. Banachag, milkmaid, meiligeag, pea-pod, muinichill, sleeve, muinighin, trust, muirichinn, family, mulachag, a cheese, spiligean, seedling, are examples of words written with a vowel that in pronunciation is only a svarabhakti, and, in order to be in agreement with Gaelic phonetics, they should be written banchag, meilgeag, muinchill (which is written sometimes) muinghin, muirchinn, mulchag (mulchan in Middle Irish) spilgean. This last word is Scottish spilkins, split-pease, from spilk, to shell peas, etc.,

whence Gaelic spiolg, to unhusk. Muinighin is muinigin in Early Irish, and may have had its pronunciation affected by analogy or some other influence. The old Irish colum, a dove, for example, is written now columan, calaman, and calman, and according to current pronunciation the best form phonetically is the last named.

In all these instances the liquids that precede the svarabhakti have those sustained or lengthened pronunciations already noticed (p. 99). Wherever indeed a long liquid is followed immediately by a vowel in the written word, that vowel, so far at least as its present value in the spoken language is concerned, is a svarabhakti. Such vowels are rather to be extirpated where they have appeared especially if there are alternative spellings without them already, than to be made by their insertion a cause of increased confusion in the orthography. They have no place in the old language; they may be absent in particular cases or in classes of words in one dialect though present in other dialects, and in any case they are merely parasitic. They are exactly of the same kind as the intercalated vowels in pronunciations of English such as 'warum' for warm, 'worulď' for world, and 'kerub' for kerb, and are doubtfully euphonious and certainly incorrect.

When liquids are short before other consonants, *e.g.*, the tenues, the svarabhakti is not heard, as in Ailpean, alp, olc, corp, torc. A seeming exception is calpa, calf of the leg, but this, besides being a borrowed word, is more often perhaps calba in the spoken language.

In general the svarabhakti is most frequent in the north-west, and least frequent in East Perthshire and Strathspey. In Glenlyon it may be heard from some natives—by no means from all or perhaps even from the majority—in forms quite as exaggerated, though not in so many instances, as in West Ross-shire. In Sutherland it is at least not more frequent than in the southern dialect (exclusive of East Perth).

METATHESIS OF VOWEL AND CONSONANT

Somewhat similar in appearance to the above is the change by which words like cuisle, cuimse, sùiste, oidhirp, become in pronunciation respectively cuisil, cuimis or cumais, sùsait, oidhrip. Certain words ending in *rc* are in particular subject to this change. Adhrac is heard for adharc, fradhrac for fradharc, amhraic for amhairc, pàiric for pàirce, suairic for suairc. Iomchorc, respects, regards, compliments, is pronounced 'iomachorac' and 'iomacharac' in Sutherland and Ross, and is written iomacharag (in Rob Donn) and with more extended metathesis iomachagar. Another example is the word usually written làirig. It is common in place-names in Lochaber, Lorne, and especially about Breadalbane. It occurs ten times in Glenlyon, or rather between that glen and the valleys on either side. One between the heads of Glenlyon and Glenlochay where 'Allt Learg Mac Bheattie' is marked in maps, is classical:—

'Tha sliabh na làirig an robh Mac Bhaidi
'N a mhothar fàsaich, 's 'n a stràca trom.'

The term is applied to the 'col' or pass connecting two glens whose streams flow in opposite directions. Two are traversed by the Callander and Oban Railway. The first is at the head of Glen Ogle and of a small glen sloping down to the Dochart where the maps have Loch Lairig Eala. The other is to the west of Tyndrum between Strathfillan and the Glen Lochy that runs towards Dalmally. The probable explanation of Finlarig, in Gaelic Fionnlairic, lying low by the side of Loch Tay with no pass near apparently of the usual kind, is that the name originated high in the hills where 'Coire Fionn Lairige' and 'Druim na Lairige' appear in maps, and add one more to the number on the borders of Glenlyon. The word is properly làirc and is pronounced in that district 'làiric,' and, perhaps more frequently, 'làirichc,' exactly as suairc is 'suairic' and 'suairichc.' The one referred to by Duncan Ban Macintyre is locally Làirc ('Làirichc')

MacBhàididh, and the one at Tyndrum Làirc Lòcha, or to distinguish from the Lochay at Killin, Làirc Locha Urcha. The word is lairge and lathairce in Irish with the meaning of thigh, in Middle Irish laarg, fork, leg and thigh, Old Irish loarcc, fork. Mr. Quiggin gives the Donegal form of the word as lâiric.

These cases—cuisle, adharc, etc.—do not have the liquids long—not even in pairce or suairc—and show metathesis, or a change of place, by the vowel and the liquid or other consonant in most of the examples, rather than intercalation of a svarabhakti. This kind of metathesis is most frequent in East Perthshire and in Strathspey. It occurs in one or other, or in both of those districts, in the case of—

la, le as in Beurla, atharla, comhairle, mèirle, sgeimhle.

na, ne as in ceudna, eorna, tighearna. Di-Sathuirn, in Arran etc., 'Di-Sathuirne,' is in East Perth 'Di-Sathrainn.'

sa, se as in the emphatic prepositional pronouns agamsa, asamsa, etc., and in tuairmse. Leamsa may be heard in Glenlyon as liuma-as, and riumsa as riuma-as, *m* being long in these instances.

SEA-POEMS—I

West Highlanders, as they read the sea-poems now being contributed to the *Review*, will probably say: *cha'n 'eil an so ach blaigh de 'n òran—tha dhà uiread dheth agam fhein*—'this is but a fragment of the song, I have twice as much of it myself.' Which is doubtless the truth. In this case, however, the probable additions of local rhymesters have been ruthlessly cast overboard; and though in the process one is apt to reject genuine bits of the original poem and admit what is really modern, yet in either case literature is the gainer, so that no apology need be made. Science doubtless owes much to him who wrote: 'I have but carried drift rubbish from the place where I found it to a place where it may be seen and studied by those who care to take the trouble'; but literature owes him less—the 'drift rubbish' might well have been sifted before being exposed to general view. If we can make an old ballad more presentable by collating different versions and leaving out inferior lines and

verses, when these are not necessary to the sequence of thought or incident, then not to do so is a sin against Gaelic literature. Any cultured Highlander who has sucked in from childhood the oral literature of his country may be safely trusted to distinguish correctly in nine cases out of ten between the genuine and the false, between the original poem and the extemporised lines of the waulking-women and the local rhymesters. When there are several versions of a ballad extant, one cannot go far wrong in accepting as genuine what is common to them all; whereas verses and lines contained in but one version can be accepted only when they fit into a vacant place and are clearly, in diction and 'atmosphere' as well as in literary merit, of a piece with the ground-work of the ballad as seen in the majority of the versions available. True, by this method one may now and again reject the old and accept the modern, but surely neither the shade of the unknown author nor the modern reader has much reason to complain of a mistake which at any rate enriches Gaelic literature.

AN TRAIGH-SHIOLAG[1]

OIDHCHE dhomh 's mi 'san traigh-shiolag,
Chunnaic mi ghealach 'san iarmailt,
Sheinn mi 'n duan an ainm na Trianaid,
Bheannaich mi mi fein 's mo chiallain,
Thainig bean bhàn na h-aodainn sgiamhaich,
Labhair i rium am briathra mìn-bhlasd:
'Is tus a' bhean shona ach 's mis a' bhean chianail,
Chaill mi an long is chaill mi mo Dhiarmaid,
Chaill mi mo mhacan òg-gheal sior-gheal,
Dh' iarr mi shuas e, dh' iarr mi shios e,
Cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chiocharain.
Bidh mi 's na sgeirean 'ga iarraidh,
An sid 's an sgoran nan ianlaith,
Bidh mi 's a' bhogha 'ga iarraidh,
Bidh mi 's a' gheodha 'ga iarraidh,
An innis nan gruagach mìn-bheul,
An uaimh nan snàgach liagach;
Moch is anmoch 'ga iarraidh,
Ri tràghadh 's ri lionadh 'ga iarraidh,
Ag iarraidh mo chuilein Diarmaid,
'Ga iarraidh 's 'ga shior-iargain.'

[1] The writer in his schoolboy days in the Island of Eigg (which was once within easy reach of *Tìr-nan-òg*) learned the above weird dirge, and many a good *sgeulachd* from an old woman known as *Catriona Neill Bhàin* (Macdonald?). For translation (with the exception of a few lines) see vol. iii. of *Review*, p. 248.

Sheinn mi 'n duan an ainm na Trianaid,
Bheannaich mi mi fein 's mo chiallain,
Theich bean bhàn na h-aodainn sgiamhaich,
Chuala mi caoineadh 'san iarmailt,
Chuala mi glaodhaich 'san lear iochdrach:
'Mo ghaol geal òg, mo Dhiarmaid,
Mise 'gam ghonadh 's 'gam shiochadh,
'S mi 'gad iarraidh 's 'gad shior-iargain,
Mo ghaol geal òg, mo Dhiarmaid,
O mo ghaol geal òg, mo Dhiarmaid.'

SUBMERGED CITIES

Professor H. H. Johnson

(*Continued from p.* 276.)

Vineta is a Slavish town, of which the submersion dates possibly from Danish invasion times.

Thuringia boasts a chasm, 'Troebeserloch,' near Troebes, on the Geba. A knight, his wife, and two sons lived there once. On the father's death, the sons could not agree as to the possession of a meadow. The mother then cursed the meadow, which became the frightful opening it now is.

Another yawning gulf at Seeba, near Bettelhausen, is apparently filled with marshy mud nowadays. This too was once a meadow.

How railways and engineers ruin everything! The Prince of Denmark is not to be allowed to sleep his last sleep in peace at Elsinore. The Zealand Railway must needs run over his grave.

Philæ Temple, in the Nile Island, is a swallowed shrine, submerged by the engineers of these isles of Britain. So, near Eisleben, a shaggy mountain close to Wimmelburg, called Hüneburg, is crossed by a railway. Here was once a brigand keep, whence sallied assassin chiefs who robbed and plundered. A monk passing one day, demanded a lodging, and was promptly killed. Before dying, however, he cursed the castle, which sank into the mountain. The watchman of the bandits

was cursed extra severely: he was to wander over the earth till delivered. Deliverance was to come only when a young, innocent girl spontaneously kissed him. He often roams about now as a dwarf—with an invisible cap. He has not had that kiss yet, but is always trying. Thus he attends weddings specially, and amuses the company. (In the East, too, a dwarf is a marriage desideratum, to make sport for the gay.) Another version says: One day he was at a miner's nuptials, and was particularly comical. Shortly after, the miner was entombed in his mine. The young wife was inconsolable. She thought of the dwarf, went to the mountain and, finding, begged him to go down the mine and seek her husband. As she was a pet of the dwarf's, he consented, discovered the miner half crushed by the weight that had fallen on him, and brought him to the pit-mouth. The rescued man's sister, in her transports of joy, rushed to rescued and rescuer and kissed them both, the dwarf on the neck. This was the destined kiss. He could now enter into his eternal rest. Before saying adieu for ever, he took his saviour into the mountain and showed her the castle and its whilom inhabitants, now petrified. 'So perish all brigands,' said he; then loaded her with presents, escorted her out of the mountain, and disappeared.

The success of the dwarf in working out his salvation and attaining *nirvana* gives this tale a *cachet* quite unique.

The Livonian Maalinn was a fine old town in the brave old days. The land around was good and the people courageous. Prince and people were friends. Foes always failed to take the town, though many envied it its prosperity. In the latter days came false foes, wolves in sheep's clothing, suddenly stealing on the people in piping days of peace, surprising and massacring the folk. The prince alone survived. He prayed heaven that, if success the foe must have, then their success might serve them not. And Heaven heard his prayer. In that same hour sank the city and land, water rising everywhere. Down went the town, and the foemen and the country round about. But Maalinn did not sink as low as

the neighbourhood. The water even retired, later, and a small isle (now crowned with a new town) marks the spot. The Devil had a country-seat at Burgberg, Wallhof, Courland. Near it was shallow water. The Fiend was on excellent terms with his neighbours, but never asked any one in to his villa.

One day he observed the people filling up the shallow water: indeed, they had almost ended when he remarked it. In his anger he smote the ground with his hoof, and his castle disappeared in the water, and will only be restored to sight when its satanic name is guessed aright. Once more the Celtic oak! Faith removes mountains; and so do curses, if uttered by an old woman in Posnania, on her way to church on St. John's Day, and if the edifice is too far to reach. This occurred, quite a long time ago, between Czarnickau and Dembe, to the hill now called Johannisberg. St. John's chapel bell rings up from the waters on the apostle's fête-day, at noon precisely—the Angelus, no doubt. (By the way, to resurrect a submerged city, castle, etc., thrice read the Psalm which praises the elevated site of the Holy City (lxxxvii.), without once turning round.)

Johannisberg bore an oak, no doubt such an old '*baga*' as Callimachus refers to in his Hymn to Jove, viz., the 'Sarônis'; cf. too, Max. Tyr. '*Dissert.*' viii. 8. It is at a distance of only a verst from the confluence of the Waddax and Windau that we find Rumsaberg, in Courland. There, one Whitsunday, a young man was keeping an eye on his horses when he heard the church choir of Grösen quite distinctly. Taking his book out of his pocket, he joined in the responses. Suddenly a maiden, all in white and with adorable blond locks, stood before him. 'Listen, my dear young man,' cried she; 'it is only once a century that I can show myself above ground. Many hundreds of years ago on this very hill was a magnificent castle. We and it are now swallowed up, and we live below, never to see the sunlight, unless you have pity on us. Sing Psalm lxxxvii. ("Jerusalem") in your book, circling the mountain thrice as you sing. So will the earth give up its swallowed folk.'

The young man, anxious to oblige, began in right good earnest, singing and marching round. After one circuit, he heard an abominable disturbance; after the second, such a din as took him off his legs. Collecting all his energy, he started off on the third round when, alas, he looked back! The château, almost half out of the ground already, sank deeper than ever.

Lake Ladnica, near Guesen and north of Pudewitz, in Posnania, has two islands. On the larger is a building in ruins, which dates back to King Mieczyslaus I. or earlier, and which was destroyed, perhaps in the wars between Poland and Bohemia. Here Boleslaus entertained the Emperor Otto III. after his pilgrimage to St. Adalbert's tomb. On the larger island, also, if country folk say true, rose once a fine castle, now swallowed up, treasures and all. There is, specially, a gold chair buried there. So there is at 'Cader Mynachdy,' not far from 'Nanner' (*i.e.* the 'Chair of the Monk-house,' not distant from the 'Nunnery'), near Cemmaes, Amlwch, Anglesey. Here Irish raids compelled the Monks to hide their treasures and golden chair in the 'Cader' ('Chair'), as it is still called,—an immense tract of farm land, notorious for smuggling formerly, and stretching well to the Holyhead end of Mona's Isle.

'Spectlo Mountain' is near Ihlen, Antz, Courland, and is well named. A beautiful girl walks there; the miraculous draught of fishes is re-enacted in the neighbouring lake; gold boxes have been fished up out of the water. No doubt another drowned château lies below.

The 'Dance Pool,' north of Mühlberg and near Niedersachs-Werfen, is so-called because the châtelain of the now drowned château refused, during a dance, to be disturbed by a beggar, whom he hurled down a precipice. Courland has a church, drowned by the Devil, near Behrshof, Christianshof.

The Legend of *Maes Gwyddneu* in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, with its pendants, will suitably close the series. I have already touched on a Scottish submersion, and may mention the Loughs Ree and Neagh traditions given in the

Leabhar na h-Uidhre [Book of the Dun (Cow)],[1] and in O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica* (i. 233, 265), for Irish examples. The Neagh story is given by Giraldus Cambrensis, *Topogr. Hyber.*[2] Principal Rhŷs has referred to these submersions time and again.[3] Maes Gwyddneu is identified with the *Gwaelod* country, the modern Cardigan Bay, if popular belief is true. This belief has it that Seithenin, Prince of Dyfed, the drunkard, forgot to close the sluices, submerging accordingly the states of Gwyddneu. So the *Mabinogion*. But more curious and ancient is the *Black Book* version. According to this, as in the Irish case, an enchanted spring is entrusted to a woman, Mererid, if the Rhŷs reading be adopted. (In the Irish tale, a horse makes a spring come up, and the spring makes a lake.)[4] There is a fool in the case, but doctors differ as to who is the idiot. 'Weak Intellect' is Kinran, says Princ. Rhŷs; Seithenin, claims Prof. Loth. Anyhow, 'Weak Intellect' was a blend of Noah and Cassandra. Fool and prophet, he predicted the inundation, and was naturally disbelieved, says the Breton commentator.

Princ. Rhŷs reads and translates as follows[5]:—

'Seithennin, stand thou forth
And see the vanguard of the main.
Gwyddno's plain has it covered.
Accursed be the maiden
Who let it loose after supper,
Well-cup-bearer of the mighty main.
Accursed be the damsel
Who let it loose after battle,
Well-minister of the high sea.
Mererid's cry from a city's height,
Even to God is it directed.
After pride comes a long pause.
Mererid's cry from a city's height to-day,
Even to God her expiation.

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[1] Fol. 99*a*-41*b*, according to Rhŷs.

[2] I. c. ix.

[3] *Celtic Folklore*, i. p. 381 *seq.*

[4] Principal Rhŷs has found the same legend in Wales. See below. It is classical also.

[5] *Celtic Folklore*, i. 384.

After pride comes reflexion.
Mererid's cry overcomes me to-night
Nor can I readily prosper.
After pride comes a fall.
Mererid's cry over strong wines,
Bounteous God has wrought it.
After excess comes privation.
Mererid's cry drives me to-night
From my chamber away.
After insolence comes long death.
Weak-witted Seithennin's grave is it
Between Kenedyr's Fort and the shores,
With majestic Mor's and Kynran's.'

Prof. Loth's translation is so different as to need giving separately.[1]

'Seithenhin, rise and go out; look at
The green line of battle of the waves;
The sea has re-covered the territory of Gwyddneu.
Accursed be the young girl
Who has loosed it, after complaint,
Cup-bearer of the fountain, the redoubtable sea;
Accursed be the young girl
Who has loosed it, after strife,
Cup-bearer of the fountain, the sterile sea.
Great cries of the madman rise from the height of the ramparts to-day;
They are uttered even unto God:
After arrogance, generally long disappearance.
Great cries of the madman rise from the height of the ramparts to-day;
Even unto God goes *deprecation*;
After arrogance, generally regrets.
Great cries of the madman prostrate me this night,
And it is difficult for me *to fly*!
After arrogance, generally fall.
Great cries of the madman rise from on a strong bay courser;
It is generous God Who has done it: [made it:]
After excess, generally want.

[1] 'La Légende de Maes Gwyddneu dans le Livre Noir de Carmarthen,' *Rev. Celtique*, xxiv.

Great cries of the madman chase me this night
From my room;
After arrogance, generally long disappearance.
The tomb of Seithenhin of the feeble intelligence (or,
rather, 'the proud')
Is between Caer Kenedr and the edge
Of the sea, Seithenhin magnificent and chief.'

So that, perhaps, the 'well-minister of the high sea' was not called Mererid, a Rhŷsian proper name, meaning 'agitation and noise of the waves,' according to the late Rev. Silvan Evans, and *fou*, according to Prof. Loth. 'Well-minister' should be 'Fountain of Venus,' says S. Evans. 'Mor' is a proper name in the first, and means 'sea' in the second, translation. The 'wines' of the Welshman become *bai* in the Breton; the former's 'supper' is the latter's '*plainte*.' To add to the gaiety of nations, a Liverpool newspaper, last St. Swithin's Day, gave the Saint's name as identical with either Seithenin's or Satan's. So we have a choice of texts and readings and sense. And far be it from me to say that any of them is right! M. de la Villemarqué thought Cap *Sizun* was connected with *seithun*, so that *Seithenhin feddw* (usually rendered 'Seithenhin the drunken') was, for the viscount, something like *sizuner mezo*, the 'weekly drunkard.'

What M. Loth reads as 'Gwyddneu,' Principal Rhŷs transliterates as 'Guyddno,' and the Principal's *Mabinogion* text, p. 150, under 'Rhonabwy's Dream,' refers to 'Elphin, vab Gwydno.'

The 'aided Echach maic Maireda in so,' and passages illustrating the Welsh legend are thus translated by Mr. Standish O'Grady:[1]

'This is the death of Eochaid, son of Mairid. . . . And here too there was a spring well. Over this Eochaid had a house made, with a flap to cover the well, and a woman to tend it continually. . . . But once on a time that the woman had not shut down the well, *linn muine*, or "the bramble-bush water,"[2] rose, and covered *liathmuine* above; there Eochaid

[1] *Silva Gadelica*, i.-xxxi., vol ii. p. 265, seqq.
[2] See *Celtic Review*, vol. iii. p. 191 (Oct. 1906).

was drowned with his children, all but Liban and Conaing, and Curnan the half-wit, from whom are the *dál m Buain* and the *dál Sailne*; which latter, indeed, ever and anon had foretold to them how that the loch would overrun them, saying: "Come ye, come ye, grasp edged tools and hew yon vessels out: with a grey flood *linn muine* shall whelm *liath-muine*; in the broad water Aire and Conaing shall be drowned; swim east and west, and up and down through every sea!"

'And this was true for him; for by the space of three hundred years Liban ranged the sea, with her lap-dog, in form of an otter, close after her, whichever way she went, and never parting from her at all.[1] Herself it was that to Beoan, son of Innle, when he caught her in his nets, told all her fortunes;[2] on which occasion she chanted these words which follow:—

'"Beneath *Loch n Echach* I have my dwelling now: high above me is the once solid surface, which troops of horses trod; under ships' rounded hulls is my appointed place; the wave it is my roof, the shore my wall." . . . This then was what most contributed to disperse the Ulidians throughout Ireland: the eruption of *Loch n Echach* or *Loch Neagh*, namely.

'After her baptism, another name was conferred on Liban: *muirghein* or "sea-birth," i.e. *gein mara*, or "birth of the sea." . . . Airiu, wife of Curnan, was drowned there, and he died of grief for her: hence *carn Curnáin*, or "Curnan's cairn," has its name, and that is the "invention of Curnan."

'Later, after a year's space, Liban[3] and her lap-dog became, respectively, a salmon and an otter. Singing under the sea, she is heard by Beoan mac Innle, returning from His Holiness Pope Gregory.

'At his request, she tells the tale of her metamorphosis,

[1] Cf. the Vergilian story of Nisus and Scylla: *Georg.*, I. 404, *Ciris*, 538-541.

[2] Cf. Hom. *Odyss.*, iv. 365, 385, etc.

[3] Eochaid's daughter, the salmon, is in Welsh *eog*. The Rennes *Dindsenchas* speaks of the salmon in Connla's well [cf. O'Curry, *Anc. Irish*, ii. 142-4] under the sea, chewing the fruit which makes them purple-bellied; cf. *purpureus capillus* of Nisus legend (note 2).

makes a tryst with him for that day year at *innbher Ollorba*, where she was duly taken in the net of Fergus from Meelick. On SS. Comgall, Beoan, and Fergus disputing to whom she belonged, an angel announces two stags' advent. They would carry her in the required direction: it was *tech Dabheoc*.[1] She elected to die then, and was baptized under one or more of these names: Muirghein, Muirgheilt, Fuinche.' [Might not 'Mererid' be another name for this polyonymous sainted virgin, through whom wonders and miracles are wrought?]

The above is from the Book of the Dun (Cow), a folio vellum MS. in the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson Street, Dublin, and the earliest non-ecclesiastical codex in Ireland. So Mr. Grady. He adds that the scribe was Maelmuire mac Conn *na mbocht* O'Ceilechar, murdered in 1106, by a gang of plunderers in Clanmacnoise great church. We still have 'the Dun,' thanks to the O'Donnells of Tirconall and the O'Conors, Sligo.

Fiachna's Sídh, in which we have Laeghaire mac Crimthann's visit to the fairy realm of Magh meall, or the 'Plains of Pleasure,' is 'a lacustrine story of regions beneath waters,' and taken from the Book of Lismore.

We come to the *gilla decair* and Dermot. 'To him' (after his prodigies of valour) 'enters now a burly wizard of great daring, and . . . impinges on him with a kick.' Dermot prepares to resent, but the sorcerer says he only means to take him to '*tir fo thuinn*.' There Dermot finds leeches for his wounds, wine, and women—white-toothed, rosy-cheeked, delicate-handed. The 'Wizard of the Well' (for so was named the kicker) demanded the history of the Feinn and the *gilla decair*. 'Then Dermot rehearsed to him from first to last' this tale of wonder.

Giraldus Cambrensis, the Welsh Sir John Maundeville, gives his version of the Lough Neagh legend as follows:—[2]

'There was in that land, which now the lake covers, a race most vicious from ancient times. . . . There had been, how-

[1] Note again, the *eog* ('salmon') termination.

[2] *Topogr. Hibern. Distinct.*, ii. chap. 9 (my trans. is literal).

ever, on the lips of the people a celebrated word, that, soon as a fountain of that land, which, of reverence shown it from barbarous superstition, had a cover and *signaculum*,[1] was left uncovered;—straightway the fount would gush with so great an inundation that it would at once deluge and destroy all that province and race. Now it happed that once a little woman went nigh the fountain for drawing (water): who, the vessel filled nor yet the fount sealed, to her wee little-one, whom she heard crying, placed not far thence, (she, its) mother, disturbed, ran quickly. And, because the people's voice is God's voice, hastening her return, she found the fountain overflowing with such gushing-forth that, as if with a particular or provincial flood, in an hour it submerged both herself with the boy and all that race and cattle. And when the waters' fertility already veiled all the face of that land, stagnant it made a permanent pool: as though the Author of Nature had judged unworthy not only of first, but also of all subsequent, inhabitants a land conscious of such disgraceful crimes. . . . Now the subject of this event is not improbable because, in fine weather, the fishers of that land descry clearly church towers, which, after the fashion of the fatherland are slim and tall, forby round also; and often show them to strangers passing and marvelling at the matter's fall [happening].' He proceeds to tell us of the Cities of the Plain, which I omit as being known to Bible readers, and after which Giraldus closes the chapter, to discuss gold-toothed fish; a disappearing island; the stones Merlin brought from Africa to Kildare; Scottish witches, in the form of hares, sucking cows (like hedgehogs now). Tighearnach (the Irish Nennius, p. 195) gives the date of Lough Neagh's submersion, A.D. 65-73.[2]

The Town of Aes. The song in Breton begins: 'What news in the town of Aes? Why so mad the youth? Why hear I *biniou, bombardes*, and harp? In the town no news. These revels are daily. In Aes town are but old things. These revels are nightly. . . . Aes, King Grallon's evil daughter, the fire of hell in her heart, *first head* of indiscipline, draws

[1] Seal.

[2] *Camb. Evers.*, ii. 254, 259, notes.

the town after her to ruin.' (The refrain will be noticed, a refrain as in the *Black Book* 'Gwaelod' Legend). Balls and noise were the rule, Aes leading all the maids, and noisy cavaliers being plentiful. One evening came a handsome 'red' chevalier, with gems finely dight. He and Aes became friends. In course of time he begged her to bring him the key of gold tied to her father's neck, and the sacrament and the holy church vases. The faithless daughter, while her sire slept, came on tiptoe and stole the key. Then the handsome chevalier and she opened the sluices, and the town was overwhelmed. It was the Devil who was the red chevalier, and he and his horse rode off on the engulfing waves, with Mephistophelean grin. Aes escaped for a while, being taken up on horseback by the king, whom the saintly prophet, the king's nephew, Gwenolé, had awaked and whom he stopped, eventually, from aiding her. He had often warned the king of the catastrophe, but in vain. These two are saved, but Aes becomes Mari-Morgan, a mermaid, or siren, with streaming sea-weed hair.

Her evil friend had made for her a glorious palace close to the sluices, the churches had been abandoned, and Aes had fine lips that confessed not the Nazarene. The last verse shows her as a Lorelei, and closes: 'Hush, 'tis saddest tale!'

Principal Rhŷs[1] gives *Ffynnon Grassi* (Grace's well) as the origin of Glasfryn Lake, Llangybi, again owing to not closing the well with its cover. Grassi still laments her stupidity. Others say she is now (or was) a swan. Principal and Mrs. Rhŷs stayed at Glasfryn, but heard and saw nothing of Grassi, otherwise Grâs. [Can it be that Grâs or Grassi is merely the eponymous heroine of Glasfryn (Grâsforwyn)? Glasfryn is 'green hill' and Grâsforwyn is 'maiden Grace.'] There is here also a Morgan, which the Principal connects with *Muirgen*, an *alias* of Liban, as we have seen. 'Mari-Morgan' (not '*Mary-Morgant*,' as the Principal writes) is the siren's name everywhere in Brittany, not only in Ouessant, as he thinks.

[1] *Celtic Folklore*, i. 36 F, seqq.

So Tegid lake is due to the omission of the lid-covering. To be engulfed are: Welshpool (Trallwm) and Bala and Carmarthen (Caer Fyrddin). Llyn Llech Wen (two syllables) has been caused by submersion, and, in some of its variants, the story of this resembles that of Lochs Ree and Neagh. Very arbitrary is the Principal's connexion of Llyn Llion[1] and Liban. In his second volume he gives us towns swallowed entirely and still under water, the famous wells of Aberdyfi, and (once more) the prophecy against Bala. His comparison of the Lough Sheelin and Seithennin (or *Gwaelod*, or *Maes Gwyddneu*) legends is very happy, also his quotation of Prof. Dawkins's *Lost Lands of Wales*. Prof. Dawkins showed from geology and the configuration of the coast how the now submerged estates of Seithenin the drunkard were once a forest fringing the main. The sea, too, has made its own a long track of land between Bangor and Conwy.

In concluding, I feel bound to draw attention to the very universal nature of whelmed cities, castles, chairs. Posen claims a huge percentage, but Celts cannot complain. Classical Rome and Greece swell the list, but here I have had no scope for quoting them. I should wish simply to accentuate the Irish salmon legend (note 1, page 50) in connexion with the Vergilian Nisus' hair: purple is the hue of each. *Eo*, *ehog* (*eog*), *esox* are the Erse, Welsh, and Gallo-Latin for *salmon* (or *pike*), and Eochaid is the salmon-maiden's sire. Nisus, King of Megara, was father of Scylla, who, like Aes, King Grallon's daughter, ruined everything. Scylla stole the purple lock, and Aes the golden key of the sluices. Nisus became a sea-eagle and Scylla a heron. The eagle pursues for ever the faithless heron. The purple-haired king and his daughter are themselves a 'purple-patch' of Virgil's *Georgics*, foisted in between owl and rooks. But then Maro was, above all, Celtic, and sad and legend-loving. A swan's is a natural form for a water-keeper to take. The Undine or Lorelei or Mermaid of the cities under water is attended, too, by the *afranc*, whether it be a beaver or whatever it may be. Principal Rhŷs does not

[1] Rhys's *Arthurian Legend*, p. 361.

decide. Anyhow, its name seems connected, of course, with the root for 'water,' *ap*, *ab*, *aw*, *af*. For plants, hazels are indispensable to their whelmed cities or towns. *Cyll* is Welsh for 'hazel,' and may be visible in the French-Breton name of the Penbont (Fr. *Painpont*) forest, Broceliande, written in various ways. It is, perhaps, Bro-cyll, simply; or *celyn* 'holly,' may be the tree.[1] Hence, as Mr. Andrew Lang suggests, whelmed cities, etc., have their *totems*. There is *tabu*, too. But these considerations open up an entirely different field.

GAISGEACH NA SGÉITHE DEIRGE

KENNETH MACLEOD

(*Continued from p.* 266.)

[Thog Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge air an so gu falbh, 's gabhar lorg a dha shùla chon a' chuain. Chuir e dà ghleann is dà mheall agus thog e giuthsach nan eun, nuair a ghiulain osag-thoisich na gaoithe osann d' a chridhe, agus chaidh stad 'na cheum. 'Is truime osann na eubh air mo chridhe,' ars' esan, 's e tilleadh. Faicear àilleagan nam ban 'na suidhe air a' chnoc mhaol bhuidhe.] 'Co aca 's fhearr leatsa fantainn an so, air an eilean so leat fhein, na falbh leamsa?' ars' esan ris an Ionmhainn. 'Is fhearr leamsa falbh leat fhein na le fir na h-uir-thalmhanta[2] gu leir,' ars' an Ionmhainn. Thog e leis i air fras-mhullach a ghuaille 's air uallach a dhroma, 's ghabh e gus an teine. Leum e thairis 's an Ionmhainn air a mhuin. Faicidh[3] e Ridire Chuirn is Ridire Chlaidhimh a' tighinn 'na chòdhail, agus boil is buaireas 'nan sùilean. 'Dé an gaisgeach mòr,' ars' iadsan, 'a bha as do dheigh an sid, agus a' thill nuair a chunnaic e ar leithidean-ne de dhà ghaisgeach a' tighinn?' 'So dhuibhse,' ars' esan, 'an Ionmhainn mhnatha so, agus tri fiaclan ur n-athar, agus ceann agus lamh agus cridhe an fhir a bhuail an dòrn air. Deanaibh fuireach

[1] See *Broceliande*: Rennes, 1839.

[2] *Fir cruinne no treathann fo 'n ghrein*, E.V.

[3] *Faiceas*, E.V.

beag, agus tillidh mise, 's cha 'n fhàg mi fuigheall sgeoil anns an eilean.' Ghabh e air falbh air ais, agus an ceann treis thug e sùil as a dheigh, 's faicear iadsan agus a' Bhreacach a' deanamh falach-cuain air. 'Marbhaisg[1] oirbh fhein!' ars' esan; 'sian fala m' ur sùilean! manadh ur crochaidh oirbh! m' fhagail an eilean leam fhein, gun duine shìol Adhaimh ann, 's gun fhios agam an nochd dé ni mi!' Ghabh e air aghaidh feadh an eilein, 's cha robh e faicinn tigh no tùrais an aite sam bith, iosal no àrd. [Bha dubhadh air a bhonnaibh agus tolladh air a bhròġan; neoil shìthe sheimhe an latha falbh, 's neoil dhubha ghruamach na h-oidhche tighinn, 's na h-eoin bheaga bhinne bhuchallach a' gabhail mu bhun nam preas 's mu bhàrr nan dos; 's ma bha, cha bu tàmh 's cha bu chlos dhasan e gus am faiceadh no 'n cluinneadh e cù no duine, laogh no leanabh.] Mu dheireadh chunnaic e seana chaisteal an iochdar an eilein, 's ghabh e d' a ionnsaidh. Chunnaic e tri oganaich a' tighinn gu trom, airtnealach, sgith chon a' chaisteil. Labhair e riutha ann am briathra fiosnacha, foisneacha, fior-ghlic, fior-eolais. Labhair iadsan an comain nam briathra ceudna. Thainig iad ann am briathra seanachais air a cheile; agus cò bha so ach a thriuir dhearbh chodhaltan. Ghabh iad a steach an deagh thoilinntinn air a' mhòr-bhaile.

'Thog iad ceol 's leag iad bròn,
Bha deochanna mine misgeach,
'S deochanna garga gachannach,
Beathanna saora socharach,
Eadar e fhein 's a chodhaltan;
Ceol eadar fhìdhlean leis an caidleadh fir ghointe 's mnatha-siubhla;
Searganaich a' sior-ghabhail le farum a' chiuil sin,
A bha siorachd gu sior-bhinn an oidhche sin,
['S na dorsan 'gan sior-dhùnadh air eagal 's gun teicheadh an ceol.]'

Chaidh iad a laighe. Anns a' mhadainn an la 'r na mhàireach dh' eirich e ann an deagh thoilinntinn 's ghabh e biadh. Dé chual e ach gliogarsaich arm, agus daoine dol 'nan éideadh. Cò bha so ach a chodhaltan. 'C' aite bheil sibh a' dol?' ars' esan riutha. 'Tha sinn o chionn latha 's bliadhna anns an eilean so,' ars' iadsan, 'a' cumail cogaidh ri Mac Dorcha Mac

[1] *Gonadh*, E.V.

Doilleir, 's ciad sluaigh aige, agus a h-uile h-aon a mharbhas sinn an diugh bidh e beo am maireach. Tha gheasan oirnn nach fhaod sinn so fhagail gu brath gus am marbh sinn iad.' 'Theid mise leibh an diugh; is fheairrde sibh mi,' ars' esan. 'Tha gheasan oirnn,' ars' iadsan, 'nach fhaod duine dhol leinn mur teid e ann leis fhein.' 'Fanadh sibhse stigh an diugh, agus theid mise ann leam fhein,' ars' esan. Thog e air falbh agus dh' amais e air sluagh Mhic Dorcha Mhic Doilleir, agus cha d' fhàg e ceann air colainn aca. Dh' amais e air Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir fhein, 's thuirt Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir ris, 'An tu so, a Ghaisgich na Sgéithe Deirge?' 'Is mi,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. 'Mata,' arsa Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir, 'cha 'n fhada sheasas tu dhomhsa.' An caraibh a cheile ghabh iad, 's bha iad a' cruaidh-leadairt a cheile gus an robh beul an ath-dhath 's an anmoich ann. [Dheanadh iad creagan de 'n bhogan agus bogan de 'n chreagan; na clachan beaga dol an iochdar 's na clachan mòra teachd an uachdar; an t-aite bu lugha rachadh iad fodha, rachadh iad fodha chon a' ghlùine, 's an t-aite bu mhotha rachadh iad fodha, rachadh iad fodha chon an sgròbain.] Mu dheireadh thug Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge an togail bheag, shunndach, shoilleir ud air Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir, 's chuir e foidhe e, 's thilg e dheth an ceann. Bha an so Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir marbh, 's a thri mic dheug, 's comhrag ciad air laimh gach fir diubh. Bha esan an so air a mhilleadh 's air a reubadh cho mòr 's nach b' urrainn e an àrach fhagail, 's cha d' rinn e ach e fhein a leigeadh 'na laighe measg nam marbh fad an latha. Bha tràigh mhòr fodha gu h-iosal, agus dé chual e ach an fhairge tighinn 'na caora teine teinteach—'na nathair bheumannaich —'na tarbh truid. Dh' amhairc e uaithe agus dé chunnaic e tighinn air tir air meadhon na traghad ach cailleach mhòr fhiaclach nach facas riamh a leithid. Bha an fhiacaill a b' fhaide 'na bata 'na dòrn, agus an te bu ghiorra 'na dealg[1] 'na h-uchd. Ghabh i nios gus an àraich, 's bha dithis eadar i agus esan. Chuir i a meur 'nam beul 's thug i beo iad, agus dh' eirich iad suas slan mar a b' fhearr a bha iad riamh.[2]

[1] *'Na deilg*, E.V.

[2] *Am feobhas neirt is slainte*, E.V.

Rainig i esan, 's chuir i a meur 'na bheul, agus sgath e dhith o 'n alt i. Bhuail i buille de bhàrr a coise air, agus thilg i thar seachd iomairean e. 'A bheadagain,' ars' ise, 'is tu am fear mu dheireadh a dh' ath-bheothaicheas mi 'san àraich.' Chrom a' chailleach air fear eile, agus bha esan an taobh shuas dith. Cha robh fhios aige ciamar a chuireadh e as do 'n chaillich. Smaointich e air an t-sleagh ghearr a bh' aig a mac a thilgeadh oirre, 's na 'n tuiteadh an ceann dith gum bu mhaith. Thilg e an t-sleagh 's chuir e an ceann de 'n chaillich.

Bha e an so 'na shìneadh air an àraich; fuil is féithean is feoil air an dochann, ach gun robh cnamhan slan aige. Dé mhothaich e ach cruitire-ciuil[1] feadh na h-àraich. 'Dé tha thu ag iarraidh?' ars' esan ris a' chruitire. 'Tha mi cinnteach gu bheil thu sgìth,' ars' an cruitire; 'thig a nios, 's cuir do cheann air an tulmsaig so, 's dean cadal.' Chaidh e suas agus laigh e. Tharraing e srann a' leigeadh air gun robh e 'na chadal. Air a bhonn a bha e gu brisg, ealamh, easgaidh. 'Tha thu bruadar,' ars' an cruitire ris. 'Tha,' ars' esan. 'Dé chunnaic thu?' ars' an cruitire. 'Cruitire-ciuil,' ars' esan, 'a' tarraing seana chlaidhimh mheirgich an los an ceann thoirt diom.' Rug e an so air a' chruitire-chiuil, 's chuir e eanchainn 'na cuibeanan teine trid cùl a chinn. Bha e an so fo gheasa nach marbhadh e cruitire-ciuil gu brath ach le chruit fhein.

Chual e an so caoineadh feadh na h-àraich. 'Cò sid?' ars' esan. 'Tha an so do thriuir dhearbh chodhaltan 'gad iarraidh o aite gu h-aite an diugh,' ars' iadsan. 'Tha mise am shìneadh an so,' ars' esan, 'agus fuil is féithean is cnamhan air an dochann.' 'Na 'm biodh againn an stòpan-iocshlaint[2] a th' aig a' chaillich mhòir, màthair Mhic Dorcha Mhic Doilleir, cha b' fhada bhiomaid 'gad leigheas,' ars' iadsan. 'Tha i fhein marbh shuas an sin,' ars' esan, 'agus cha 'n 'eil ni aice nach fhaod sibh fhaotainn.' 'Tha sinne as a geasan gu brath,' ars' iadsan. Thug iad a nuas an stòpan-iocshlaint, agus nigh is dh' fhailc iad e leis an rud a bh' anns an stòp. Dh' eirich

[1] This incident does not occur in E.V.

[2] *Cuach ubagach na cailliche mòire*, E.V.

e an sin suas cho slan fallain 's a bha e riamh. Chaidh e dhachaidh leo, agus chuir iad an oidhche seachad ann an deagh thoilinntinn. Chaidh iad a mach an la 'r na mhàireach ann an deagh thoilinntinn a dh' iomain. Chaidh esan ris an triuir, 's chuireadh e leth-bhair[1] sios agus leth-bhair suas a steach orra. Mhothaich iad do Mhacaibh mòr Mhacaibh an Domhain a' tighinn do 'n bhaile. B' e so an dearbh chodhalta[2] cuideachd. Chaidh iad a mach far an robh e, agus thuirt iad ris, 'Fhir mo ghaoil, seachainn sinne 's am baile an diugh.' 'Dé is coireach?' ars' esan. 'Tha Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge stigh, agus is tusa tha e 'g iarraidh,' ars' iadsan. 'Falbhadh sibhse dhachaidh, agus abraibh ris falbh agus teicheadh, air neo gun toir mise an ceann deth,' arsa Macaibh Mòr Mhacaibh an Domhain. Ged a bha so uaigneach mhothaich Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge dha, agus chaidh e mach air an taobh eile de 'n tigh, agus bhuail e beum-sgéithe agus fad-còmhraig. Ghabh an gaisgeach mòr a mach as a dheigh. Thoisich iad air a cheile :—

'Cha robh cleas a dheantadh le sgithich no le sgothaich,
No le disnein ghillean feall,
No le organ nam manach,
Nach deanadh na gaisgich;
Mar a bha cleas a' chleiteam, cleas an òigeam,
Ubhal a' chleasaiche 'ga thilgeadh 's 'ga cheapadh
An uchdannaibh a cheile,
Gu deisinneach, dasunnach,
Fuilteach, cneadhach, creuchdanta.
Toil-inntinn, toil-eadraiginn!
Chuireadh iad tri ditheannan dearga teine de 'n armaibh;
A' cailceadh, de 'n sgiathan, fal' agus feola
De 'n cneas agus de 'n caomh-cholainn,
'S iad a' cruaidh-leadairt a cheile.'[3]

'Nach amaideach thusa, Ghaisgich na Sgéithe Deirge, nuair tha thu cumail gleachd no cruaidh-chomhraig riumsa,' arsa Macaibh mòr Mhacaibh an Domhain. 'Ciamar sin?' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. 'Tha, nach 'eil gaisgeach

[1] *Leth-chluich*, E.V. [2] This relationship is not referred to in E.V.
[3] This 'run' is not in the E. V., but the first part of it occurs in another tale.

anns an domhan mhòr a mharbhas mise gus am buailear mi os cionn teach mo thriubhais,' arsa Macaibh mòr. 'A bhuaidh bheannachd sin duit 'ga innseadh dhomhsa! Na 'n innseadh tu sin domh o chionn fada, is fhada o 'n sgriob mi an ceann diot,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. 'Tha sin barrachd agus is urrainn thu dheanamh. Tha tri fiaclan an righ ann am phòca, agus feuch an tusa bheir as iad,' arsa Macaibh mor. Nuair a chuala Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge c' àit an robh bàs Mhacaibh mhòir, bha dà bhuille aige air a thoirt seachad mu 'n bhuille, dà shathadh mu 'n t-sathadh, dà fhriochdadh mu 'n fhriochdadh, 's bha 'n treas aon anns an talamh, gus an do chladhaich e toll. Leum e an sin an comhair a chùil. Leum an gaisgeach mòr d' a ionnsaidh, 's cha tug e an aire do 'n toll, agus chaidh e sios ann gu teach an triubhais. Rainig esan air an so agus thilg e dheth an ceann. Chuir e lamh 'na phòca, 's fhuair e tri fiaclan an righ ann, 's thug e leis iad, agus rainig e an caisteal.

[Bha chodhaltan a' gleusadh chlàr is chruit, agus fios aca gun robh iad a nis saor o gheasa dhraoidh 's o ghuin daoidh. 'Fàilt ort, a Ghaisgich na Sgéithe Deirge,' ars' iadsan, 'bhiomaid 'gad chùl-chaineadh na 'm biodh tu na b' fhaide gun tighinn.' 'Cùl-chainnt na h-ionndrainn, cha chùl-chainnt idir i,' ars' esan; 'ach eadar dha sgeul 's eadar dha bheul a' chlobha, tha gnothach beag agam thall an Eirinn, agus bhithinn fada 'nur comain na 'n deanadh sibh saod domh air an eilean fhàgail.'] 'Cha 'n 'eil saod againne,' ars' iadsan, 'air am fàg thu e; ach fan leinn fhein gu brath, 's cha bhi dìth bìdh no dibhe ort.' 'Cha bhi chùis mar sin; ach mur dean sibh saod air mo leigeadh air falbh, [is e bhios ann gum feum mi cleas nan ròn a dheanamh,' ars' esan [1]]. 'Tha curachan [2] a bh' aig do mhuime 's aig t-oide an so, agus cuiridh sinn leat i gus an teid thu air tir an Eirinn. [Cha 'n iarr i seol no stiuir ach rùn do chridhe fhein, agus bidh siubhalsìthe aice eadhon ri sìde nan seachd sian.] An taobh a

[1] A few words of the C.V. are omitted here; also on p. 354.

[2] *'Cha 'n 'eil againn,' ars' iadsan, 'ach coite bheag a bh' aig do mhuime 's aig t-oide, agus is e làn dì do bheatha a toirt leat a nunn a dh' Eirinn.'* E.V.

chuireas tu h-aghaidh fàlbhaidh i leat, agus tillidh i air a h-ais a rithist leatha fhein [mar thilleas an fhaoileann do chladach a h-eolais]. Agus tha 'n so tri chalamain[1] 's cumaidh iad àirdeachd riut air an rathad,' arsa chodhaltan ris. [Dh' fhàg Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge an so beannachd na caoimhe 's na caime aig a chodhaltan agus chuir iadsan uisg an easain air a dhos-san los nach eireadh beud no dochair dha a latha no dh' oidhche, agus bhòidich is bhriathraich iad 'nan ceathrar nach leigeadh iad cach-a-cheile air di-chuimhn gu bràth.] Chuir esan an sin an curachan a mach, 's shuidh e innte, 's cha d' rinn e stad no fois gus an deachaidh e air tir an Eirinn.[2] Thionntaidh e h-aghaidh a mach, 's ma bha i luath tighinn, bha i na bu luaithe tilleadh. Leig e air falbh na tri chalamain a' fagail na h-eathaire.[3] Bha duilichinn air gun do leig e air falbh iad leis cho boidheach 's a bha 'n ceol a bha aca.

[Bha an oidhche ann a nis agus ghabh esan lorg na lacha o 'n chuan 's rinn e calg-dhireach air solus beag biorach a chunnaic e eadar beinn is machair. Ghearr e an fhead chaol chruinn chruaidh a bh' aig Caoilte, agus cò thainig a mach 'na choinnimh ach Gruagach nan Cumha. 'Fàilt ort, a Ghaisgich na Sgéithe Deirge,' ars' esan, 'dh' aithnichinn do cheann air cladach agus t-fhead ri feath nan eun fionn—ach c' àite bheil laogh mo chridhe, ailleagan nam ban?' Dh' innis Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge dha gach ni mar a thachair, agus bhòidich iad le cheile an seasamh nam bonn, nach itheadh iad biadh, nach òladh iad deoch, nach eisdeadh iad ceol, gus an ruigeadh iad Righ na h-Eireann agus an reiticheadh iad cùisean 'na làthair. 'Bha mi fhein fo gheasa roimhe so,' arsa Gruagach nan Cumha, 'nach rachainn thar cuan dh' fhios mo nighinn, ach shiubhlainn a nis coig coigeadh na h-Eireann cas-ruisgte ri sneachda 's ri gaillinn, agus cha mhaoidhinn oirre gu bràth e ach mi 'ga faotainn an deireadh sgeoil.' Thog iad orra le

[1] This characteristic touch is not found in the E.V.

[2] *Chuir e an sin a mach a' choite, 's am prioba suil tuirc bha i thar a' chuan 's a taobh sinte ri laimhrig baintighearna thall an Eirinn. Chaidh esan air tir 's thug e toiseach na coite do muir, 's ma bha i luath tighinn bha i sheachd luaithead a' tilleadh.* E.V.

[3] The *h-eilthire* of the C.V. is evidently a misprint.

cheile, agus ma bha an t-astar buan bu bhuaine na sin ceolagraich Ghruagaich nan Cumha agus beolagraich Ghaisgich na Sgéithe Deirge.]

Bha abhainn mhòr eadar iad agus tigh an righ. Nuair a rainig iad an abhainn, chunnaic iad duine liath[1] tighinn 'na dheann, agus e glaodhaich, 'A dhaoin-uaisle, fanaibh thall, gus an toir mise nall air mo mhuin sibh, mu 'm fliuch sibh sibh fhein.' 'A dhuine bhochd, is cosmhuil gur h-ann ad phortair air an abhainn a tha thu,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. ''S ann,' ars' an seann duine liath. 'Agus dé chuir ann thu?' ars' esan. 'Innsidh mi sin duibh,' ars' an seann duine liath. 'Bhuail gaisgeach mòr dorn air righ Eireann, 's chuir e tri fiaclan as, agus dh' fhalbh a dhà mhac a thoirt a mach dioghlaidh. Dh' fhalbh balachan òg amaideach a bu mhac dhomhsa leotha, agus nuair a chaidh iadsan air thapadh chaidh esan air mhi-thapadh. Bu shuarach an dioghaltas leo mise chur am phortair air an abhainn air a shon.' 'A dhuine bhochd,' ars' esan, 'cha 'n athais sin. Mu 'm fàg mis am baile bidh thusa gu maith.' Rug e air 's thog e leis e, agus chuir e 'na shuidhe anns a' chathair a bha ri gualainn an righ e. 'Cha 'n 'eil annad ach duine mi-mhodhail a thainig do 'n bhaile. Chuir thu am bodach sin 'na shuidhe ri gualainn m' athar, 's cha 'n fhaigh thu leat e,' arsa Ridire Chuirn, 's e 'g eirigh agus a' breith air. 'Air mo laimh-sa, 's air mo dhà laimh a shaoradh, gum bu cho maith dhuit breith air Cnoc Leothaid agus breith ormsa,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge ris, 's e 'ga leagadh ris an talamh. Chuir e ceangal nan tri chaoil air gu daor agus gu docair. Bhuail e buille de bhàrr a choise air, 's thilg e thar nan seachd sparrannan a b' àirde bh' anns a' chùirt e, fo shileadh nan lòchran 's fo chasan nan con mòr. Rinn e leithid eile air Ridire Chlaidhimh, agus rinn an Ionmhainn gàire. 'Marbhaisg ort fhein,' ars' an righ rithe, 'tha thu o chionn bliadhna air chomh-biadh, air chomh-deoch rium, 's cha 'n fhaca mi gean no gàire agad 'ga dheanamh gus a bheil mo mhic air am maslachadh.' 'O righ,' ars' ise, 'tha fios mo riasain agam fhein.'

[1] This incident does not occur in E.V.

'Dé, a righ, an sgreadail 's an sgreuchail[1] a tha mi cluinntinn o 'n thainig mi do 'n bhaile; cha d' fhuair mi fhaighneachd gus an so,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. 'Tha, tri fiaclan eich aig mo mhic 'gan sparradh am cheann o chionn bliadhna le òrd, gus a bheil mo cheann air dol roimhe chéile le bristeadh cridhe 's le cràdh 's le dòruinn,' ars' an righ. 'Dé bheireadh tusa do dhuine chuireadh ann ad cheann t' fhiaclan fhein gun neimh gun dòruinn?' ars' esan. 'Leth mo staid fhad 's a bhithinn beo, 's mo staid air fad nuair a dh' fhalbhainn,' ars' an righ. ['Is motha an ceannach t' éiginn,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge, agus e breith air pìos loma-lan de 'n fhìon, 's a' cur nan tri fiaclan innte. Cha bu luaithe rinn na chaidh gach ni trulainn; leum an righ bharr na cathrach; dh' atharraich Ridire Chuirn is Ridire Chlaidhimh na tri dathan; thainig sac is gàire air àilleagan nam ban. 'A righ na h-Eireann,' arsa Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge, 'nach òl thu deoch-slàinte nan saoidh agus deoch-nàire nan daoidh?'] Dh' òl an righ an deoch, 's chaidh fhiaclan fhein 'na cheann gu laidir daingeann, a cheart cho maith 's a bha iad riamh, 's a h-uile te 'na h-àite fhein. 'Aha!' ars' an righ,[2] 'tha mis aig socair. Is tusa rinn an tapadh, 's cha b' e mo chuid mhac-sa.' 'Is e,' ars' an Ion-

[1] *Nuair a rainig iad (Gruagach nan Cumha agus Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge) caisteal Righ na h-Eireann, dé chual iad ach sgreadail agus sgreuchail uamhasach, mar gum biodh còcaire caomh ruadh na feola aig 'obair. Dh' fhaighnich iad de 'n chleasaiche, 's e air tachairt riu 'san dorus, dé bha cearr. 'Tha,' ars' esan, 'dithis mhac an righ a' sparradh tri fiaclan eich 'na cheann le òrd, agus iad a' mathachadh air gur leis fhein a tha iad.* E.V.

[2] *'Aha!' ars' an righ, 'dearbhaidh an fhìrinn i fhein; tha mis aig socair; is tusa, Ghaisgich na Sgéithe Deirge, a chaidh air thapadh 's cha b' e mo chuid mhac-sa.' 'Dh' fhalbh na sùilean geala!' ars' àilleagan nam ban. 'Is e mo bhràth-sa,' ars' an righ, 'gun dean na gillean bearradh eoin is amadain air Ridire Chuirn 's air Ridire Chlaidhimh agus gun sguabar a mach as a' bhaile iad.' 'Nar biodh a' chùis mar sin idir, a Righ na h-Eireann,' arsa Gruagach nan Cumha, 'ach thoir dhomhsa do dhithis mhac 's cha chuirinn mo gheall nach faod iad seasamh air cnoc àrd fathast.' Dh' aontaich an righ so a dheanamh, agus gun dàil thogadh ceol is leagadh bròn, 's chaidh na deochanna mine misgeach mu 'n cuairt. Phòs Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge agus àilleagan nam ban, agus rinneadh banais a mhair seachd latha na seachdainn, 's mur b' fhearr an latha mu dheireadh dith cha 'n e idir bu mhiosa. Cha 'n fhaca mi aon seach aon de 'n chuideachd o 'n latha sin fhein—ach ghuidh is ghrios mi riamh beannachd an Dàin 's an Dòmhnaich a bhi 'nan luib 's 'nan siubhal.* E.V.

mhainn, 'a b' urrainn an tapadh a dheanamh, 's cha b' e do chuid mhac leibideach-sa, a bhiodh 'nan sìneadh an siùrra feamann nuair a bhiodh esan a' dol air ghaisge.' 'Cha 'n ith mi biadh 's cha 'n òl mi deoch,' ars' an righ, 'gus am faic mi mo dhà mhac 'gan losgadh am màireach. Cuiridh mi feadhainn a dh' iarraidh cuallan glas-daraich airson an losgadh.'

Anns a' mhadainn an la 'r na mhàireach cò bu mhuiche bha air a ghlùn aig leabaidh an righ ach Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. 'Eirich as an sin, a Ghaisgich; dé 'n aon ni bhiodh tu ag iarraidh nach faigheadh tu!' ars' an righ. 'Is e an rud a tha mi ag iarraidh, do dhà mhac a leigeadh air falbh; cha 'n urrainn mi bhi an aon aite am faic mi 'gam milleadh iad,' ars' esan; 'b' fhearr bearradh eoin is amadain a dheanamh orra, agus an leigeadh air falbh.' Thoilich an righ sid a dheanamh. Rinneadh bearradh eoin is amadain orra. Chuireadh a mach as an àit iad, 's coin is geocaich baile-mhòir as an deigh. Phòs agus chòrd an Ionmhainn agus Gaisgeach na Sgéithe Deirge. Rinneadh banais a mhair latha 's bliadhna, agus bha an latha mu dheireadh dith cho maith ris a' chiad latha.

[*A' Chrioch.*]

NOTES ON GAISGEACH NA SGÉITHE DEIRGE

[These notes are founded to a large extent on suggestions made by Professor Mackinnon, partly in the Celtic Class and partly in the course of some correspondence which I have had with him on the subject. Doubtless some errors have crept in, due to lapses of memory on my part and to my meagre knowledge of old Gaelic.—K. M.]

P. 257 (First 'run')

Ruitheanna.—The 'runs' or quasi-rhymes of the tales; very probably the poetical forms which the Gael used before he acquired a knowledge of verse or metre or rhyme, as we now understand these terms.

A variant of this 'run' is found in *W. H. Tales*, vol. i. p. 302, beginning: *Sheinneadh iad puirt agus uirt agus orgain.*

Uirt.—The association of *uirt* with *orgain* in the 'Campbell' version might suggest that this unknown word may be *uird*, the plural of *ord* (Latin *ordo*), *t* being substituted for *d* under the influence of *puirt*. In such case *uirt* might be translated 'chants.'

Aoig is ainn.—Probably the plural of *aog* and [*f*]*ann*. The adjective, when used as a noun, declines as a noun—*cf. na mairbh, na big*, etc. Here perhaps the phrase = '(The) dead (or dying) and feeble round about them.'

P. 258

Slogaidh (first 'run').—A word applied to the motions of a serpent; hence, as applied to music, twining and coiling round the heart. The dictionaries do not give this use of the word, while in the *W. H. Tales* it is translated 'calming.'

Mar churaidh air tir nan sleibhte (second 'run').—This has been inadvertently substituted in the text for *mar a bu churaidh*, etc., which is the correct reading and forms a sort of introduction to the 'run': 'How he looked as a hero,' etc. (cf. *Mar a bha leine 'n t-srol*, etc., introducing 'run,' *A chòtan caomh cotain*, etc., p. 264); and then follows a vivid description of how he did look:—

Mar reul air na rionnagan,
Mar mhuir mòr air lodannan, etc.

In these two lines *air* means 'as compared with,' not 'over,' as rendered in *W. H. Tales*. Another instance of this use of *air* is found in the proverb, *Tùr air tigh, fuil air geir*—'as tower compares with house, so blood compares with tallow,' i.e. mere wealth.

Gual guibhne gobha (second 'run').—Possibly *guibhne* is an old disused form preserved by the reciters beside the living form (cf. *na tri tiura poga* in Mr. Carmichael's *Deirdire*, pp. 8 and 56). There may have been a *gobhann*, *goibhne* (*guibhne*), like *abhann*, *aibhne*, as well as a *gobha*, *gobhann*, like ab(h)a, ab(h)ann. The abstract *goibhneachd* is formed upon *goibhne* (*guibhne*).

P. 259

Cam-lorg nan liath-chearc (line 17).—The same idea occurs in the proverb, *Am fear nach gabh comhairle, gabhaidh e cam-lorg*—'Who taketh not advice taketh a crooked path.' The *liath-chearc*, the heath-hen, is one of the birds of ill-omen. *Am faca tu an liath-chearc an raoir?* is said to a person who looks pale and worried.

An dubh-chapull (line 22).—According to the reciter, *eagal beath is bàis a chur air neach*. In Nicolson's *Proverbs* (p. 145) it is given as 'a Lochaber phrase of unknown origin. It used to be the practice at weddings to have a pleasant competition in singing between *Dà thaobh an t-sabhail*, the two sides of the barn—often the bride's friends against the bridegroom's. The side that held out longest would then say to the others, *An dubh-chapaill oirbh!*' If the phrase has anything to do with *capull*, 'mare,' it is worth noting that in *Frith Mhoire* to see a black mare denotes sorrow or any danger short of death (see *Trans. Gael. Soc. of Inverness*, xviii. pp. 106-8).

P. 260

Eilean-na-Fiacais (foot of page).—*Fiacais*, in the conversational Gaelic of Eigg and Uist, is the retort more or less courteous to inquisitive folk. *C' àit an robh thu?—Bha, air cùl na Fiacais. Dé th' agad an sin?—Tha, greim de'n Fhiacais.* Possibly the following extract from an Eigg tale may throw some light on the word: '*Dé tha thu reic?*' *ars' an righ ri Giullagan.* '*Tha, fichead chon,*' *arsa Giullagan.* '*Thoir am ionnsaidh an so,*' *ars' an righ,* '*roghadh is taghadh do bharra.*' *Falbhar is beirear sin d' a ionnsaidh.* '*C' ainm th' air a' choin so?*' *ars' an righ.* '*Tha, Fios,*' *arsa Giullagan.* '*Cò bu mhàthair da?*' *ars' an righ.* '*Iarrtus,*' *arsa Giullagan.* '*C' àit an do lorgaich thu e?*' *ars' an righ.* '*An Eilean-na-Fiacais,*' *arsa Giullagan.* ''*S a bheil Fios Fithich aige?*' *ars' an righ.* '*Tha, gu bhiadh 's gu fiadh,*' *arsa Giullagan.*

Baobach (note 1).—A mild imprecation: 'Folly on him!'

Iochd ar n-achd (note 2).—'Willy-nilly.' The nasal after *ar* (*iar*) is interesting; cf. *uidh iar n-uidh*, and *la iar n-a mhaireach*.

P. 261

Sgò (line 25).—A stray cloud (Eigg and Skye).

P. 262

'Na ghlag-paiseanaidh (line 5).—'In a dead faint.' In E.V. *'na ghlag-starraidh*—to fall on one's back with a crash.

Thomhais e leum, etc. (line 23).—The feat described here is perhaps the one still practised by Highland schoolboys in climbing a tree; standing on tiptoe they touch a certain branch with the end of their *caman* and then spring up to get a grip of the place so marked out; this is called *a' tomhas leuma*.

P. 263

Seach gun iarradh iad i (line 7).—'Seeing that they would look for her.' In addition to its use as prep. and adv., *seach* is used as a conj. in two ways: (1) as above; (2) *seach iad 'ga h-iarraidh*—'rather than that they should look for her.' Cf. the idiomatic use of *ach*: e.g. *ach iad 'ga h-iarraidh*—'if only they would look for her.'

P. 264

Dala-chrann arain (line 21).—This phrase is explained by the *dara-chrann aoirein* ('a ploughman's second-plough') of the E.V. The 'first' plough merely skinned the soil; the 'second' made the furrow the necessary depth.

Dachaidh-càin (line 26).—A quiet resting-place (*dachaidh-caoin*?)

P. 265

Fad finn fann foinn na gealaich (line 4).—Though *finn* (especially with the long accent) is doubtful, yet the meaning of the phrase seems clear enough—'throughout the beautiful dim light of the moon.' Cf. the conversational phrase: *fad finn foinneach* (and *fuainneach*) *an latha*.

P. 266

Thug òrdag a choise sanas, etc. (line 9).—'The toe of his foot gave a hint or whisper to (struck) the root of his ear.' A graphic picture of the violence of the throw. He was not only thrown on his back, but his feet flew up in the air and his head so far rebounded that toe and ear met.

P. 346

Lorg a dha shùla (line 2).—To guide oneself by landmarks—in this case, *dà mheall is dà ghleann* and *giuthsach nan eun*, 'the fir-wood of the birds.'

Fir na h-uir-thalmhanta (line 10).—The *uir* here is the intensive particle *air* (as in *uirsgeul*), not *ùir*, earth, as written in *W. H. Tales*. The E. V. gives *fir cruinne no treathann*, the last word being evidently the genitive of the old word *triath*, the sea, now obsolete in Scots Gaelic.

Faicidh e (line 13).—An interesting survival of the old 3rd per. sing. pres. ind. active, which has become the future tense in modern Gaelic.

P. 347

Falach-cuain (line 4).—The seaside phrase for 'hide-and-seek,' the in-country equivalent being *car-mu-chnoc* (*thug e car-mu-chnoc asda* and *rinn e car-mu-chnoc orra*). 'Hide-and-seek as a school game is known in the West as *falach-fead*.

Gachannach ('run').—'Harsh'—still applied in Eigg to a drink strong enough to make one gasp.

Sioraehd ('run').—Evidently the *sirecht, sirechta, sirechtach* of the old language—'melodious,' 'plaintive.' In *W. H. Tales* the word is confused with *siorruidh*, 'everlasting.'

P. 348

Tarbh-truid (line 30).—'A furious bull.' *Truid* is the gen. of *trod*, 'fight,' in modern Gaelic 'scolding.' Cf. the use of *cogadh* in the phrase, *a' cogadh air an leanabh*, 'teasing the child.'

P. 350

Macaibh mòr Mhacaibh an Domhain.—Macaibh mòr is a favourite character (or rather giant) in Gaelic tales; he is probably the *Macaomh*, 'youth,' of the older language. The word *macaomh*, 'youth,' also occurs in Mary Macleod's poems, where it is mis-written (*nam*) *macaibh* (*'s nam maighdeann*).

Bhuail s beum-sgéithe agus fad-còmhraig (line 16).—Literally, 'He struck a shield-blow and a fight-sod'—evidently a technical phrase meaning a challenge to the other man to fight. *Fàd* (=*fòd, fòid*), 'turf,' 'sod,' would, of course, lose its quantity when qualified by *còmhraig*; hence the *fad-còmhraig* of above; cf. ma(tha)ir-chéile.

Cha robh cleas, etc.—The first seven lines of this 'run' should be read in the light of the following, which occurs in another Eigg tale:—

Cha robh cleas a dheanadh sgiotaiche no sgoitiche
Le dìmsin ghillean-feall,
No le organ nam manach,
No le oileam nam damhach, [dannach.
Nach deanadh an gaisgeach;
Cleasa dìse, cleasa fise,
Cleasa frise, cleasa gise,
Cleasa doilbhe doilleire,
Cleasa cleiteam cleasach an ògam.

Which may (tentatively) be translated thus:—

'Never a trick that gamester or juggler could do
With sharpers' dice,
Or organ of the monks,
Or art of the schoolmen,
But the hero could do;
Dazzling tricks, artful tricks,
Psychic tricks, magic tricks,
Weird mystical tricks,
The cunning occult tricks of the "ogam."'

The *sgithich* and *sgothaich* of the C.V. (translated 'shield man' and 'skiff man' in *W. H. Tales*) are perhaps corrupted forms of *sgiotaiche* and *sgoitiche*. Cf. *sgiot*, 'game, gibe' (O'Reilly)—'dart, arrow' (Dinneen); *sgoitiche*, 'mountebank' (O'Reilly)—*Tha scot agam ort*, 'I have capped your witticism' (Island of Lewis). Possibly, too, the Colonsay *cleas a' chleiteam, cleas an òigeam* and the Eigg *cleas cleiteam cleasach an ògam* mean 'the cunning occult tricks of the "ogam."' Have we here a reference to the Ogham inscriptions?

Chuireadh iad tri ditheannan, etc. (last four lines of 'run').—These lines, as written by Mr. Hector Maclean in *W. H. Tales*, seem defective; they are explained,

however, by the following passage from *Fled Bricrend* (p. 14): '*Immanesoirg dóib co m-bo nem tened indala leth dind rig thig lasna claidbi ocus la fébra na n-gái, ocus co m-bo énlaith glegel alleth n-aile di cailc na sciath*'—'They hewed at one another until the half of the palace was an atmosphere (blaze) of fire with the (clash of) swords and edge of spears, while the other half was (like) a bright white sheet (bird-flock?) from the enamel (chalk) of the shields.' From this passage it may be inferred that *a' cailceadh* in the Colonsay 'run' is not the verb but the noun (the *n* of the article disappearing before the *c*), and that *fal'* and *feola* are due to the mistaken idea that they are governed by *a' cailceadh*. In such case the reading should be:—

Chuireadh iad tri ditheannan dearga teine de 'n armaibh,
An cailceadh de 'n sgiathan, fuil agus feoil
De 'n cneas agus de 'n caomh-cholainn,
'S iad a' cruaidh-leadairt a cheile.

'They would shed three red peelings (or showers?) of fire from their armour,
The enamel from their shields, blood and flesh
From their skins and their fair bodies,
As they belaboured each other.'

Cuach ubagach (note 2, p. 349).—'Charmed cup'; *ubag, obag, ubaidh, obaidh* (Irish *upaidh*, Manx *obbes*)='charm, incantation.'

P. 351

Eadar dha sgeul is eadar dha bheul a' chlobha (line 23).—'By the way and between ourselves.'

P. 352

Cumaidh iad àirdeachd riut (line 4).—'They will make a course for thee'; in *W. H. Tales* mistranslated, 'They will keep company with thee.'

Beannachd na caoimhe's na caime (line 5).—'The blessing of friendship and the sanctuary'—a common form of farewell in some of the northern isles.

Uisg an easain air a dhos (line 6).—A charm to preserve one from danger, especially at sea. In one of the old ballads the lines occur:—

Uisg an easain air mo dhos,
Cha laigh roead orm a chaoidh.

Have we here a suggestion of baptism or the use of holy water? Or does it refer to the old custom of sprinkling oneself with water taken from a holy well?

An fhead chaol . . . a bh' aig Caoilte (line 19).—Caoilte's whistle could be heard *na b' fhaide na ruitheadh e fhein o mhoch gu dubh*. Trotternish (Skye) children still learn the rhyme:—

Ciad soraidh leis na faochagan,
Lamh sgaoilte leis na bàirnich,
Chualas fead chaol chruinn chruaidh Chaoilte
Air taobh tuath Loinneachain.

The *Feinne* were evidently being delivered from the shell-fish *eiginn* at the time.

Feath nan eun fionn (line 23).—Here a euphemism for a hurricane; in some districts the phrase means a perfect calm, the *feath geal* of the sea-folk, the *feath dubh* of the hill-folk.

Laimhrig baintighearna (note 2).—An easy landing-place. *Laimhrig* (pronounced *lamrig, lamarig*, in the isles) is applied to a natural pier; evidently the Norse *hlaðhamarr + vik*.

P. 354

Ceannach (line 10).—Here 'bribe, reward.'

Trulainn (line 13).—'Topsy-turvy.'

A' mathachadh air (note 1).—'To make it good upon him' (*i.e.* to insist on his believing).

Dh' fhalbh na suilean geala (note 2).—'The blindness has gone.' *Nach ann agam bha na suilean geala*—'Wasn't I stupid!'

Beannachd an Dàin 's an Dòmhnaich (note 2).—A common ending for tales in Eigg; a shrewd man's wish, to have both fate and Heaven, paganism and Christianity on his side.

P. 355

Siùrra feamann (line 2).—The wrack along the water-mark—mistranslated 'seaweed seekers' in *W. H. Tales.*

Bearradh eòin is amadain (line 13).—'This phrase is explained to mean clipping the hair and beard off one side of the head. The idea is taken from clipping one wing of a bird, and the punishment was probably inflicted at some period, for the phrase occurs several times in Gaelic tales.'—*W. H. Tales.*

THE CORNISH DRAMA[1]

HENRY JENNER

WITH the exception of a poem of about 2000 lines on the Passion of Christ, written in the fifteenth century, the whole of the real literature of the Cornish language consists of religious dramas. There are, it is true, several songs, epigrams, epitaphs and proverbs, and one story in prose, but these belong to the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and most, if not all of them, were composed by men whose real language was English, though in some cases they knew the broken-down Cornish of the period very well. There is also a fragment of 41 lines of verse, which I discovered many years ago on the back of a deed of 1340 in the British Museum. This fragment, which seems by the writing to be of about 1400, may be part of a drama, and I am inclined to think that it is, but there is not enough to be quite certain.

The existing complete dramas are:—

1. The trilogy known as the *Ordinalia*, consisting of:

a. Origo Mundi, which begins with the Creation of the

[1] A lecture delivered before the Celtic Union, Edinburgh, 31st March 1906.

World, the Fall of Man, Cain and Abel and the Deluge, and goes on to the story of the temptation of Abraham, the story of Moses, and of David and Bathsheba, and ends with the building of Solomon's Temple. It consists of 2846 lines of verse, generally of seven syllables, but sometimes of four syllables to a line.

b. Passio Domini, which represents the Temptation of Christ, and the events from the Entry into Jerusalem to the Entombment. It consists of 3242 lines of verse of the same sort as the first.

c. Resurrectio Domini, which gives the story of the Harrowing of Hell, the imprisonment of Joseph and Nicodemus, the Resurrection and the meeting of Christ and His Mother, and the events between the Resurrection and the Ascension, with which it ends. Interpolated in the middle is the Legend of St. Veronica and Tiberius and the Death of Pilate. It consists of 2646 lines of verse.

Running through these, but especially detailed in the first, is the old legend of the origin of the Wood of the Cross.

The legend in its ordinary form is this. When Adam fell, the Father promised him the Oil of Mercy which should deliver him from death, and when he was dying, he sent his son Seth to the Gates of Paradise to ask for it. The angel let him look into Paradise and there he saw the Tree of Knowledge, withered and dead, with a dead serpent twined round it, and its roots in Hell, and the Tree of Life, bright and green with living fruit upon it, its top reaching to Heaven, and in its branches a Maiden with a Child in Her arms. The angel gave to Seth three pips from the fruit of the Tree of Life, telling him to put them into his father's mouth and nostrils when he was dead. Seth returned and did as he was directed, and in process of time the three seeds grew into three small trees. Abraham took some of the wood for the sacrifice of Isaac, Moses took some for his rod, and, when, to symbolise the mystery of the Trinity, the three trees had grown into one tree, David sat beneath its branches to bewail his sin and make the Miserere Psalm. When Solomon

was building the Temple he wanted a beam for a roof-tree. The *Lignum Domini* was cut down, but it could not be got to fit into its place, so was rejected (like the keystone of the arch in another legend). For a while it lay about in the Temple, and a certain Maximilla, described in the early English form of the story as 'meretrix,' happening to sit upon it, found her clothes set on fire and in her fright prophesied that Christ should come and should die on this Tree; for which the Jews beat her to death. The beam was buried, and there came in the place the healing pool of Bethesda, but later it was taken up and put as a bridge over the Brook Cedron, and when Christ came on earth and was to be crucified the Jews took it and made of it the Cross whereon He died on Calvary. Then it was buried near the Holy Grave, until St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, discovered it on the 3rd of May, 328. It remained in Jerusalem until Chosroes, King of Persia, plundered the Holy Places in 614 and carried it off, but the Emperor Heraclius recovered it on the 14th of September, 615, since which time it has been mostly in Christian hands, the largest and most important piece of it being one of the four great relics under the dome of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. Of course, the whole story does not come in these dramas, and there are some variants, which I shall point out later, but it forms a sort of connecting link.

The date of these plays is probably late in the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century. The oldest MS. in the Bodleian Library is of the latter date. From internal evidence, such as the mention of a number of places in the neighbourhood, their place of origin would seem to be Glasney College, a college of secular canons, founded in 1265, adjoining the town of Penryn. The college was suppressed by Edward VI., and very few remains of it now exist, but it was once a place of considerable importance.

These dramas were edited and translated by Dr. Edwin Norris in 1859, but about 1700 they had been copied for Dr. Edward Lhuyd, and translated by that remarkable old

Cornishman, John Keigwin of Mousehole, to whose zeal for the preservation of the language Cornish students owe so much. His translation, the autograph MS. of which now belongs to Sir John Williams of Llanstephan, though there is another copy in the Bodleian, was never printed, but it was used largely in the vocabulary of William Gwavas and Thomas Tonkin, edited and published, with additions of his own, by William Pryce in 1790.

2. *The Life of St. Meriasek.* This represents the Life of St. Meriasek or Meriadoc, son of a Duke of Brittany, and Bishop of Vannes in 780 or thereabouts, who was the patron saint of Camborne. Mixed up with it is the Legend of Constantine and Sylvester, from the well-known tenth century forgery, the Donation of Constantine, and another legend, taken from the Miracles of Our Lady. Of the details of this play I shall speak more fully later on. The only existing MS. was written in 1504 by one 'Dominus Hadton,' and is in the Peniarth Library, near Towyn, in Merionethshire. It consists of 4568 lines similar to those of the *Ordinalia*. The language is of a somewhat later variety, and the spelling is rather more grotesque and varied, but it is still substantially Middle Cornish. The play, or combination of plays, was edited in 1872, with a translation, by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

3. *The Creation of the World with Noah's Flood*, by William Jordan of Helston, 1611. This play is very like the first part of *Origo Mundi*, and contains whole passages copied bodily therefrom. But it has several additions, such as the Fall of Lucifer and his Angels, and the Death of Cain, and it is of somewhat better construction from a dramatic point of view. It was evidently intended, as appears from the closing lines, to be the first of a series (probably a trilogy) similar to the *Ordinalia*, but the rest of the series, if it was ever written, has perished. Nothing is known of the writer, William Jordan, who may have been only the transcriber. The language, though idiomatic and substantially Middle Cornish, is much modernised, and the spelling has been

entirely changed and a good deal Anglicised. There are 2548 lines, in metres similar to those of the *Ordinalia*, but less accurate. The play was printed in 1827 by Davies Gilbert, the Cornish historian, with a translation by John Keigwin, and in 1864, with a translation of his own, by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

These then are the remains of the Cornish drama. There is good reason to believe that there were once many more. It hardly seems possible, with the wealth of local hagiology that Cornwall possessed, and the great taste for religious drama known to have prevailed there, that St. Meriasek of Camborne should have been the only saint whose life was dramatised. Nicholas Roscarrock, himself a Cornish hagiologist, though he wrote in English, mentions in a letter to Camden, the Elizabethan antiquary, a life in Cornish of St. Columba, virgin and martyr, the patron saint of my native parish of St. Columb, Cornwall, which he says he had seen. This may well have been a miracle play, for a mere biography would have been more probably in Latin, and of these, of course, every parish had one for the Lessons of the Second Nocturn of its Feast Day, as Leland, in the Cornish part of his *Itinerary*, clearly indicates, though the stupid and illiterate blundering of the Edwardian Reformation made away with them. Unlike the English sets of mediæval miracle plays, the Cornish scriptural plays omit entirely the Nativity cycle, and go straight to the Passion. It may be that this is because the story of the Wood of the Cross is the connecting link of the trilogy, and as one can hardly suppose that so dramatic a story as the Annunciation and Nativity with its splendid stage possibilities should have been wholly neglected, one may conjecture that a play on that subject also may have perished. To this day the Christmas 'Guees dancers' and mummers go on in Cornwall, but the play is now only the English St. George story common to all south Britain.

It is not within the scope of this paper to trace the history of the religious drama in general, or to point out in detail the connection between the Cornish drama and that of other

countries. Religious plays on scriptural subjects, and on the lives of saints, and those allegorical and ethical dramas known as 'moralities' are common enough in Greek, Latin, English, French, and other languages, from Χριστὸς Πάσχων, a rather unactable composition on strict Greek tragedy lines, once attributed to St. Gregory Nazianzen, but now considered to be five or six centuries later, and the tenth century Latin plays of Hroswitha of Gandersheim, down to the Passionspiel of Ober-Ammergau of the present day. When religion occupied so large a place in the lives and minds of the people, it was natural enough that these plays should be popular. They were almost religious functions, though at times they contained a comic element which modern times would refuse to consider suitable to anything connected with religion, and the line of demarcation between these theatrical performances and such liturgical ceremonies and tableaux as those of the Easter Sepulchre and Christmas 'Crib' was not as distinct as it would be now. The Cornish plays, excepting the *Life of St. Meriasek*, which is, in the nature of things, purely original in subject, bear a certain general resemblance to the English plays on the same subjects. This is likely enough, for there is not much scope for originality in a scriptural narrative, and both parties derived their information from the same sources, the Bible, the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, the *Legenda Aurea*, and legends, of Jewish and Christian origin, which were the common property of Christendom. Sometimes indeed the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture are merely done into verse, though this is not so common as might be expected. But I have not found any reason to suppose that the Cornish plays are translated or even adapted from the English, and every reason to suppose them to be original dramatisations of the same materials. In the *Ordinalia* the sources are fairly simple. In the *Origo Mundi* nearly everything is the Bible story, with fancy embellishments and amplifications; except the Legend of the Wood of the Cross, which was very commonly known in Latin, French, and English in the Middle Ages, and is found in so generally

accessible a book as the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus a Voragine, a thirteenth century Archbishop of Genoa, besides being alluded to in the Gospel of Nicodemus. In the *Passio Domini*, the Gospels, again with fanciful embellishments, some of them rather curious, are the chief sources, and a little is added from the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus and similar sources. In the *Resurrectio Domini*, the imprisonment and escape of Joseph and Nicodemus, and the Harrowing of Hell, are taken from the Gospel of Nicodemus or its derivatives, the meeting of Christ and His Mother from the current legend of the Easter Antiphon, *Regina Cæli*, and the rest of the Resurrection and Ascension part is Bible with amplifications. The interpolated story of St. Veronica, Pilate and Tiberius comes from the *Cura Sanitatis Tiberii*, which goes back to the eighth century at least.

There is no direct evidence as to the manner in which these dramas were performed, except what can be gathered from the stage directions, until the time of Richard Carew of Antony, who published his *Survey of Cornwall* in 1602, where he gives a rather amusing account of the plays as they were acted in his day. But by way of a foundation for our conjectures we are able to point to at least two of the theatres in which the dramas are known to have been acted, which are in tolerably good preservation at the present day. Remains of others exist, and there are some other remains now called 'Rounds' which are doubtfully amphitheatres or circular forts, and perhaps may have served consecutively for both purposes, while the name 'Plan-an-Gwary' (the Stage of the Play) is applied to several hamlets[1] where amphitheatres must once have existed, though all traces of them have disappeared. There are also simple circular diagrams at the ends of each of the *Ordinalia* and of the *St. Meriasek*, showing the position of the actors when they made their final bow, and when the principal performer addressed the audience in words which remind one partly of the 'Ite missa est' of a mass and partly of the

[1] *e.g.* at Ruan Major, Ruan Minor, Redruth and St. Hilary.

appeal to 'our kind friends in front' which once formed, and for all I know still forms part of the conventional ritual of a modern farce.

The two complete amphitheatres are those of St. Just-in-Penwith and Perran.

The St. Just amphitheatre is situated in the middle of a small market town about six miles north of the Land's End. It is called indiscriminately the 'Amphitheatre,' the 'Round' or the 'Plan-an-Gwary.' It is a circle 126 feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a bank about seven feet high faced with stone on the outside. There was once a ditch round the exterior, which raised the outer height to ten feet, but houses now come up to it in some places and roads in others, and the ditch is not much in evidence. The bank slopes inwards and in Borlase's time (1750) had six rows of seats fourteen inches wide and a foot in height, with a width of about seven feet at the top of the bank. There are now no signs of seats, but only a grassy slope. The arena is now concreted, and in one place, not in the middle, there is a sort of pit or depression. There are two openings, on opposite sides of the circle. The place was used until quite recent times for wrestling matches on Easter and Whit Mondays, but since such amusements have given way to Wesleyan preachings and prayer-meetings it has not been much used at all.

The Perran Round is near a hamlet called Rose in the parish of Perran Zabuloe, about half a mile from the Goonhavern halte, on the Chacewater and Newquay light railway, and about six miles from Newquay. It stands on the highest point of a not very steep hill and commands a very fine view, extending over most of middle Cornwall, from the western hills beyond Carn Brea and St. Agnes Beacon to perhaps even Roughtor and Brown Willy on the east, though on the day when I recently visited it, it was too dull in that direction to be certain. About a mile and a half away, among the 'towans' or sand-dunes by the Atlantic, is the celebrated 'Lost Church' of St. Piran. The Round is by the side of

the high road from Truro to Perranporth and, unlike that of St. Just, stands well away from any houses. The circular arena is 130 feet in diameter, surrounded by a bank of earth some ten feet high, nearly perpendicular, and surrounded by a ditch six feet deep on the outside; on the inside sloping inwards, and in a few places showing signs of having been cut into seven or eight tiers of seats. The top is about seven feet wide. There are two openings, nearly north and south, between which runs a cart track. In the arena, about thirty-six feet from the east side, is a circular depression or pit about twelve feet in diameter.

These two amphitheatres show us the skeleton of the Cornish theatre. In their simple construction they are exactly alike, agreeing closely even in size. The surrounding banks and ditches are very much alike in proportions, and in each there is a pit or depression, not in the centre, but yet at some distance from the circumference. It is worth noting that Cornwall contains a very large number of pre-historic circular hill-forts in varying states of preservation—in the Land's End district, which is full of round-topped hills, there is one to nearly every hill. Each of these forts consists of a circular space enclosed by concentric ramparts and ditches, and generally one can find a pit or depression in a very similar position to those in the amphitheatres. In the case of the forts there is generally water, if not an actual spring, in these pits, so that one associates them with the water supply of the fortress. The use in the case of the theatres was probably, as we shall see presently, very much the contrary. The resemblance is so close that it is not always easy to be quite sure whether a 'Round,' where there is no tradition about it, was originally a hill-fort or not, and it is quite possible that forts were sometimes used as theatres, and the pre-historic water-tanks cleared out and used to represent a scriptural locality where water is not the strong point.

There must have been a considerable amount of scenery. It is clear from the Latin stage directions that there was a raised stage (*pulpitum*), as well as the level of the arena

(*platea*), called the 'place' in *St. Meriasek* and the 'playne' in Jordan's *Creation*. There was probably a still more raised place to represent heaven. In Jordan's *Creation* it had apparently folding leaves to it: 'The Father must be in a cloude, and when he speketh of heaven let the levys open.' The existing pits were doubtless used for hell, perhaps covered with that representation of a huge and hideous mouth which is so common in mediæval 'doom' pictures, for in the 1611 *Creation* play, where the directions are in English, there is one which says, 'Lett hell gape when the father nameth yt.' 'Paradise' was represented as a garden—'Let Paradyce be finely made wyth ii fayre trees in yt and an appell upon the tree and sum other frute on the other,' and 'a fowntaine in Paradyce and fyne flowers in yt painted.' One finds mountains, practical ones, for they have to be ascended, a river for Bathsheba to wash in, and another into which the body of Pilate is thrown. The temple of Jerusalem is represented, and the house of Caiaphas and the Prætorium, though these and the houses of Pilate and Herod are also described as *tents*, which they probably were. Horses are brought on the stage, and, in *St. Meriasek*, a wolf, a dragon, dogs and deer, to say nothing of the zoological collections required for the naming of the animals by Adam, and for Noah's Ark, though these were perhaps largely left to the imagination, and the dove and raven may have been stuffed ones with mechanical contrivances to set them flying. For they certainly had mechanical contrivances of a sort. Carey says, 'They have therein devils and devices to delight the eye as well as the ear,' and in the 1611 drama there is the following instructive rubric, 'Let them [*i.e.* Lucifer and the angels] fight with swordis, and in the end Lucifer voydeth and goeth downe to hell apareled fowle wth fyre about hym turning to hell and every degre of devyllis of lether and spirytis on cordis runing into ye playne and so remayne there. 9 angels after Lucifer goeth to hell.' In *St. Meriasek* there is an instance of a very simple device. When the dragon appears on the stage the rubrics are—'Here ye dragon aredy in ye place,' 'Here a gonn

yn ye dragon ys mouth and fire.' Another curious direction occurs in *St. Meriasek.* At the death of the saint the rubric is, 'Y^{e} holy goste aredy ffro hevene to fett ye soule, and ye soule aredy.' Probably the soul was represented, as is not uncommon in mediæval pictures, as an infant issuing from the mouth of the dying person, and one may conjecture that a figure of a dove was made to come down by a line or wire from the part representing heaven and drawn up again with the image of the soul. A ship occurs, of course, in the dramas of *Origo Mundi* and in Jordan's *Creation* to represent Noah's Ark, and there are scenes on shipboard in *St. Meriasek.* The rubric in Jordan's drama is, 'Tooles and tymber redy with planckis to make the ark a beam, a mallet, a calkyn yren ropes, mastes pyche and tarre'; but generally the details about these ships are to be gathered from the dialogue, not from the stage directions. Thus, when the skipper of the ship in which Meriasek travels from Brittany to Cornwall orders a sailor to haul up the sail, and the sailor says (half in English)—

'At eve fast bys an top,
Now, mata, make fast the rop.'

'Behold it fast to the top,
Now, mate, make fast the rope.'

One presumes that there is a mast, a sail, probably a lug-sail such as one finds in a Cornish fishing boat of to-day, and the proper halyards and blocks.

The directions for costume are not numerous. The bishop (high priest) of Solomon's Temple is directed to put on the clerical vestment, and a mitre is handed to him; Uriah is prepared and armed before he goes to his last battle; St. John is directed to be *sindone coopertus* in Gethsemane; but beyond these there are no indications of dress in the *Ordinalia.* In Jordan's *Creation* (1611) Adam and Eve before the Fall are 'aparlet in whytt lether,' and are given fig-leaves and 'garmentis of skynnes' later on; and Lucifer is directed to be 'apareled fowle' after he is driven out of heaven—but these are all. In *St. Meriasek* the directions for costume are rather more numerous. 'Her Meriasek weryth a priest ys gown,' 'Her a weryth a rosset mantell and a berde,' 'a vysor (mask)

aredy upon Constantyn ys face' (to represent leprosy), 'her Meriasek weryth a gown,' 'a bagyll (crozier) of silver and myter aredy,' 'a gown or mantell upon Nudus,' and there are several instances of 'armatores' or men in armour.

There is not much said about stage properties in the *Ordinalia*, but the existence of various objects of this sort may be inferred from the dialogue and directions. With the exception of the serpent and the dragon, which one may suppose to have been something like the pageant dragon of St. George now in the museum in Norwich Castle, or the *Tarasque* of St. Martha of Tarascon, the 'props' are all very ordinary articles of common use, many of which might have been supplied from the nearest church, farm, or fishing cove—a spade or pick, an altar, corn, an apple; wood, ropes, and other gear for the ark; axes, hammers, and nails, an olive branch (which was not necessarily real olive); a cow, and some quite common fowls and game for Noah's sacrifice; firewood and a sword for Abraham; and swords, bows and arrows, staves, whips, keys for soldiers, gaolers, and executioners. *St. Meriasek* and Jordan's *Creation* go more into detail about properties, but they are much of the same homely and commonplace sort, and we may safely imagine that every detail was as anachronistic as in a mediæval miniature, with no regard for archæological accuracy.

The directions for stage 'business' are simple, but fairly full, as full or nearly so as in a play of Shakespeare's. Generally each character is directed to parade (*pompabit*) at his first entrance, and while doing so he explains who he is. There are, of course, the entrances and exits, and directions to go up or go down. Sometimes there is a good deal of action, some of which, no doubt, is left to be inferred from the dialogue; but a fair amount is given in the directions in all the plays, and especially in the two latest ones. Sometimes the directions are curiously minute, 'Let Eve look angerly on the serpent and profer to depart,' 'She cometh anear to the serpent agayne and geveth heed to his words,' 'Eve loketh upon Adam very strangely and speketh not eny

thing' (after eating the apple), 'Lett Lucifer come out of the serpent, the serpent remayneth in the tree, and let hem crepe to hell on his belly with great noyse.'

Who were the actors, and were they professionals or amateurs? We have no direct information. The York, Chester, Wakefield, Coventry, and other English plays were got up by members of the various gilds of craftsmen and merchants of the towns, the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is acted by the villagers of the place, and not long ago I saw a scriptural play (*The Prodigal Son*) at Lesneven in Brittany, which was acted by local amateurs, largely of the artisan class, and trained and stage-managed by a local priest, who had composed the play. The last, which, except that it was indoors and on an ordinary stage, must in language, as in nearly everything else, have been the nearest thing to a Cornish 'gwary' that one could get nowadays, was very well done and very interesting to listen to. It is probable that the Cornish plays also were acted by local amateurs, under the direction of the local clergy. The *Ordinalia* were probably got up by the Glasney canons, the 'Dominus Hadton,' who wrote or copied the *St. Meriasek*, may well have been a Camborne priest, and William Jordan may have arranged his *Creation* for performance in Crasken Round or the Plan-an-Gwary at Ruan or St. Hillary under the auspices of the clergy of Meneage. But of this we know nothing. The name of one actor only has come down to us, and of him we only know that he doubled the parts of a justice and a merchant. 'And John Ergudyn aredy a horse-bakke y^{t} was ye Justis w^{t} Constantyn ffor to play ye marchant,' says a rubric in *St. Meriasek*, but that is all we know about him. We know also that there was a stage manager of some sort, called by Carew the 'Ordinary,' and Jordan speaks of the 'Conveyour,' who is to appoint a place for Adam and Eve to remain in until they are called up, and by whom Eve 'must be taken from Adam his syde.' Carew states that in his day 'the players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand and telleth them softly what they must

pronounce aloud. Which maner once gave occasion to a pleasant conceyted gentleman of practising a mery pranke: for he undertaking, perhaps of set purpose, an actor's roome, was accordingly lessoned beforehand by the Ordinary that he must say after him. His turn came. Quoth the Ordinary, Goe forth, man, and shew thyselfe. The gentleman steps out upon the stage, and, like a bad clerk in scripture matters, cleaving more to the letter than the sense, pronounced those words aloud. Oh, sayes the fellow softly in his eare, you marre all the play. And with this his passion the actor makes the audience in like sort acquainted. Hereon the prompter falls to flat rayling and cursing in the bitterest terms he could devise: which the gentleman with a set gesture and countenance, still soberly related, until the Ordinary, driven at last into a madde rage, was faine to give over all. Which trousse, though it brake off the Enterlude, yet defrauded not the beholders, but dismissed them with a great deale more sport and laughter than twenty such guaries could have afforded.' Carew says that for representing these plays, 'they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some forty or fifty feet. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to see and heare it.' This was written before the Cornish dramas had ceased to be performed, and it would seem that in their last days, which perhaps ended with the Great Rebellion, they were acted in theatres constructed for the occasion, of a much smaller size than the great 'Rounds' of Perran and St. Just. Even if they continued down to 1640, which is not certain, they did not last very much longer than similar performances in English, for, according to Mr. Pollard in his *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes*, the York plays went on till 1579, the Newcastle plays till 1589, those of Chester till the end of the century, and the Beverley plays till 1604, only six years before the date of Jordan's *Creation*. Scawen, writing in about 1580, however, describes the Cornish plays as having been 'solemnised not without show of devotion in open and spacious downs of great capacity, encompassed about with earthen banks and

in some part stonework of largeness to contain thousands, the shapes of which remain in many places at this day, though the use of them long since gone.' Which describes places like Perran and St. Just Rounds, rather than Carew's temporary structures. Probably in the decadence of the Cornish drama the old 'Rounds' were found too large.

Of the subject matter of the plays Carew says: 'The Guary Miracle (in English a Miracle Play) is a kind of Enterlude, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history, with that grossenes which accompanied the Romanes *vetus comedia*.' This, I think, is a little libellous. It is true that occasionally in the fifteenth century *Ordinalia* there occur expressions which Norris paraphrased rather than translated, though these are really very mild, not to be compared with the ribaldry, for instance, of the English Macro play of *Mankind*, and are far excelled by many passages of Shakespeare. These are put, with characteristic mediæval realism, into the mouths of the evil characters of the dramas, devils, gaolers, executioners, and pagans generally, and *St. Meriasek* and Jordan's *Creation* are singularly clean, even without considering the plain-spoken age in which they were written. Perhaps about twenty lines out of the nearly sixteen thousand of which the Cornish dramatic literature consists would fail to pass a Bowdler or a Lord Chamberlain. This does not agree with Carew's accusation of 'grossenes,' unless he is speaking of other plays, which have since disappeared.

The drama does not seem to be a natural Celtic product. In Gaelic, whether of Ireland, Scotland, or Man, mediæval dramatic literature is almost non-existent. There are, it is true, poems in dialogue form, but these were clearly not intended for the stage. It would seem that Cornwall and Brittany and to some extent Wales are the only Celtic countries which possess a mediæval dramatic literature of any extent, or in which there is any record of the existence of a national theatre. The Breton drama is of very considerable extent, though generally later in date than the Cornish. And the plays were of the same religious type and were and still are certainly acted as well as written. When in both

countries languages were spoken which were with some difficulty mutually intelligible, the intercourse between Cornwall and Brittany was frequent, and it continued down even to the smuggling days of the early nineteenth century. England and France might be at war, but the Cornish and Bretons were of opinion that that had nothing to do with them, and knew that they were brethren of one blood and of one speech. It is likely enough that what was the custom in the one country was the custom in the other, and it is not easy to determine which copied from which. The Cornish plays are certainly influenced by the contemporary English religious drama, and French influence is traceable in the Breton plays, but that was likely enough. It may be also that Cornwall and Brittany, being certainly more in touch with the outside world than the other Celtic countries (which was only natural, seeing that their inhabitants were so largely sea-faring folk) at a time when the religious drama was in vogue in other lands, adopted it as a matter of course. The other Celtic nations, hemmed in between the Saxon and the deep sea, held themselves aloof from European ways generally, and only *fought* with the outsiders, while the Cornish, able to get at them not only through England but through Brittany, and having also a pretty taste in commerce, would not only 'buy with them, sell with them, talk with them, walk with them and so following,' but would also 'eat with them, drink with them, and *play* with them.' The Cornish mediæval drama, though the plays are not translations but original compositions, was not invented by the Cornish, but is just the contemporary drama of Christendom, in its local form and language, and there is nothing essentially Celtic about it. Its literary merits are moderate, though it does not suffer by comparison with the English drama of the period, which after all is but faint praise; but its linguistic value is out of all proportion to its literary worth, for it has preserved to us most of a language which, had its whole literature been in any other form, would probably have all but perished.

(*To be continued.*)

A VANISHED TYPE

A. C.

It is one of the regrets of my life that Dean Ramsay never heard of her. She might have furnished him with a chapter of good sayings. Ever since her prime antagonist found her way, in the lifetime of both, into later editions of *The Reminiscences*, on the strength of *one* such *mot*, I have longed for an opportunity of reparation to my friend's memory, by recalling it for some recognition, however tardy and brief.

'The wife ben the hoose,' whoever she might be, was apt to be Kirsty's embodiment of unrighteousness, and when, as in the case of this particular one, theology was the subject of dispute, it worked like madness in the brain.

A cross-grained, egotistical Pharisee I must admit Kirsty to have been, with a quaintly grumpy strain in her strait-lacedness essentially Scotch. Thus, she discriminated between the gratitude respectively due to the prompter and to the medium of a bountiful Christmas gift by saying, 'It was a great deal from the Lord, but very little from *her*,' *i.e.* the lady who had given it. That same kind friend was flatly extinguished on another occasion. Finding herself great enjoyment in the mild form of religious dissipation then known as 'So-ir-ees' (Soirées), she procured for Kirsty a ticket for one to be held by Kirsty's own congregation. It was solemnly declined, on the ground that her 'Prayer had long been "Turn Thou away my sight and eyes from viewing vanity."'

The first Inverness Biblewoman had a startling reception. Kirsty submitted to the hearing of a chapter, then, laying down her whalebone-mounted spectacles on her big Bible, she said, 'I have listened to you, now you must hear me. It 's no becoming for the like o' you to be going aboot wi' gum-floors in your bonnet.' It was vain to plead that the

making of 'gum-floors' furnished an innocent livelihood to needy people; Kirsty felt that she had scored and spoke, thenceforward, of the good lady with mild contempt as—'A woman who went about sewing pillows to all armholes' (see Ezekiel xiii. 18).

Kirsty herself never aspired even to a bonnet. Her invariable outdoor attire consisted of a flowing duffle cloak, an heirloom, descending from her mother at least, and a close-fitting cap with a perfectly unique high peak in its crown. For those friends who craved her esteem the non-wearing of a veil constituted another of her Shibboleths, to her dying day. That very modest appendage had probably sprung into existence in her youth, and been condemned for some reason by the ultra-good. The date of those far-back days of youth was long a carefully-guarded secret. A friend, who thought she had approached the subject skilfully, once ventured on the fateful question, only to be remorselessly snubbed by the reply—'Secret things belong unto the Lord.' She surprised us all at last by announcing herself ninety! After that the hundredth anniversary seemed to draw on with very suspicious rapidity. Even then she generally spoke of herself as 'the Orphan and Fatherless,' otherwise as 'the Children of Israel, crossing the Red Sea, with the Egyptians in pursuit.'

I do not think she was Highland, even in the accident of birth. Both parents bore Lowland names. Her mother had been, before marriage, parish schoolmistress in Haddington. Kirsty must have been born in the epoch when this country quivered under constant dread of invasion by Napoleon. She may even have seen the Border beacon-fires flare up on the night of the false alarm. Anyhow, the terror clung to her through life. She could give no more forcible expression to the helplessness of her long illness than in the wail, that she 'couldna' rise to run away, no if the French were coming.' I flattered myself there was a spark of genuine anxiety, mingled with her uncontrollable impulse to take down people's conceit, when she told me, on a change of residence,

that I 'would maybe be sorry yet, for going so much nearer Fort-George.'

Not much of her mother's erudition had descended to her. She could read intelligently, and if ever there was a woman of one book, it was she. The Bible was her *vademecum*. From it she drew the ''diting' of her limited correspondence; the writing, she admitted, bothered her. Bewildering both must have been to the recipients. Somebody's blunder once involved me in an unintentional glimpse of a specimen. The first sentence suggested only a lunatic:—'Dear Friend, you was a bird (bride), a wife, and a widow.' In the second:—'And the angel said unto the women, Fear not ye,' I recognised, simultaneously a clue, in the text of the previous Sunday's sermon, and the awful fact that I had opened a letter only sent to me for addressing (I was not absolutely sure to whom), which was to be reclaimed for inspection and posting in a few minutes. Any envelope in my possession was bound to betray interference, and confession would only convince the suspicious old woman, who had striven to sustain my integrity by repeated assurances that 'It wasna' everybody she would trust,' that I had opened her letter wilfully, and read every word. I can now only remember that when I did next hazard an interview my relief was great to find the whimsical being had interpreted my change of envelope as a point of mourning etiquette due to the lady to whom it was addressed, and thanked me accordingly. So our friendship survived unimpaired. I was less fortunate in another transaction. In her declining years, when work and strength were failing, she accepted a little variety in her reading. After having exhausted Bunyan, John Newton's *Autobiography*, and *The Scots' Worthies*, I thought I had found a perfect treasure for her in an old book, Gillies's *Gospel History*, treating of the revivals under the Wesleys and Whitefield. On my next visit her manifest displeasure soon voiced itself:—'Whatna' book was yon ye brocht me? Take it away, take it away; it has an Arminian smell aboot it.'

Perhaps her hands had profited by her mother's teaching more than her mind. They were both diligent and ingenious.

Her staple industries partook somewhat of her general whimsicality. She was maker of rag carpets; renovator of expensive stockings, evolving, by processes of her own, two new pairs out of three old; and brewer of delectable treacle-beer. Her well-known scrupulous cleanliness (she nearly forfeited one of her best friends by washing her *new* flannel before making it up) long ensured her many customers.

Even her unconscious slips had a refreshing crispness about them. In those much earlier days of the original Free Church, when the rapid growth of its Sustentation Fund was the world's admiration, she said, in vaunting the liberality of a cherished friend, 'She never passes the church plate without putting in a fourpenny piece, though she hasna' pit her name doon in the *Ostentation* Fund.'

For so grumpy a nature she was wonderfully tolerant of children, and if she kept an idol niche in her heart, it was certainly occupied by the boy whose childish pranks had most audaciously tormented her. In after years she made me the medium of many a quaint message to him, such as that 'she prayed The Lion of the tribe of Judah to protect him from the lions in Japan.'

There may have been a humble romance lurking in the background of her life. One day near its close there came an old man some miles from the country to see her and say good-bye. She told me how she had tried to press sixpence into his hand, saying, 'Hae John, there's a sixpence I hae saved for you, to buy tobacco'; and he had replied, 'Hoot, no! Kirsty, here's a shilling I hae brocht for you to get tea.' I don't know whether the dear old souls thought it worth while to exchange tokens.

Her protracted illness seized her first out of doors, and for months she refused to be lifted into a bedstead, or to lie anywhere but on the floor. A kindly elder of her congregation lent her the mattress from his own bed and it was not reclaimed until his wife saw that his own mortal illness demanded its comfort. It was returned with, for thanks, the characteristic message that 'it was no little she had suffered from the *Knots* (sounding the "K") that were in it.'

When she was no longer able to read to herself she liked a visitor to read to her. The performance was perfunctory enough. Her wonderful memory kept her, often quite audibly, a word ahead of the reader, perhaps to make sure she was not being imposed on. Among my latest visits one not actually the last, is cherished as such in my memory, because of its pleasantness and her softened mood. She had asked me to read the metrical version of the forty-fifth Psalm. When we came to the verse :—

'They shall be brought with gladness great,
And mirth on every side,
Into the palace of The King,
And there they shall abide,'

her unusual silence made me lift my eyes. There were tears in the furrows of the strong, old face ; her eyes were raised, and her hands clasped, as she said with holy rapture, 'And *that's* what 's before ME.' The Orphan was nearing her Father's house.

QUERIES

St. Columba of the Graves

In a reaping blessing quoted in Mr. A. Carmichael's interesting *Carmina Gadelica* (vol. i. p. 249) the following lines occur :—

For the sake of Michael head of hosts,
Of Mary fair-skinned branch of grace,
Of Bride smooth-white of ringleted locks,
Of Columba of the graves and tombs,
Columba of the graves and tombs.'

Why is St. Columba specially associated with graves ?

J. M. MACKINLAY.

St. Maolrithe and St. Maolruan

In Mr. Carmichael's book, named above (vol. i. p. 285), a prayer is quoted in connection with 'Guarding the Flocks,' in which the following lines are found :—'May Maolrithe keep the sheep . . . From the fox and the wolf,' 'May Maolruan keep the kine On soft land and hard land.'

Is Maolrithe to be identified with St. Maolrise, otherwise St. Finlagan, who is believed to have given name to Knock Mulreesh in Islay near which is his chapel—Cill Fheileagan ?

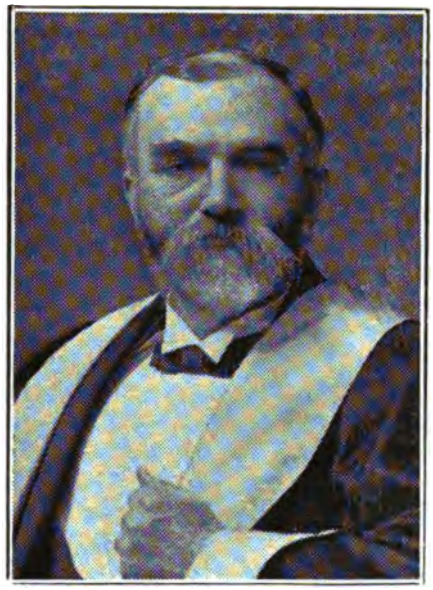
Is Maolruan simply a diminutive of St. Maelrubha's name ? Bishop Reeves in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* (vol. iii. pp. 271-2) gives nearly forty variants of Maelrubha's name, but Maolruan is not one of them.

J. M. MACKINLAY.

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, LL.D.

W. J. WATSON.

DEEP and widespread sorrow attends the death of Alexander Macbain, LL.D., so well known as one of our foremost Celtic scholars. The sad event was startling in its suddenness. Dr. Macbain was only in his fifty-second year; he left Inverness, with which his name has been so long honourably associated, on Wednesday, 3rd April, in his usual health, on business connected with the promised new edition of his *Gaelic Etymological Dictionary*; on Friday afternoon came the news that he was no more. He



had died on Thursday night, of cerebral hæmorrhage. In accordance with his own desire, his body now lies in the lonely churchyard of Rothiemurchus in his native Badenoch, under the shadow of Cairngorm.

It is difficult for his friends, with the echoes of his voice still in their ears, and the picture of his familiar presence still fresh in their minds, to realise that he is truly gone. It is more difficult at this moment to appraise his life's work, as teacher and as man of science. Defect here is inevitable and perhaps matters little after all. For his was no bubble reputation, but one that will assuredly stand the test of time; and as long as Celtic language and literature are studied, Macbain shall have his due.

Alexander Macbain was born in Glenfeshie, in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, on 22nd July 1855. His father was John Macbain. The Macbains belong to the great Clan Chattan, and are proud of the fact. His early

years were spent in Badenoch as pupil and as teacher. He served for a short time with the Ordnance Survey in Wales. In 1874 he entered the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, famous then under the Rectorship of Dr. William Dey as a preparatory school for Aberdeen University. Two years thereafter he entered King's College as second bursar. He is said to have impressed his fellow-students as the ablest man of his year, a year which included James Adam, now of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and our foremost platonist. Though a good classical scholar, Macbain read for honours in philosophy, a subject which in after life he reckoned one of the most barren of studies, and graduated in 1880. For a short time he assisted Dr. Dey in the Grammar School; thereafter, in 1880, he was appointed Rector of Raining's School, Inverness, under the government of the Highland Trust. He occupied this post till 1894, when Raining's School was transferred to the Inverness Burgh School Board. Since then he has been officially connected with the Secondary Department of the High Public School. In 1901 his University of Aberdeen honoured him with the degree of LL.D. In 1905 Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, then Prime Minister, in consideration of his great services to Celtic, and specially Gaelic, philology, history, and literature, recommended him to the King for a Civil List Pension of £90, to date from 1st April of 1905.

As Headmaster of Raining's School, Dr. Macbain exerted an influence over his students very similar to that of his own old teacher, Dr. Dey of Aberdeen. He taught them to think for themselves, to insist on having not only the facts but also, wherever possible, the reasons why these things are so. The students of Raining's School, lads drawn from all quarters of the Highlands, were not slow to kindle at their master's quickening fire. They gladly lived laborious days and nights, doing with all their might that which was given them to do. Under such conditions it is no wonder that Raining's School became a nursery of students who subsequently took the highest position in the University classes, and became useful and distinguished men in their various callings. Some idea of their numbers may be formed from the fact that the annual re-union of old Raining's School boys became a regular function in Edinburgh. There their enthusiasm for their former master found expression, for the great feature of these gatherings was the presence of Dr. Macbain.

While thus actively and successfully engaged in the work of an arduous profession, Macbain was at the same time carrying on with extraordinary vigour those Celtic studies which won him a world-wide reputation. When he came to Inverness in 1880, the scientific study of Scottish Gaelic had already begun under Dr. Alexander Cameron, of Brodick (*ob.* 1888), but little substantial progress had been made. In February of 1882, in his first speech at the annual dinner of the Gaelic Society, Macbain said, 'Hitherto the Highlanders have been too much inclined to guess, and too little inclined to accurate scientific research. We want a good critical edition of the Gaelic poets; we want also a scientific Gaelic Dictionary dealing with the

philology of the language.' He was then twenty-seven. For this work he set to qualify himself under great difficulties. He lived far from a university town, and far from libraries. The books he used were expensive, and he had to learn French and German to read them, for very little of real value had been done in English. Worst of all, the work had to be done after a hard day's duty had already been accomplished. In spite of all Macbain toiled on. His philological work was only one part of his output. His first paper to the Gaelic Society of Inverness was contributed on 21st February 1883, on Celtic Mythology. Thereafter he is represented by important papers in every volume of the Society's *Transactions* from vol. x. to vol. xxiii. inclusive, except vol. xv. His contributions—apart from valuable and informative speeches at the annual dinners—number eighteen in all, and all may be said to be original, and in a greater or less degree foundational. Perhaps the best known of these are his edition of the Book of Deer (vol. xi.); *Badenoch History, Clans, and Place-Names* (vol. xvi.); Ptolemy's *Geography* (xviii.), the last of which he himself considered 'the best thing he had done'; and the 'Norse Element in Highland Place-Names' (xix.). In addition to these papers, he wrote that valuable series of introductions to the volumes of the Society's *Transactions* from vol. x. onwards, which constitute a history of Celtic literature and of the Gaelic movement for the period covered by them. To the *Transactions of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club* he contributed three papers of great importance—'Celtic Burial' (vol. iii.); 'Who were the Picts?' (vol. iv.); 'The Chieftainship of Clan Chattan' (vol. v.). When it is remembered that, in addition to this, Macbain became in 1886 editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and was also for five years joint editor of the *Highland Monthly*, to both of which he contributed much, besides generous contributions to local newspapers, some idea may be formed of the energy and activity of the man during those years 1882-1896.

In each of his articles it was his habit to get to the bottom of a subject, and so far as he could to exhaust it. In all this output there were naturally points that subsequent research showed to need modification or correction. For instance, he departed from the views of Celtic mythology which he had enunciated in his first paper to the Gaelic Society. But in view of the quantity of his work, its originality, and its difficulty, such points are surprisingly few. So far as known to me, apart from the article mentioned above, they were mainly interpretations of place-names. In 1892 appeared his edition of *Reliquiae Celticae* (two volumes) in conjunction with Rev. John Kennedy, Caticol, Arran, being the literary remains of the Rev. Alex. Cameron, a work which has roused the admiration of all competent critics. His *Etymological Gaelic Dictionary* appeared in 1896. This was his greatest and crowning achievement, and was at once recognised as marking an epoch in Celtic philology. Since its appearance he has edited Skene's *Highlanders*, with most valuable but all too brief notes. He has also, in conjunction with Mr. John Whyte, edited *MacEachen's Gaelic Dictionary*, a

most useful work, and also with Mr. Whyte brought out some Gaelic school books. But, though his brain was active and his interest unabated, he no longer possessed the physical elasticity necessary to continue the strain to which he had subjected himself. He had overtaxed even his iron constitution, and now, when his school-day's work was over, he contented himself with lighter things. Two or three subjects in particular occupied him specially for the last half-dozen years or more — the study of Personal Names, the Place-Names of Inverness-shire, and the annotation of his *Dictionary*. A specimen of his finest and most mature work in Place-Names appears in the current volume of the Gaelic Society's *Transactions*. The same applies to his paper on Personal Names, which appeared in the fifth number of the *Celtic Review*. His other principal contribution to its pages was a review of my own *Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty*.

The pages occupied by the present notice had been reserved for a review—such as he alone could write—of Dr. E. Windisch's great *Táin Bó Cualnge*.

As a supplement to the *Dictionary*, Dr. Macbain printed separately in vol. xxi. of the Inverness Gaelic Society's *Transactions* a list extending to 20 pp. of 'Further Gaelic Words and Etymologies.' In a prefatory note, after referring to the very flattering reception which the *Dictionary* had met, he goes on to make some interesting and characteristic remarks on the criticisms it had evoked. 'Nor did the work fail to meet with critics who acted on Goldsmith's golden rule in the *Citizen of the World*—to ask of any comedy why it was not a tragedy, and of any tragedy why it was not a comedy. I was asked how I had not given derivative words—though for that matter most of the seven thousand words in the *Dictionary* are derivatives; such a question overlooked the character of the work. Manifest derivatives belong to ordinary dictionaries, not to an etymological one. This was clearly indicated in the preface. . . . Another criticism was unscientific in the extreme; I was found fault with for excluding Irish words! Why, it was the best service I could render to Celtic philology, to present a pure vocabulary of the Scottish dialect of Gaelic.'

Such is a brief and incomplete account of Macbain's written work. But that is not all. No man could be more generous in helping others. Either by letter or by conversation, the stores of his knowledge and the wisdom of his counsel were open to all fellow-students. Of jealousy he was wholly free: his one aim was to add to the sum total of scientific knowledge, to enlarge the kingdom of facts. Sometimes his generosity was poorly rewarded; this, knowing human nature, he took philosophically.

Much might be said, something must be said, about the man himself. The following extract from a diary now before me speaks for itself. On New Year's Day 1875, being then a student at the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, he writes:—'I think that I have now a good chance of yet appearing as an M.A. on equal terms in education with the other literary men of our day, a goal which has always been my ambition to

arrive at, that I might have confidence to engage in discussing the topics which engross the attention of mankind. I dread to commit myself through ignorance, and ere I will appear (if ever I shall) in public, I will be backed up with a complete knowledge of the facts I speak on. This is high talking for a poor student in the second class of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen.' Nothing could express better the guiding principle from which he never swerved. He had the true scientific spirit in his respect for facts and in the pains he took, and insisted on others taking, to verify them. No statement of his is made at haphazard; he would delay his work until he was satisfied of the accuracy of every detail. This reverence for truth he had the knack of inspiring in others who came in touch with him. He had the insight of the philosopher into the significance of the facts he dealt with, and the consequent power to correlate and illumine them. Put shortly, his mind was in a high degree analytic and in nearly if not quite as high a degree synthetic. No one who knew him well could fail to be impressed with the absolute independence as well as the power of his mind. He was an ideal seeker after truth. A severe critic of his own work, he was highly appreciative of the work of others. He was not lenient to error, especially if the error arose from want of verifying facts which ought to have been verified. Charlatans found to their cost that he could on occasion wield a grievous cudgel. But he was scrupulously fair in statement, and ready to recognise the good points even of a weakling. Full of much courtesy and nobility of heart, he was also a man of much humour of the quieter sort, a trait which appears in his writings but sparingly. His practical wisdom was well known and appreciated in the council of the Gaelic Society, in the Free Library Committee, of which he was long a useful member, and by the many friends and former pupils who sought him for advice. He had the power characteristic of great minds of getting at the essentials of a question, and of seeing things in true perspective.

It would be a mistake to regard Macbain as a Celtic scholar simply. It is probably not too much to say that he knew English literature and English philology as well as he knew Gaelic. A competent judge declared that of all the men he had met, Macbain had the best knowledge of English literature. I do not touch on his political views, which were strongly liberal, nor on other subjects on which he held clear and strong opinions. There were, indeed, few subjects of general interest which he had not considered with the same freshness and independence of thought which characterised all his work.

The extent and value of his work can perhaps be best appreciated by considering the condition in which Gaelic scholarship would now be without it. His researches have raised Gaelic philology to the highest scientific plane. Neither Welsh nor Irish has a philological dictionary; it is but recently that Victor Henry produced one of Breton, in the preface to which he acknowledges his great obligations to Macbain. He has made valuable contributions to Scottish history; he might, alas! have done much more

had time been granted him. He laid the foundation of the study of Celtic Place-Names, and did much to reduce the study of Norse-Gaelic names to scientific accuracy. From him we know practically all that is known about the origin of our Highland personal names. Truly a great achievement for a man with scanty leisure, who is cut off before he has reached fifty-two.

And now he is gone, and Inverness is a less interesting place than it was. The sturdy, square figure, the massive head, the rugged, kindly face, the shrewd grey eyes twinkling under bushy brows are now but memories. We shall miss his sage counsel and his friendly clasp; we shall long sorrow for the loss of the light and leading that he alone could give in many departments. He was a great man, and he deserved well of Scotland. We shall not look upon his like again. A chuid de Phàras da!

The excellent photograph of Dr. Macbain is reproduced by courteous permission of the proprietors of the *Highland Times*, Inverness.

LETTER.

IN *The Celtic Review* of October 1906, the Rev. Charles M. Robertson, in his able article on 'Scottish Gaelic Dialects,' publishes the following, *inter alia*:—'The Rev. John Forbes, in his Grammar, tries to distinguish three dialects—a Northern, an Interior, and a Southern. . . . The division into three dialects in effect is a division into Northern and Southern (or Western) Gaelic, with a further division of the former into two sub-dialects,' etc.; and, quoting Professor Mackinnon, 'It would perhaps be as easy to distinguish thirteen dialects as three.'

As these words appear capable of conveying the idea or inference to your learned readers and others that Mr. Forbes dogmatised unjustifiably, permit me to give the *ipsissima verba* from the Introduction to the Second Edition of his *Principles of Gaelic Grammar*, viz.:—

'*For the sake of convenience* (the italics are mine), in tracing the variations of dialect in the spoken language, the regions of the Scottish Gaelic *may* be divided into three grand divisions, viz. the Northern, Interior, and Southern.'

The detailed explanations of each of these 'grand divisions'—which, by the way, seem to have furnished Mr. Robertson with some of the material for his learned article—are too long to quote here, unless called for, but, I submit, they should be read by every one interested, or who has read Mr. Robertson's article, ere accepting that gentleman's dictum, writing, as he has, unqualifiedly, with his great advantages and added light and knowledge of nearly sixty years. Indeed, the assertion that Mr. Forbes might have divided them into thirteen as well as three savours somewhat of the hairsplitting order.

I therefore beg to say that, taking into consideration the time Mr. Forbes wrote, he was not so far wrong in his classification, especially made, as it bears to be, 'for the sake of convenience.'

ALEX. R. FORBES.

The above letter, which was addressed to *The Celtic Review* some time ago, appears to us to show more filial loyalty than judgment. Mr. Robertson in his introductory summary merely quotes Forbes's divisions, and without criticism states that the twofold division is more useful than the threefold one adopted by Forbes and others, and sometimes used by Munro. He does no injustice to Forbes in quoting him and does not misquote.

So far from making use of the Rev. John Forbes for his articles, Mr. Robertson, while not denying the merits of Forbes, tells us he has not got the book, and merely mentioned the above point from memory.

Mr. Robertson's knowledge is all got at first hand, and he seldom, if ever, is satisfied with less. When not speaking of his own knowledge he specifies the fact.

Our knowledge of Gaelic has made great progress since the Rev. John Forbes's time, and his son must not be surprised that his Grammar is out of date. Did he live in these days he would doubtless be abreast of modern scientific Gaelic.—ED.

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The Profit for the Seven Years ending 31st December 1901 amounted to £2,643,936, which enabled the Directors to declare the *Compound* Bonus of £1, 14s. per cent. per annum on the Sum Assured and previous Bonuses in force. *The Bonus Additions, calculated on the Original Sum Assured only, thus ranged, according to duration of the Policy, from £1, 14s. to £5, 4s. 9d. per £100 for each year's premium paid during the period.*

II.—Liberality of its Conditions.

LIBERAL SURRENDER VALUES or 'PAID-UP POLICIES,' free of future Premiums, allowed at any time; LOANS granted within a small margin of the Surrender Value; MOST POLICIES free from any restrictions as to Residence or Occupation.

Liberal Intermediate Bonuses allowed between Divisions of Profits, thus securing all the benefits of an Annual Division.

III.—Absolute Security for its Obligations.

THE ACCUMULATED FUNDS amount to	£18,000,000
THE ANNUAL REVENUE amounts to	£1,800,000

IV.—Usefulness of the Society.

THE CLAIMS paid by the Society exceed	£30,000,000

APPLICATIONS FOR POLICIES

securing all the privileges of Membership may be made at any of the Society's Offices, or Agencies in connection therewith.

HEAD OFFICE: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

LONDON: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 3 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Dublin	41 WESTMORELAND ST.	Birmingham	12 BENNETT'S HILL.
Glasgow	114 W. GEORGE STREET.	Leeds	21 PARK ROW.
Liverpool	45 CASTLE STREET.	Belfast	2 HIGH STREET.
Manchester	51 ALBERT SQUARE.	Bristol	25 BALDWIN STREET.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	12 GREY STREET.		

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